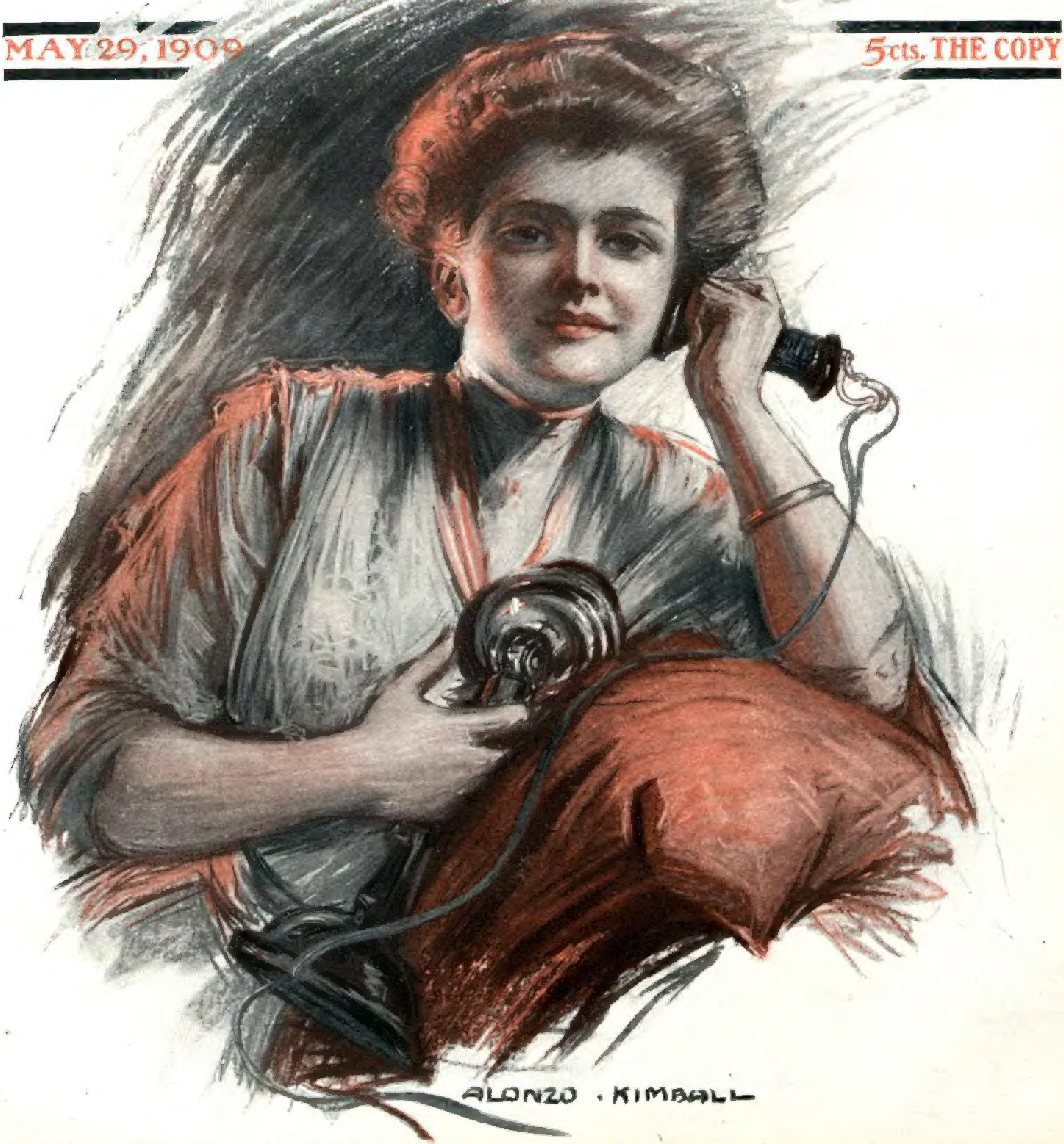
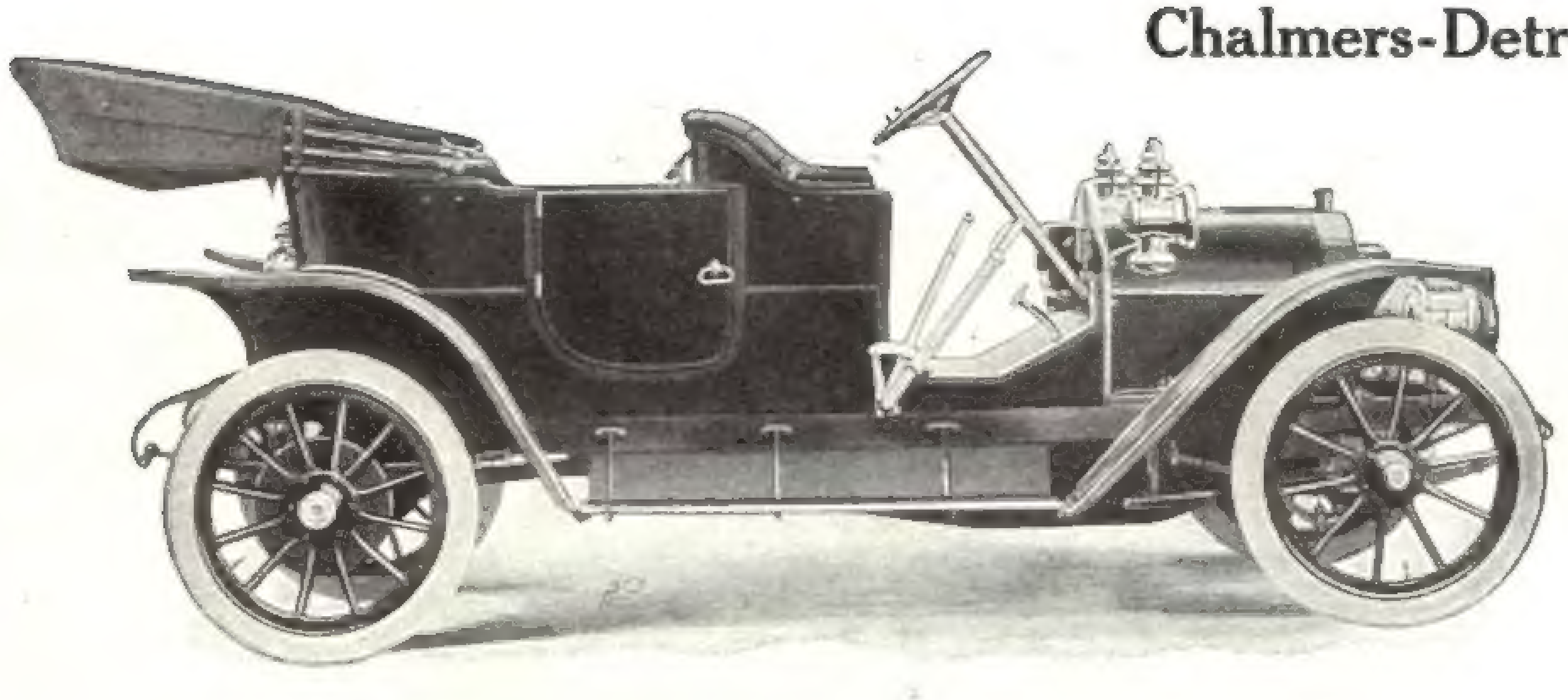
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 29, 1909 5cts. THE COPY



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500

Made in
Touring Car,
Tourabout and
Roadster

Ten Points of Superiority Worth $100 Each

There are ten points in which the Chalmers-Detroit "30" excels any other car of its class.

Each point is worth $100 to an owner, taken in comparison with any other car. There are more than ten in which the Chalmers "30" excels most all cars you might naturally compare with it. But there are these ten points in which it is superior to *any* car—to all cars—which seem, by grace of price, to be in the same class.

Take any car you will at near $1,500 and compare it point by point on each of the following points, with the Chalmers "30." That is all we ask.

1.—The Axles

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" has the full floating type rear axle—the latest design employed on the costliest cars.

That means easy riding, less weight, less wear on tires, less strain, less damage from sudden shocks.

The front axle is a single piece I-beam, drop-forged. It is not forged in two parts, not welded. This means maximum strength.

2.—Lubrication

We use the constant level splash system for lubrication—devised by Mr. Coffin. It has proved wonderfully successful for two years on our "Forty." You can know it by the single sight feed on the dash.

Because of this premier oiling system, our "30" shows a noteworthy absence of grease cups on the motor. Other low-priced cars have a wealth of them and they are a bothersome means of lubrication.

Grease cups need constant attention, daily filling, hourly adjusting. Otherwise the melting grease leaves the bearing dry.

3.—Cooling

The four cylinders in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are cast en bloc. So in nearly all foreign cars of 30 H. P. or less. So in some of the costliest American.

The cooling water is all in one body, all of one temperature. No pre-ignition because one cylinder overheats.

These cast-together cylinders give us perfect alignment, and a short motor, allowing extra room in the tonneau.

4.—One-Pedal Control

In our "30" alone you get the one-pedal control. Push the pedal part way and it releases the clutch. Push it harder and you set the service brake. You have no two pedals to think of. You don't get mixed up. And you don't have to keep both feet ready for action. Just the thing for a light car and particularly good for a woman to drive.

5.—Steering Connections

Safety requires, above all, unbreakable steering connections. A break means an accident usually.

The steering connections on the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are all drop-forged. They are just as large as any used on heavy, high-priced cars. Compare them with the connections on other low-priced cars, and note how small others are and inadequate.

6.—Ball Bearings

There is no other car in America, regardless of price, which has so many high quality annular ball bearings as the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Annular ball bearings do not require adjusting, and do not wear out. They need little lubrication. Our generous use of them comes back to you in the saving of gasoline.

We use the same size in our "30" as are used in the 60 H. P. Thomas. Other cars selling under $2,000 have few annular ball bearings, and most of them have none at all.

7.—Brakes.

Brakes of ample size and efficiency are of vital importance. Most motor car wrecks are due to the lack of them.

No other low-priced car equals our "30" in braking surface. We have two brakes—one a contracting brake on the transmission, operated by the pedal. The other is an expanding brake on the rear wheel, operated by a side lever.

Not ten per cent of American cars, regardless of price, have such efficient brakes.

8.—Unit Power Plant, Alignment

In the Chalmers-Detroit "30" the motor and transmission form a single unit. In this way alone can one secure perfect alignment. Practically all the famous foreign cars now use this excellent feature.

For the same purpose—perfect alignment—we use the two-bearing crank shaft. More than two bearings make constant perfect alignment impossible. And alignment saves friction, saves power, saves wear and tear.

9.—Comfort, Style

This car has beauty of line, a style all its own—low-hung, sweeping and graceful. The body is hung in such a way as to avoid jolting and insure the greatest ease of riding. It lopes, rather than bumps, over inequalities of the road. The springs are ¾ elliptic.

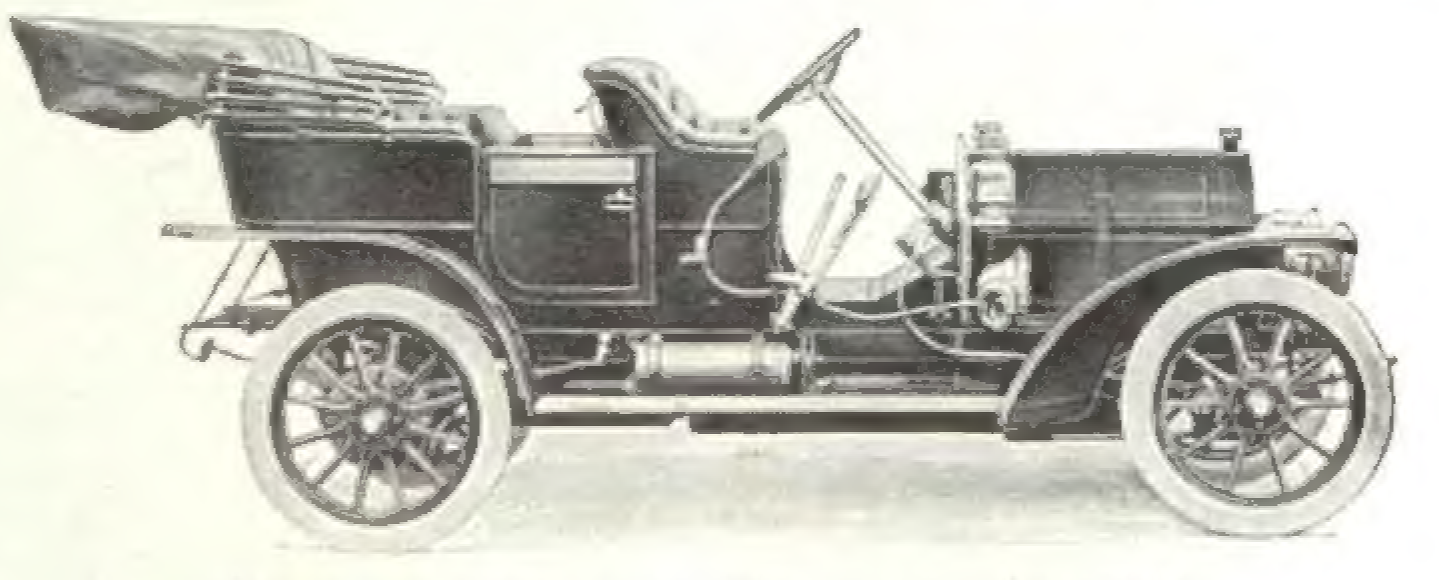
10.—Economy

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" is, by long odds, the most economical car of its class. Other low-priced cars weigh from 200 to 500 pounds more without giving more comfort or greater strength.

Yet our "30" has the strongest frame, the heaviest wheels, the biggest brakes and the strongest steering connections. How would you like to carry always two extra heavyweight passengers to wear out tires and consume gasoline? That is what many cars do.

Lightness means low cost of upkeep, small tire cost. One of these cars ran 20,800 miles on country roads at an average of 18.6 miles for each gallon of gasoline. Under fair conditions, 25 miles per gallon is not unusual.

Those are ten of the reasons why people who know buy the Chalmers-Detroit "30." Compare these with other cars, point by point. We are willing to abide by your judgment.



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

This is the standard American "Forty." If you think of paying $2,000 to $3,000 for a car, be sure to see this "Forty."

For three years it has proved itself, both in service and contests, the best of the medium-priced cars.

Last year it won first place, or perfect scores, in twenty-five national events, to prove speed, endurance and hill climbing ability.

Our "Forty" represents the utmost that any price can buy, measured by desirable features. Among its owners are many men of national fame as mechanical experts.

Write today for the Chalmers-Detroit catalog, and for name of nearest dealer.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Reg. U. S. Pat.
Office, 1906.

Hosiery, lacking this mark, is not

"Holeproof Hosiery"

Holeproof Is the Original Guaranteed Hosiery

When you buy six pairs of *Holeproof* Hosiery—the hosiery with the trademark (shown above) stamped on the toe—either for *men, women* or *children*—you get this guarantee signed in ink by the dealer or by us: "*If any or all of these hose come to holes, rips or tears, or need darning within 6 months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free.*" That means absolute freedom from all hosiery bother, troubles and expense for half a year.

Summer Colors

All Stylish Shades. The Dealer Will Show Them to You.

The colors for men are light and dark tan, navy blue, light blue, pearl gray, gun-metal, lavender, mode, flesh color, green, black and black with white feet.

The colors for women are pearl gray, lavender, light blue, navy blue, tan, black and black with white feet.

Boys' and Misses' stockings are made in tan and black.

Soft—Light—Stylish

You not only get hose that wear full six months; you get soft, light and stylish hose; you get guaranteed *colors;* you get the utmost in hosiery that the price can buy; you get the finest hose on the market. No expense is spared to make them best. We spend $30,000 a year simply for inspection, to *know* that each pair is right.

Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton yarn at an average price of 63c per pound. We pay the top market price for our yarns, no matter how it may fluctuate.

Yet we could buy yarn for as low as 35c per pound.

We get the wear by knitting the body of the hose with 3-ply yarn, and reinforcing heels and toes to 6-ply.

Yet the yarn is so soft and pliable that you don't feel the reinforcement. We use a special process that insures permanent shape, fast colors and perfect fit.

31 Years' Experience

The secret of "Holeproof" wear and quality cost us 31 years of patient experiment.

Today the demand is enormous—18,000 pairs are now being made every day in our factory.

Last year we sold over three million pairs. It is this enormous output that allows us to sell you this better hosiery at the price you'd pay for common hose.

Isn't the hosiery that is so popular likely to be the best hosiery made?

For Men, Women and Children

Try "Holeproof" next time you need hosiery. It's the best and most economical.

Tell your people about it. Remember, it is made—*and guaranteed*—for men, women and children.

Get the Genuine

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we will ship direct, where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Tear out this ad as a memo.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color, or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue Sizes, 8 to 11

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

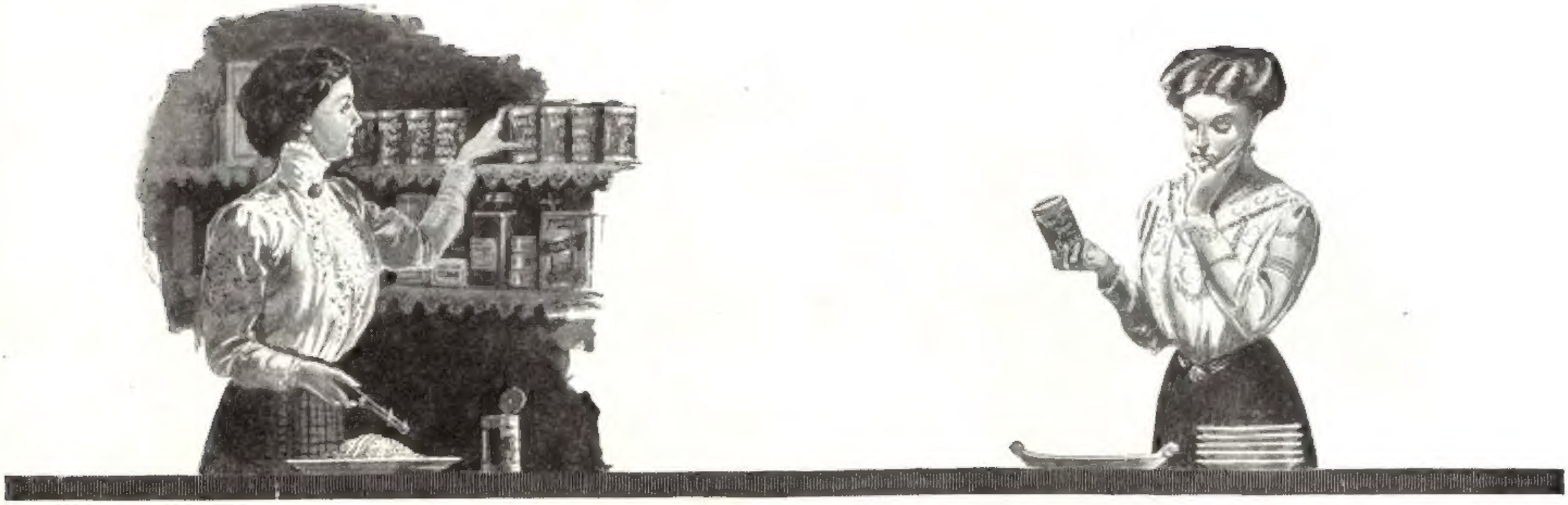
Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U. S. Pat.
Office, 1906

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
296 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?



One Can or Twelve?

You never buy potatoes one meal at a time—nor eggs, nor flour, nor tea. Why, then, do you buy a single can of Van Camp's? Why not a dozen cans?

One can at a time is a relic of old times—when you baked beans at home. Then you baked only one dish at a time because they grew quickly stale.

But that is not so with Van Camp's.

Van Camp's remain, until you open the can, as fresh as when they came from our ovens.

And the greatest delight, from the housewife's view, lies in having them ready to serve.

Why lose all this? Why run to your grocer every time when you want a good meal in a hurry?

You should have a dozen cans on the shelf.

There are millions of you now using Van Camp's.

You no longer spend some sixteen hours to prepare a dish of beans. You have it ready to serve in a minute.

You have given up beans that are hard to digest—beans that ferment and form gas. We are baking them for you in modern steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees.

No longer do you serve beans crisped on the top, and less than half baked in the middle. Van Camp's are all baked alike.

You have found Van Camp's nutty because they are whole—not mushy like home-baked beans.

And you have found that the tomato sauce baked into the beans gives them superlative zest.

You know all this, and would never go back to home baking. Now we ask you to learn the rest.

Beans are Nature's choicest food, being 84 per cent nutriment. They exceed meat in their food value, yet they cost one-third as much.

They are appetizing and hearty, and all people like them. One hardly can serve them too often.

For luncheon or supper this is the ideal meal, and a most economical dish.

When you are tired, here's a meal without working. When you are busy, here's a meal without waiting.

Think what it means to have a dozen such meals waiting on the pantry shelf. Don't buy them from hand to mouth.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

We use no beans save the finest grown and all are picked over by hand. We use no tomato sauce not made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

If you will serve Van Camp's with some rival brand you will never forget the comparison.

Do this sometime when somebody says: "Here are beans just as good." Buy them and see for yourself.

Then you will know that other baked beans, whatever the claims, can't compare with Van Camp's.

For this dish is our specialty. We have spent 48 years in learning how to perfect it. The very costliest materials are the least that we buy, and we are lavish with the skill that we spend on them.

We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours cost, and beans for one-seventh what we pay. But we could not, at any price, buy anything better than the materials we use in this dish.

When you find that Van Camp's are the best beans baked, be sure that you always get them.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Ind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^oD^i 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

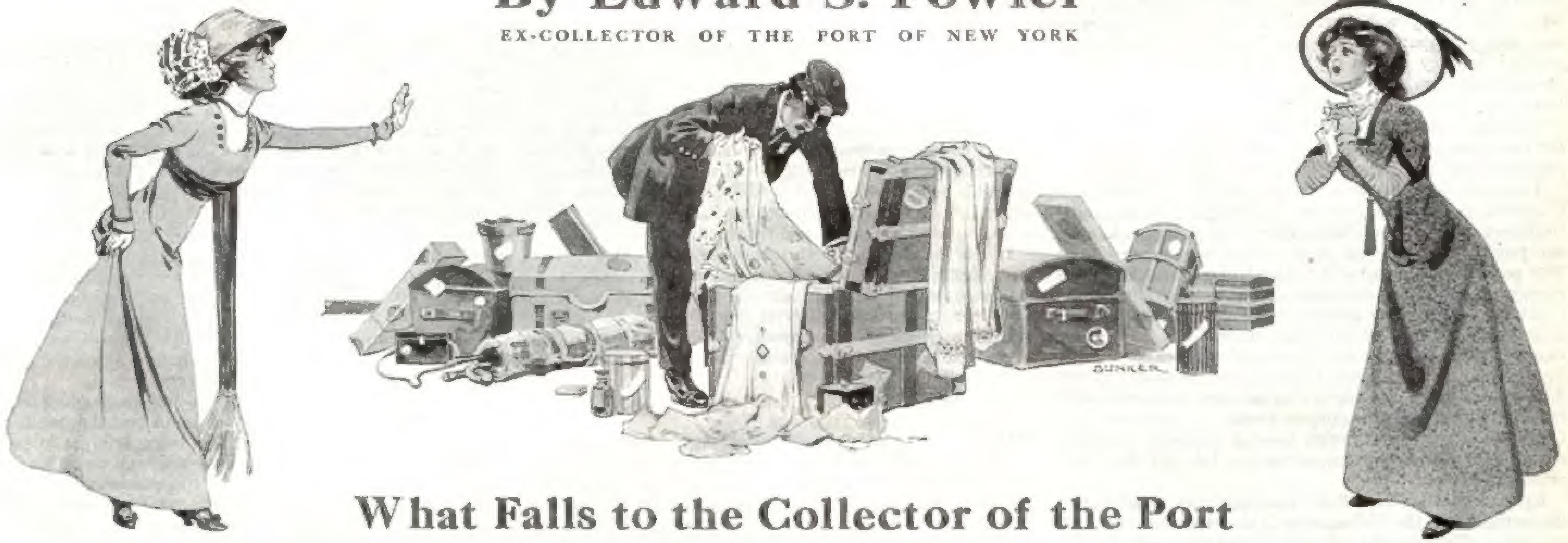
Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1909 Number 48

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE

By Edward S. Fowler

EX-COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK



What Falls to the Collector of the Port

ONE evening in 1865 Preston King, Collector of the Port of New York, left his office, went aboard a Staten Island ferryboat and when half-way across threw himself into the bay and was drowned. This was no accident. It was found that his pockets were loaded with shot. King was hounded to death by office-seekers. He served only eight months and twenty-nine days. Every morning he used to look out of his window and see a line of gaunt, anxious place-hunters reaching from his office door away down William Street. It got on his nerves and presently, with grim determination, he made an end to his life.

Imagine a man in that state of mind administering one of the greatest businesses in the world!

Ever since it was established, in 1791, the New York Custom House has been a political storm-center. John Lamb was the first Collector, and he held the job before the Constitution was adopted. Lamb served thirteen years, and his four successors, four, nine, nine and eight respectively. The last of these gentlemen, Samuel Swartwout, had attained questionable distinction by serving as Burr's second in his duel with Hamilton. Looking down the line of Collectors one sees some distinguished names: Jesse Hoyt, Moses H. Grinnell, Chester A. Arthur and others of only lesser luminance.

About the time of Swartwout, politics got a stranglehold on the office. The periods of service grew visibly less as the importance of the post increased. A Collector now rarely served a normal term of four years; in fact, thirteen of the thirty-three incumbents of this office held the job less than a year and a half each. Following Jesse Hoyt, John J. Morgan served seventeen days, his successor, Curtis, three months and eleven days, and, ten years later, Daniel S. Dickinson quit after putting in eight days' time. It would be absurd to urge that these men were put out because of inefficiency, since most of them were inefficient when they went in and were never given time to qualify. Technically, the power of the office centered in the Collector, but everybody knew that he had to report to the boss. He was between two stones: the rapacity of the office-seeker and the interests of the community, and it took a man with either a heart of flint or one of putty to stand the test and not break. To hold the job he had to be very big or very little. If he ran his office to suit himself he won the support of the business men and incurred the hatred of the bosses, since politics and business are as wide apart as the poles. For more than a century party leaders fought continuously for Custom House spoils. No sooner did one party win than factional fights for these spoils began. From 1861 to 1885 the Republicans guided the destiny of this office.

The New York Custom House Under the Spoils System

DURING this period the Custom House figured as the protagonist in some of the biggest family rows that have racked the party in this state. Collector Murphy went to the Syracuse Convention with a pocket full of jobs and obtained the nomination of John A. Dix for Governor. In those days Deputy Collectors were taken from the field of political activity. They weren't expected to know anything about the work. Their duties were performed for them by experienced clerks, while they, the deputies, devoted their time to lining up their organizations and filling the pay-roll with time-servers. Right and left Murphy proselyted the adherents of other candidates and swept them into the drag-net of Dix.

Men who had pledged their allegiance to Fenton changed in the twinkling of an eye at the magic promise of a clerkship. Murphy kept his promises, and at the adjournment of the convention his new adherents were rewarded. One of these Fenton deserters got a sixteen-hundred-dollar job and in after years became a Deputy Collector in charge of one of the most important divisions in the Custom House. Later, however, he became an ardent Civil Service reformer, and was active in promoting the laws whereby Deputy Collectors were put in the classified service and removed from the field of active partisanship.

It is clear that if the Custom House could swing the state election it would have a vast power in shaping the destinies of the two great national parties. As this fact was more and more realized Washington cast covetous eyes upon the place and sought to transfer its influence from New York to the National Capital.

One of the most notorious instances of the Federal Government poking its finger into the "state pie" was when the Hayes people went gunning for the official scalp of General Arthur. He was removed from the Collectorship and Theodore Roosevelt, father of the ex-President, was appointed his successor. Senator Conkling, always jealous of his rights as state leader, got the help of Senator Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, whose contempt for the Ohio President was supreme, and checkmated the Administration by preventing Roosevelt's confirmation in the Senate. Then the President gave a recess or temporary appointment to General Merritt, a well-equipped St. Lawrence County politician, who was then serving as Surveyor of the Port. With the liberal use of his office patronage and the aid of John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, Merritt obtained enough Democratic votes to defeat Conkling and secure his own confirmation.

How the Collectorship Compassed the Downfall of Conkling

ALONZO B. CORNELL, naval officer, was at the same time removed from office and, joining forces with Conkling, made Arthur chairman of the Republican organization of the city of New York and the recognized leader of the regulars.

Conkling, however, triumphed temporarily. He saw the Hayes Administration pass into oblivion. He saw Arthur elected Vice-President and then follow Garfield into the White House. He saw Cornell made Governor of New York. But the Custom House was the cause of much bitterness of spirit to Conkling. It was the rock upon which his splendid career went to pieces. He saw his enemy, Robertson, intrenched in the Collectorship. He saw the patronage that he had earned bestowed upon another man.

In his subsequent fight with Garfield, Arthur was powerless to help him. He quarreled with Cornell and dubbed him "the lizard on the hill." As a mark of displeasure at what he believed to be Garfield's treachery, he resigned from the Senate, expecting vindication from his constituents. But his enemies beset him and compassed his defeat. And curiously, by the same token, the Collectorship was the stepping-stone by which Arthur reached the Presidency.

Up to about the middle of Arthur's term (1873) the Moiety laws allowed the Collector a share in all seizures, and his emoluments sometimes largely exceeded forty thousand dollars a year.

His appointive power was very great. But Civil Service law took most of the minor positions out of his hands. The Moiety laws were repealed. All fees collected were turned into the Treasury and the Collector's pay fixed at twelve thousand dollars a year. This embraces his entire compensation, with the addition of, perhaps, five hundred dollars paid him by the State of New York for collecting and paying out quarantine moneys. If he is permitted to serve the term of four years for which he is appointed his gross compensation is fifty thousand dollars.

Through this great office is collected seven-tenths of all the duties on imported merchandise entering the United States. The following are the gross collections by fiscal years:

1899	$ 137,455,208.62
1900	153,253,780.76
1901	154,485,638.62
1902	166,807,010.38
1903	182,775,815.67
1904	173,022,566.12
1905	174,574,127.16
1906	200,698,240.93
1907	222,782,650.10
1908	190,191,073.17
	$1,756,046,111.53

One hears some very funny stories about what is done with this money. The other day a New York business man, for whose ignorance there was no excuse, made the statement that the Collector always had from fifteen to twenty millions of Government money to his credit in certain banks, and that it was a legitimate thing for him to loan this out for his own benefit, so long as he made good when the money was demanded. The ludicrousness of this idea is apparent when one knows that the regular bonded liability of the Collector is some four hundred thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, all moneys collected during the day are turned into the Sub-Treasury every afternoon and a receipt taken for same. The hour for transmission of these vast amounts is known to the police and the way is kept clear of crooks and the like.

The Collector's bonds cover not only his obligations as Collector of Customs, but the disbursing of from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars a year. He is responsible for the pay-rolls containing some thirty-one hundred and fifty names. He is custodian of all Government buildings connected with the customs service. In addition the Collector is disbursing agent of the revenue cutter service at this port, paying out from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year. From time to time the Government imposes special duties, such as the paying out of moneys connected with the building of the new custom house. In such case the Collector must give an extra bond if required, but he is allowed no additional compensation for the increased responsibility and work.

Every vessel arriving from a foreign port is subject to the authority of the Collector until the cargo has been discharged. The number of such vessels entered for the fiscal year ending June, 1908, was forty-five hundred and thirty-nine. The Collector holds possession of all imported merchandise on which duties have not been paid, releasing the same according to law. In a word, he is the only officer of customs financially responsible under his bond for the proper conduct of all business pertaining to the customs service at the Port of New York. On the other hand, he is protected to the extent that suits for the recovery of excessive duties cannot be brought against him personally. Nor is he liable for losses occasioned by his official acts, nor for the laches of his subordinates, unless gross negligence is established.

Gown-Smuggling by Society Women

SO MUCH for the duties and responsibilities of the Collector as defined by statute. His particular value to the public is in the exercise of certain quasi-judicial and discretionary powers conferred upon him by law. He may or may not remit assessment of duties on importations of less than a dollar in value, or he may remit duties exceeding two dollars on articles found in passengers' baggage. In no case can any seizure be made without his authority. He is expected to exercise sound judgment and is often perplexed by questions arising.

For instance: Less than a year ago a society lady of great wealth arrived on an ocean liner. She deliberately failed to state in her declaration that she had anything in her baggage subject to duty, asserting that her forty-odd trunks contained the very articles of wearing apparel which she had taken abroad with her. The inspectors found, on opening her trunks, that she had misstated the facts, and told her that they would be unable to proceed with the examination, that her trunks would be sent to the Appraiser's warehouse for expert valuation of the dutiable articles, and that the Collector would decide the question of seizure and confiscation. Upon this, the lady attempted to bribe the officers, but failed.

The next day the lady appeared at the Collector's office accompanied by counsel—a distinguished lawyer. She charged that the officers had been rough and ungentlemanly and that they had unjustly discriminated against her. So charming and artful was the would-be smuggler that she convinced her counsel that she was the most abused woman in New York. The customs officers were sent for ard put through a sharp examination, but stood their ground. Discomfited by their testimony the lady insisted on taking the witness-stand. When she had completed her direct testimony she was cross-examined by the Collector. It became necessary, after establishing the lady's false statements—by her own evidence—to seize all the baggage and turn the matter over to the District Attorney for his action. The next day counsel called upon the Collector and offered to pay the duties and penalties in order, if possible, to keep the affair out of the newspapers. The matter, however, having been placed in the hands of the District Attorney, the settlement had to be made through that officer, with the Collector's recommendation. On the written declaration of the lady, claiming nothing dutiable in her baggage, she paid ten thousand dollars duties and penalties.

Why did the Collector consent to a compromise in this case? The answer is, that it has been found next to impossible to obtain a verdict against a woman where the United States is the complainant. Especially is this true where it relates to a lady's wardrobe. As it was, she was severely punished by having her reputation established as a discredited person and being compelled to pay duties and penalties into the Treasury.

Some time later followed the famous case of the ruby. A ring was sent to this country through the mails to be delivered through a Southern post-office. The postmaster at that point, unprepared to pass upon the question of value of the jewel, sent it to the nearest custom house for appraisement, where it was given a value of three thousand dollars. But the officers here, being in doubt, forwarded the ring to New York for appraisement. By this time the newspapers were deeply interested in the fate of the ring on account of the distinction of the persons connected with the case. The Collector locked the jewel up in his burglar-proof and fireproof vault for a time, and, when the excitement surrounding it had abated, had it taken out and examined and returned.

It was found to be worth just seven dollars and twenty-five cents. The setting was an ordinary 14 carat, while the stone itself was an excellent bit of paste. The Collector and experts believed that the ring was sent to this country by some light-minded person as a hoax, and so the matter was dropped altogether.

The Intricacies of the Collector's Job

THE Collector is the classifying officer, determining under what provision of the tariff, and at what rates, imported merchandise shall pay duty. He is also the liquidating authority, considering all protests against the payment of duty assessed by him and acting upon them according to law. As classifying officer he is continually called upon to hear valuation disputes between the Appraiser and the importer. These hearings invariably affect large importations, and are not only important in that respect, but in the making of precedent for future use. For instance: A shipment of silk noils was returned by the Appraiser as waste silk carded or combed at forty cents per pound, and was held by the Collector to be free of duty. Also a consignment of "crude India-rubber" that had undergone a process called milling was appraised as dutiable at twenty per cent ad valorem, but the contention of the importer that these goods were free of duty was sustained by the Collector. Another case was that of machinery belting, composed of cotton and India-rubber, the latter being the chief value, which was returned by the Appraiser at forty-five per cent ad valorem and held by the Collector to be dutiable at thirty-five per cent. A shipment of uniforms used by small children impersonating Indians, firemen, sailors and the like was returned by the Appraiser as wearing apparel dutiable at fifty per cent ad valorem. The Collector decided that these uniforms were toys dutiable at thirty-five per cent ad valorem. A shipment of tweezers was appraised as manufactures of metal dutiable at forty-five per cent ad valorem, but held by the Collector to be free of duty. One could go on citing these cases indefinitely, but the foregoing will amply demonstrate the common-sense function of the Collector. When one considers the vast number of consignments upon which the question of duty is debatable and the vast importance of this question to the importer, he will appreciate the frequency and the knottiness of the problems that confront the chief customs officer.

The Collector's bondsman is responsible for the proper collection of duties. This means that he must do his best to prevent smuggling. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the tremendous temptation to smuggle goods into the United States, owing to our high tariff. The great profits made by successful smugglers tempt the most ingenious brains and combinations of brains to go into this business. It is clear also that the goods most sought to be smuggled—precious stones, jewels, drugs and the like—are, by virtue of their small bulk, most difficult of detection. The system for preventing smuggling has its ramifications reaching to all parts of the world where valuable articles are to be bought, and a careful and approximately successful watch is kept of all considerable purchases.

One of the principal methods of smuggling is that where women declaring themselves non-residents of the United States act as carriers for American dressmakers and milliners, and bring in their baggage valuable gowns and merchandise claimed to be for personal use.

For instance: A widow of a retired army officer in Paris brought in fifteen thousand dollars' worth of gowns, purchased abroad by various dressmakers and turned over to a prominent French concern, which engaged the woman to bring them in as her personal wearing apparel. For this service she was given free transportation to and from New York and several hundred dollars for expenses. The gowns were forfeited, and the French concern and several guilty Americans were convicted of smuggling.

Another instance was that of a young woman who said she was a student of Jean de Reszke's, who brought in several trunks of gowns for her own use, as she declared. It was found that these belonged to five of the leading society women of New York, one of whom was to be married three days after their arrival. The goods were forfeited and sold and the young woman had to purchase another trousseau. It was a close question as to whether the society woman had guilty knowledge of the transaction. The United States District Attorney carefully considered the matter and deemed the evidence insufficient to proceed criminally.

A case of unusual interest was that of fifteen empty jewel boxes found in a small package of lace in the Appraiser's warehouse and consigned to an employee of one of the largest importers in this city. The importer acknowledged to the customs officers, on investigation, that he had been a passenger on a certain vessel with a lady who had purchased abroad articles of jewelry belonging to each of the empty boxes, none of which had been mentioned in her baggage declaration. The property was valued at about ten thousand dollars. An eminent lawyer subsequently surrendered to the custom house all of the jewelry, stipulated for its forfeiture, and paid for its release with full appraised value—ten thousand dollars.

In the summer of 1908 the Collector was advised that a great portion of all coral in our markets was smuggled in by sailors of Italian lines from Mediterranean ports. The names of suspected firms were submitted, search-warrants secured, the premises of these concerns inspected and several thousand dollars' worth of coral seized.

About the time of these seizures, glove smuggling from Italy was investigated, and it was found that thousands of dollars' worth of these articles was being brought in concealed in the baggage of steerage passengers; in fact, a large quantity of gloves passed the customs and were seized in the premises of certain persons in Greater New York. Of course, forfeitures were the result and criminal proceedings were instituted.

Several of the largest importers of watch-cases defrauded the Government of large amounts by understating the value of cases and movements. The Collector investigated this matter and requested the District Attorney to sue for the recovery of penalties. A compromise resulted, and approximately forty thousand dollars was paid by two of the firms concerned.

How Lace and Tobacco are Smuggled In

ONE of the most important baggage cases was that of a prominent society woman who brought in a large number of trunks and stated in her declaration that she had purchased some eighteen hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel. It was found that the trunks contained many thousands of dollars' worth of goods. The woman repeatedly denied any knowledge of invoices and bills, but finally surrendered them. They showed that she had purchased about twenty thousand dollars' worth of gowns and other apparel from famous Parisian dressmakers. The Government not only recovered the duties, amounting to some six thousand dollars, but required the woman to pay heavy penalties before surrendering her goods to her.

Owing to the heavy duty on Sumatra leaf-tobacco many methods are used to smuggle this article. One of these is to secrete tobacco in the coal of steamships, another is to conceal it in the mattresses of unoccupied staterooms. The tobacco is usually removed from the ship when the vessel is coaling, taken away in coal-barges, and subsequently carried off in motor-boats. Some arrests, as well as the seizure of barges and motor-boats engaged in this traffic, have been made.

A case illustrating the various means by which smuggling is detected was that involving an English noblewoman. The Collector was advised that some valuable laces were on sale in a prominent dressmaking establishment, the same being those which had been brought in by the aristocrat as household effects. In addition, there were found in an art establishment a number of miniatures which this lady had brought in, stating at the time of their importation that they were not for sale. All of which goes to show that, while the guilty may escape on the deep, yet vengeance pursueth on shore.

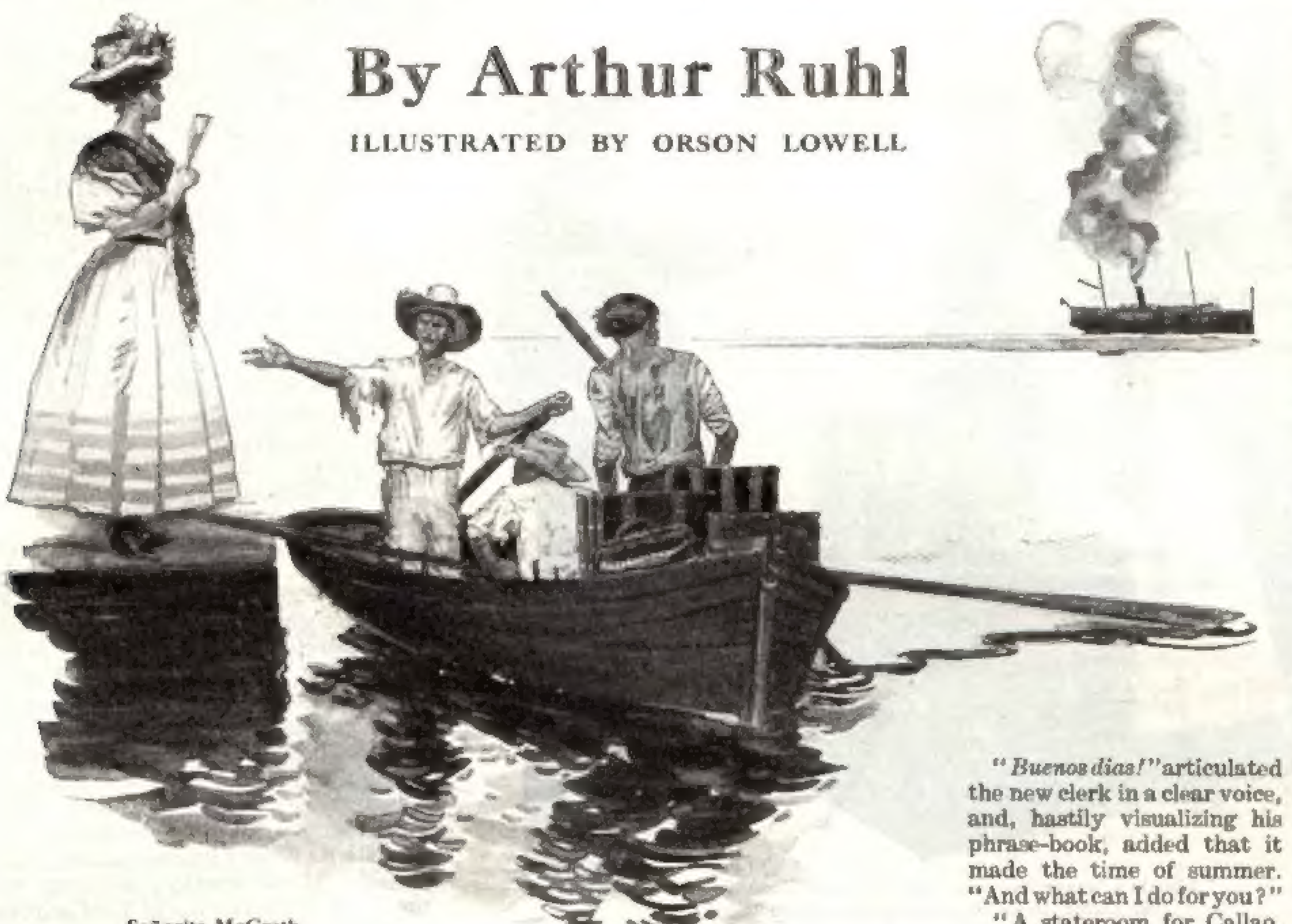
The running down of the codein free traders exposed a system of smuggling codein and other harmful and correspondingly valuable drugs through the connivance of steamship employees. Ten persons were indicted in these cases, among them a representative of one of the largest American drug houses.

(Continued on Page 33)

THE LAST PASSENGER

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL



Señorita McGrath

THE heat and silence of tropical noon enveloped Puerto Azul. The streets were deserted, and even the inner courtyards drowsed in the mid-day siesta. The iron shutters of the steamship office had been rolled down and the long room was so still that the new clerk, hurriedly finishing a letter to catch the outgoing steamer, was plainly conscious of the scratching of his pen.

The great spike-studded doors were closed, and the smaller entrance, hung like a mouth in one of them, framed a glaring rectangle of equatorial sunlight which poured straight down and flooded the narrow street. Across this rectangle scuffled an occasional figure wrapped in a black *manta*, and at long intervals there was a lazy clatter of hoofs and the tinkle of the little tram. From behind the closed blinds of the house across the way a rather tinpanny piano—energetic in the treble, faltering and broken in the bass—was striking out the great tenor solo from the opera just brought out from Italy. They were playing and whistling it all up and down the West Coast:

O dolci ba—ci
O—languide car-ez-ze!

hummed the new clerk, and then two surprising things happened. The doorway was suddenly darkened by a woman. entering hurriedly. At the same instant the senior clerk, who had waited to glance over the last invoices, ducked, and creeping almost on his hands and knees disappeared down the cellar stairs.

The new clerk, only out a few weeks from the Liverpool office, was dismayed; but he rose, nevertheless, and, tucking his handkerchief engagingly into his left cuff, faced the situation and the evidently agitated visitor with as good an imitation of the unconscious insolence of the veteran passenger agent as he could command.

She might have been eight and twenty, although the quickly-blooming Spanish blood made it difficult to tell—a woman grown in face and shape, even if somewhat too luxuriant a shape for his British eyes, yet with a curious wistfulness and immaturity wavering through her well-assumed look of pride, as if she had been cloistered all these years and was yet to have her first grown-up meeting with the world.

She wore a white summer dress, freshly-starched, and revealing a firm and comely neck of an even, old-ivory whiteness with her cheek; a hat rather crudely trimmed with inferior white ostrich feathers and colored flowers; and high-heeled, light-colored tan shoes of a pattern distinctly South American. A black patent-leather belt encircled a vigorous but not awkward waist, and a black lace scarf, which might on occasion serve as a mantilla, was drawn over her shoulders and draped across her generous bosom by a brooch of heavy gold. On each wrist was a thick, old-fashioned bracelet made of a solid band of gold.

"*Buenos dias, señor!*" she murmured, looking inquiringly past the young man to the empty office.

"*Buenos dias!*" articulated the new clerk in a clear voice, and, hastily visualizing his phrase-book, added that it made the time of summer. "And what can I do for you?"

"A stateroom for Callao, *señor*. If you could, *señor*, two, for I have much baggage."

"Two ——" It was already two hours past sailing time. The Dos de Mayo was crowded. There was scarcely room for another mattress on the after deck, much less a cabin passenger. And so the new clerk explained.

The woman answered rather impatiently in Spanish.

"But, madam, she must be getting up anchor now. You couldn't go aboard, and you couldn't find a place to sleep if you did."

"But, *señor!*" She shrugged her shoulders, and laying both hands on her bosom and lifting her chin proudly, with an air of one who had given a detailed and incontrovertible explanation, she said: "You do not understan'. There is *always* room for me. I am the Señorita McGrath!"

"McGrath?" repeated the clerk.

"McGrath, *señor*. Irrevadora-McGrath!"

"Wait a minute!" gasped the new clerk, and he hurried to the cellar.

In the semi-darkness the senior clerk sat on a nail-keg, rolling a cigarette.

"Ssh!" he whispered, holding up a warning hand. "What does she want? What! But—dash it all! She's just had a trip! She came down on the Carabobo last week."

"*Señor!*" The senior clerk dodged off the nail-keg into a darker corner of the cellar.

"And she wants two staterooms!" pursued the new clerk.

"*Señor!*" The voice was at the cellar door now.

"Give her them!" hissed the senior clerk. "Give her anything! Let 'em fight it out on board!"

Into the silence of the cellar came a faint, far-off braying. It was the Dos de Mayo whistling her first warning of departure from her anchorage in the bay.

"Quick! Let her have 'em! If she missed it—Heaven knows—we might get chucked!"

As the Dos de Mayo's whistle blew for the third and last time—the same hoarse note which had reverberated a quarter of an hour before in the cellar of the office of the Anglo-Peruvian Steamship Company—Cranborne, second assistant purser, made another mark on his invoice sheet and observed quietly: "There—by dammy! Another day done."

It was the last of many scores of figures he had set down since their droll ark had rolled for a couple of hours off Tocaran that morning waiting for a few casks of *pisco* and a lone traveler with a tin trunk and a rolled-up bed; and the crated sewing-machine, which had gone tumbling down into the heaving lighter, was the last piece of cargo. That little mark finished another day's work, and it crossed off forever another from that list of ever more rapidly-disappearing days which are left to a man who has drifted in strange corners of the world for twenty years.

Again they would steam up the long, slow trail, up to the Line and over, with their mining machinery and bottled ale and cotton prints and locomotives taken apart like children's blocks. Then they would pass another little corrugated-iron village tacked to the bare, wind-swept hills, behind it the tawny, blazing flanks of the Andes, in front the lighter working slowly out from shore, or some tiny dory bringing another village argonaut and his rolled-up bed.

Again the winch-engines would clamor, the crates and boxes from Bordeaux and Hamburg and Manchester with a singsong wail of "*A-ba-jo!*" go scuttling overside. Again that warm, fetid odor of sulphur and molasses and oil and pine would rise from the hold, and Cranborne would stand by his hatch and make little marks. Then the hatches would be battened down again, the anchor lifted, and they would return to their deck-golf beneath the awnings aft, beside the chicken-coops and the vegetable bins, where the smell of decaying pineapples mixed with the hot, oily odors of the engine-room and the bedraggled ducks and turkeys they were going to try to eat that night gazed at them reproachfully through the slats.

The sewing-machine tumbled to the bottom of the pile, the crate smashing cheerfully. The gong aft began its deafening clamor. The second assistant purser was turning toward the office when he observed, just rounding the breakwater against which the Pacific surf splashed and thundered, a shore boat flying the Peruvian flag. Real trunks were piled in the bow, and in the seat just forward of the helmsman sat a lone woman in a white dress and variegated hat.

The Englishman watched the approaching passenger with a certain vicious satisfaction, hearing, as he did, the anchor-chains rumbling through the hawseholes and the screw slowly getting under way. The *dulce* sellers were bundled down the gangway, jabbering and gesticulating for their last coppers as they went. Stokers leaning from the ports below laughed and waved derisively. And the great, shabby ark slowly turned and pointed her nose to sea.

With cynical amusement Cranborne heard the captain shouting on the deck overhead. One's own chagrins at the hands of a large and difficult world were revenged, in a way, each time the ship was forced majestically to accept another of its continuous and absurd humiliations.

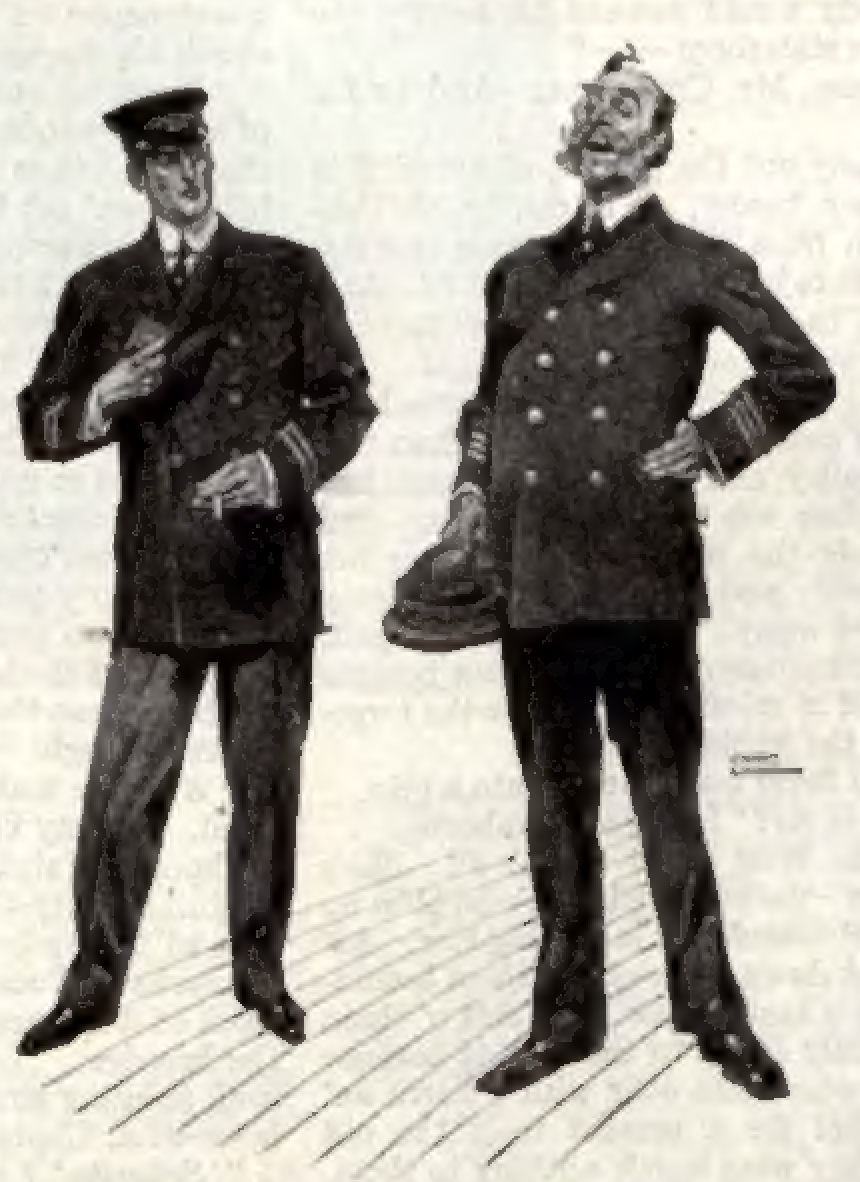
"Who is it?" rasped down from the bridge. MacFechan had an odd voice, a Scotch voice with a hoarse Chilean scratch in it. He was a West Coaster, too. The boat drew nearer. The captain studied it through his glass.

"It's Olympia McGrath!" he said.

The native oarsmen rowed frantically. Their helmsman, guiding the boat across the long swells with a sweep, waved madly toward the bridge. The Dos de Mayo kept on, gathering headway. Reaching shouting distance the helmsman flung up a torrent of imprecation and appeal. The lady at his side sat as motionless and still as if she were Cleopatra gliding down the Nile. With a disregard of her presence, convenient and similarly complete, the captain projected toward the boatman jumbled Spanish and English that crackled and split like a wireless. The assistant purser looked reproachfully toward the bridge.

"Oh, I say!" he muttered half aloud. The captain, viciously chewing the stump of a toothpick, sputtered on in a low monotone.

"What do you want now?" he shouted. "We're under way!"



And Cackled Until the Veins Showed on His Forehead and in His Thin and Leathery Neck

The great hulk quickened now with every turn of the screw.

"Shall I lower the gangway, sir?" demanded Cranborne.

"You will not!" snapped the captain.

"But, sir ——"

"Shut up, Mr. Cranborne!" He sent a jingle to the engine-room and, without glancing at the assistant purser, shouted: "Lower away!"

Half thrown, half lifted out as the shore boat swung up and dived dizzily past the lower step, the new passenger ascended the gangway slowly and a little awkwardly.

"*Dios mio!*" she panted, stepping on deck, and turned on Cranborne her startled and rather melancholy eyes—Spanish eyes that seemed to speak of quiet, sheltered *patio* years, the long, warm, lazy days each like another, unstirred by the far-off, restless world. For a moment the Englishman met them, a flush as of recognition or surprise slowly showing underneath his tan, and then three trunks crashed on the deck.

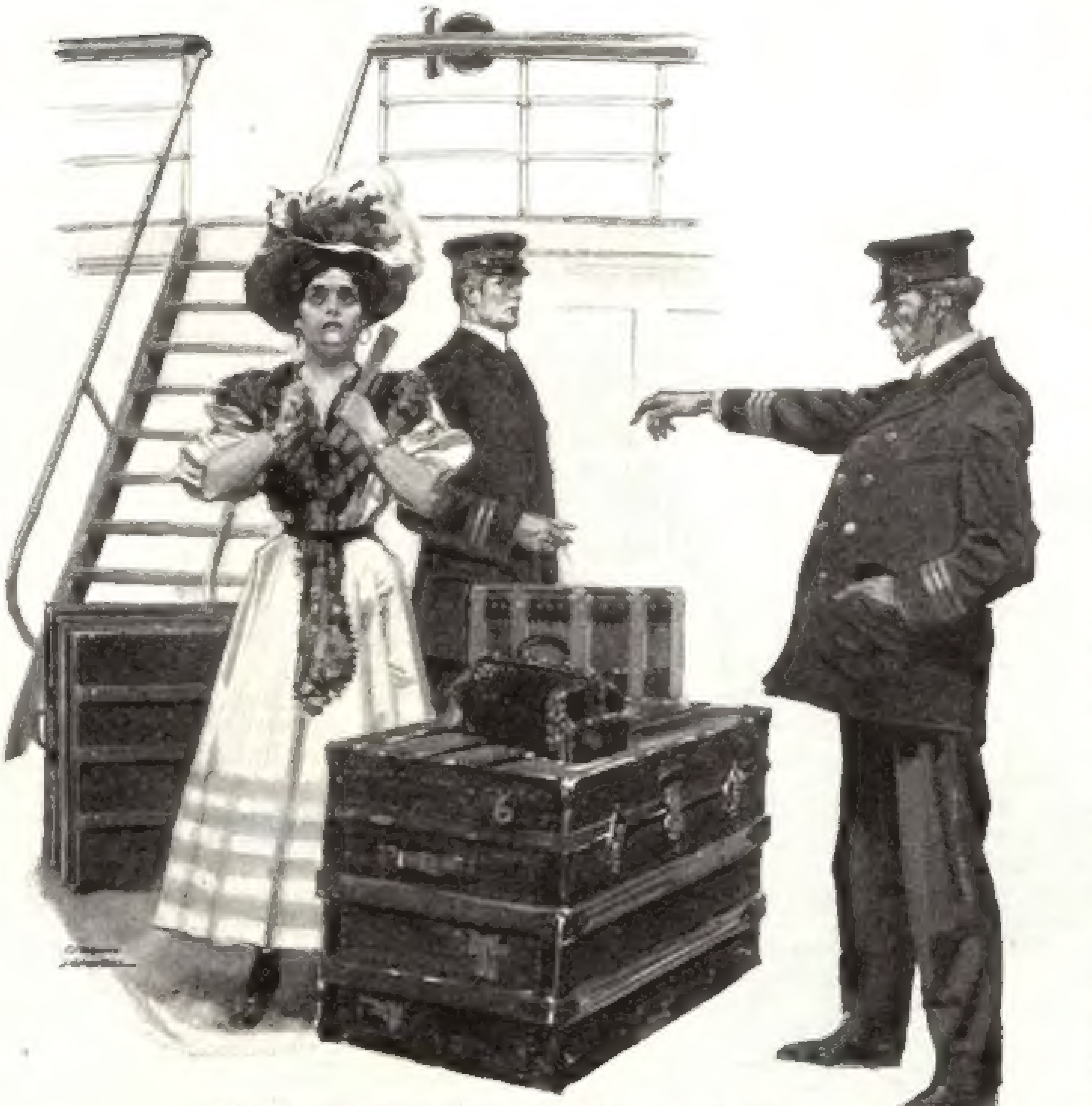
"*A mi camarote!*" the young woman commanded her boatmen, and then to Cranborne: "W'ich ees my estate-room?" He bowed and reached for her ticket.

"Did the agent sell you this?" The young woman stiffened a little and smiled.

"My family do not buy, *señor*," she said quietly. And as he stared, embarrassed, Captain MacFechan came down the bridge stairs rasping out a "*Vamos*—clear out!" to the *cholo* boatmen.

"What's all this? Hello, *señorita!*" he nodded satirically. "You're too late. We're full up." Cranborne handed him the ticket.

"Curse the impertinence of that agent! I tell you there's no room!"



"This is a Steamship—it's Naw Merry-Go-Round. We Didna' Undertake to Pay Your Rent"

"No room, *señor capitan?* There is no room for the daughter of Colonel McGrath?" The young woman's sad eyes suddenly blazed. "Perhaps there was no room for my father on the Chileno, *no?* But my father row under her guns in a leetle boat and throw a grenade with hees own hands into the engine-room and then there ees room! Perhaps you forget, *señor!*"

"No fear o' that," grinned the captain. "Ye've given us no chance to forget it. Your wild Irishman of a father ——"

"*Señor capitan!*"

"Ah've nothing against your excellent father, Miss McGrath. He did his duty an' the company have done theirs. We owed him somewhat an' we paid it. We've carried your family an' their bir-r-rds an' dogs for twenty years—and with the Chileans an' the Germans cuttin' rates till there's no living for a dock-rat in the business, much less a mail boat."

A hot flush crept up from her neck and burned through the white skin of her cheek and the rice-powder that dusted it. She tried to speak, but could not.

"This is a steamship—it's naw merry-go-round. We didna' undertake to pay your rent. If ——"

"I say," put in Cranborne uneasily. "If I might—I mean to say—if the lady would consent to occupy the second assistant purser's stateroom ——"

"Shut up, if you please, Mr. Cranborne. And as for the lady ——"

"*Mi padre!*" She flung out the phrase, clenched fists pressed tight against her bosom, as if calling on that gallant warrior to return from the ocean which covered him and avenge this insult to his family and his child. And suddenly, as if indeed he had come back and were there to give her confidence, her voice and manner changed.

"Ah—my father!" she smiled ironically. "'Twas himself had his own ship to comman' when MacFechan was cooking *casuelas* in the galley, and he live' on his lands like a viceroy when MacFechan was escrubbing decks. And his daughter"—she made the motion of snapping her fingers, but no snap came, and then her lips suddenly quivered and she walked away. And in that odd gait, constrained by vague embarrassments, she again became the timid *niña*, dismayed in mind and body at the largeness and strangeness of the world.

The captain's lean and florid face cracked into a grin.

"May I ask who that is, sir?" inquired Cranborne.

"She's the terror of the West Coast—that's all. She's the daughter of McGrath—the wild Irishman who blew up the Chileno just off the Huanachacos in the big war. An' her mother come straight down from one o' them hound-faced old Castilians with a lantern jaw an' a suit o' chain mail. The Irrevadoras laid claim to the islands because some ancestor o' theirs who came over with Pizarro an' the other pirates got 'em for a present from the old *conquistador* himself. They were worth nothing to them, but the guano was worth about four millions to the Anglo-Peruvian. Anyhow, we bought 'em for a price and with the understanding that McGrath and his family—he'd married the widow, ye know, and they thought he'd kept the Chileans from capturing the islands—wi' the understanding that they could ride on the company's boats whenever they had a mind, free!"

"He must have been a very extraordinary man," said the assistant purser.

"An' a verra extraordinary punishment to inflict on an inoffensive and law-abidin' common carrier, Mr. Cranborne. Ye're a man of education an' experience, sir, for all that ye're momentarily employed in a somewhat humble capacity on this unfortunate boat, an' I leave it to you. You're acquainted with these barbarous West Coasters. Ye know their avid and insatiable appetites. To be sure, wi' McGrath himself it wasn't so bad. But he was soon gone—sunk with a filibustering expedition to recapture the nitrate fields. The old lady—an' she had her own ideas about the women-folk keeping to the house where they belong—soon followed. But Olympia"—the captain threw up his hands. "God help us!" he said.

"I suppose," ventured Cranborne gravely, "the second generation ——"

MacFechan took hold of one of the lapels of his subordinate's coat and, thrusting out his leathery and florid countenance in a way he had when animated, slowly shook his disengaged forefinger close to Cranborne's face.

"If you was to take the favorite daughter of the sultan of some South Sea island so small you couldna' find it on the map, from the chaste seclusion of the impeerial hareem an' set her down in the Strand, with plenty of health, an inconquerable desire to see the world, an' her acquaintance leemited to London busmen —— Mr. Cranborne, we've carried her into every port from Panama to Punt' Arenas. She's visited every cousin and aunt—an' ye know they keep track o' their kin, these folk—and then she began on the families o' their husbands and wives. She's spent so much time on the company's boats she's by way o' thinkin' she ought to housekeep 'em.

"Why don't we have the piano tuned? An' why can't the company put a new carpet in the saloon—ain't the Talcuahuano got one? No rules or regulations made'll keep her off the breedge."

MacFechan threw back his head and emitted a strange, cackling laugh.

"We were makin' Tocaran one morning after a gale o' wind. A nasty blow it was, too, wi' six ships sunk at their anchors in Valparaiso roadstead and we comin' in after makin' seventy-three miles in two days. A ticklish business wi' the rocks an' the tide an' the sea runnin'—ye know the rocks at Tocaran, Mr. Cranborne. Weel, right in the thick of it I hears a voice an' there she stud behind me on the breedge. 'Look at that piece o' sky, Captain,' she said, pointing straight overhead. '*Que delicioso!* Ain't it be-oo-tiful, Captain!' she says.

"'*Señorita,*' I says to her, 'it may be all ye say. But I'm not navigatin' this ship into blue sky; I'm navigatin' her into the port o' Tocaran. An' if you don't clear off this breedge an' go below where ye belong, you'll be mighty lucky ever to see blue or any other kind o' sky.'" Again the captain threw back his head and cackled until the veins showed on his forehead and in his thin and leathery neck.

"As a matter of fact," he concluded, talking back over his shoulder as he started for the bridge, "she's a twenty-knot cruiser tryin' to manœuver in an aquarium—and she don't know it. She ought to be destroyin' poverty or lockin' herself to the House o' Commons or whatever it is the women folks are wastin' their energy on back home these days. And a fine old *hacienda* crumblin' down an' several thousand acres excellent an' arable land goin' to waste for want of somebody to build a reservoir and reclaim 'em. That's where she ought to be, and as it is"—the captain jerked his head as a jangle of chords raced out from the music-room piano—"she takes it out on that. Mr. Cranborne, will ye kindly look out for your passenger?"

Already the deep-sea wind was blowing in their ears. The Dos de Mayo was diving lazily northward, and on the right the tawny mainland, bare and baked and wind-swept, stretched out before and behind them as it had for a thousand miles. Cranborne walked to the music-room.

She was playing a noisy dance in a minor key, with a stamping undercurrent, sitting bolt upright and pounding hard and determinedly, face set and flushed and her rather short legs just touching the pedals. Her hat with its flowers joggled quaintly as she played. A lean, swarthy young man, with the shifty, velvety eyes of the Caribbean mongrel, watched her from the seat which ran round the room next the wall. A cigarette smouldered under his thin brown fingers, and as he surveyed her with a sensuous apathy he inhaled, from time to time, a breathful of smoke and let it trickle slowly from his nostrils. It was a musty, desolate little room, upholstered in a soiled, yellowish brocade mottled with terracotta flowers. The bridge was overhead, in front the empty sea, and against the windows which ran all round its half-ellipse the damp sea wind, burdened with a thin fog, blew shrill and sadly.

"Perhaps," interrupted Cranborne at the first pause, "some of the women passengers will share a stateroom with you." The Señorita McGrath shrugged her shoulders.

"I prefer to be alone," she said. The Englishman watched her for a moment in embarrassed silence and then went below to finish his work.

The dinner gong, a couple of hours later, had just ceased its clangor when, in a freshly-starched duck suit—an honor he rarely conferred on the saloon except when the nitrate agent came aboard at Iquique—Captain MacFechan entered the dining-room and took his place at the head of the center table. The room was already packed with diners, who were galloping down the menu with the conscientiousness of those who find themselves abruptly transferred from the frugalities of home to within striking distance of a table d'hôte. At the captain's left sat another of the Anglo-Peruvian's fixtures, the hero of the late unsuccessful revolution. At his right, before a vacant chair, were a bunch of flowers and an alligator pear carefully flavored with rum and set in a bowl of ice.

With a stern glance at his variegated family—German drummers, Yankee engineers, shy little powdered ladies from the coast towns watching the strange dishes that came to their neighbors with furtive, downcast eyes—the captain sat down and poured himself a glass of Chilean claret.

With instinctive delicacy the gallant revolutionist had at once dropped his fork and, indifferent to food, taken a folding gold toothpick from his waistcoat pocket and begun to apply it with graceful skill. Answering the captain's nod with a grave "*Buenos dias, capitan!*" he glanced toward the empty seat opposite—he too had got on at Puerto Azul—with an air at once courtly and inquisitive. MacFechan nodded.

"Mrs. Stanhope-James," said he.

"Ah! Mees' Estan'ope Ja-mees!" cried the general, placing both hands on his chest and executing a slight bow. "The *señora* who writes. *La famosa escritora Norte Americana—no?*"

"The same," said the captain. "She's a cawntract wi' the Government to write a book about your excellent country. The Government guarantees to dispose of at least two thousand copies at five dollars the copy an' thus maintain its well-deserved reputation for culture an' encouragement of the fine arts. Ye may not recognize your country when it's done, General, but ye may rest assured that your somewhat variegated population will possess the transcendental intelligence o' the ancient Greeks an' your deserts th' fertility of the Garden of Eden. A very able woman, General, a re-mark-able woman!"

"Ah!" repeated the warrior, who, although able to translate but a few words of the captain's remarks, yet gathered that references not uncomplimentary were being made to the fair sex and was correspondingly fervid. "As you say it—*como no!*"

And at that moment Olympia McGrath entered and, with that curious air of hers, at once proud and diffident, sat down at the captain's right. The embarrassed smile which started as she saw the flowers and the iced alligator pear met, as she lifted her eyes, the steely gaze of the Dos de Mayo's commander and was frozen ere it had begun.

"Madam!" snapped MacFechan with what repression his fury would permit, "the steward will provide you with a place to eat!" And at the same instant in floated the redoubtable Mrs. Stanhope-James in a gown of lavender lawn with transparent sleeves, exhaling a faint odor of heliotrope.

The daughter of Colonel McGrath slowly arose, her pale face suffused with crimson. At the farther end of the saloon the second assistant purser rose, too, and, standing stiffly, motioned toward his vacant chair, but nobody noticed him.

"Don't let me disturb you—please," murmured the older woman and, flashing an "O-o-o!" and a smile at MacFechan and the flowers, she sat down and unfolded her napkin. The clatter ceased, every passenger turned to the captain's table. And in the momentary silence they heard a short, choking sob as Olympia McGrath, hurrying out of the door, suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief and disappeared down the deck.

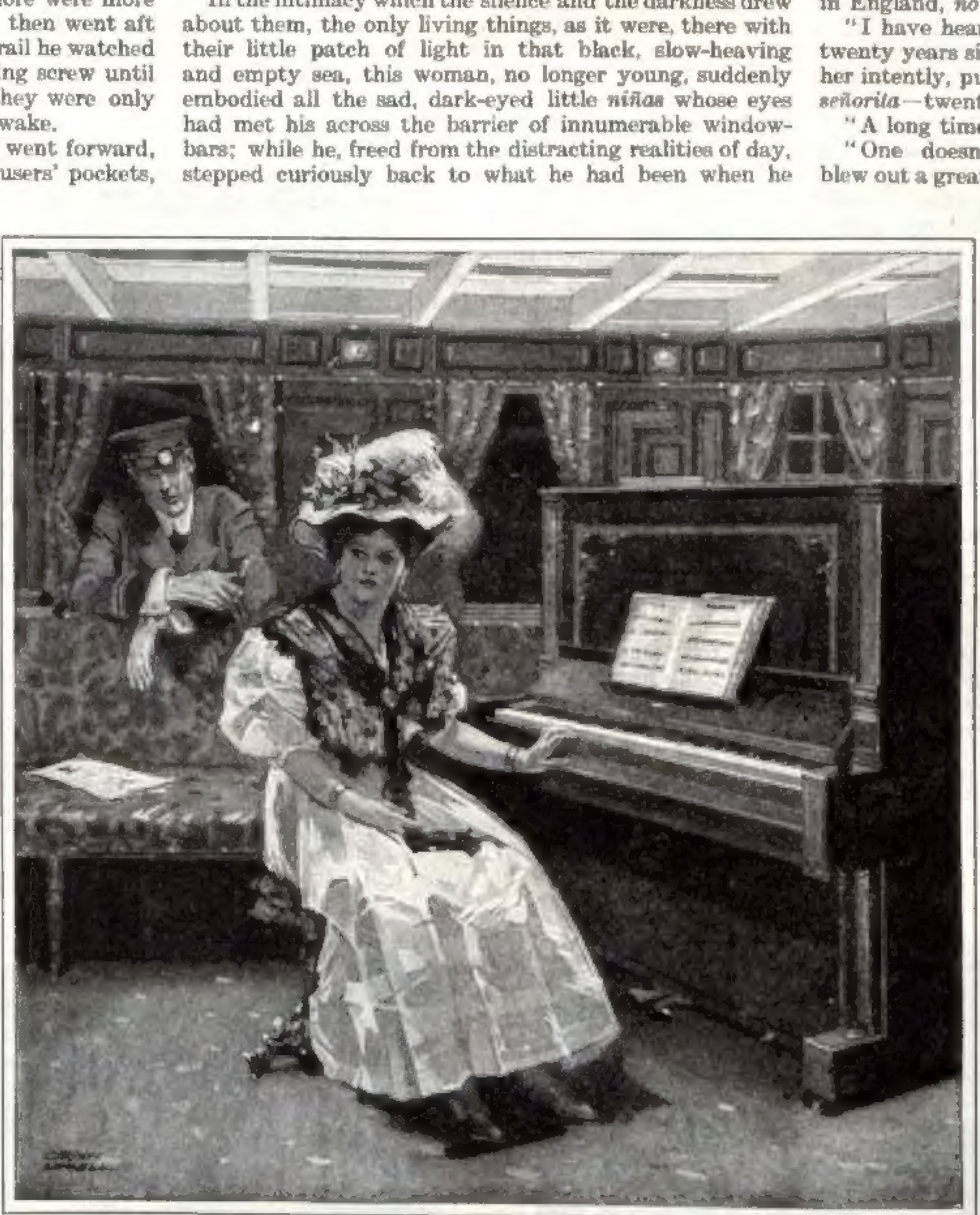
Cranborne sipped his coffee in silence, although the young doctor's narratives of conquests ashore were more than commonly vivacious and improbable, then went aft on the lower deck, and leaning there on the rail he watched the gulls sailing down-hill after the churning screw until the quick, tropical night closed in and they were only ghostly flickers across the phosphorescent wake.

At the door of the smoking-room, as he went forward, stood the captain, hands jammed into trousers' pockets, a cigarette wagging up and down between his lips and sending occasional sparks flying down the deck. He was gazing at the dim Andean skyline, a darker bulk against the universal blackness, and across his lean countenance twinkled the playful satisfaction of one fresh from the prosecution of gallantries not wholly unreturned. At the sight of the assistant purser he turned sharply.

"Put her off tomorrow," he said. "We'll make Cerro Blanco about sun-up—see that her trunks are up and ready."

"Very well, sir," answered Cranborne; "but if the agent ——"

"The company," interrupted MacFechan, "undertook to carry Colonel McGrath's family when they wanted to travel. We did not undertake to let 'em live on our boats. I'm a patient man, Mr. Cranborne—I'll be eternally damned if I'm not—but the only way to teach this woman anything is to use a bit of frankness and force. I'm master of this ship, Mr. Cranborne, and I'll be eternally"—MacFechan took a last pull on his cigarette and tossed it over the rail. "At Cerro Blanco, if you please, Mr. Cranborne." The Englishman nodded and continued his walk.


"Be-e-leef—Me eef—All—Those En—dearing Yo'ng—Char-r-rm"

The night was warm and oppressive. Even the sea wind had lost its sting and the tepid breath of the tropics began to wrap them in. From the drowsing figures in deck chairs an occasional low-spoken Spanish phrase drifted, with a cigarette spark, down the deck. The darkness shut away the rest of the universe—there was no sound but the dull throb of the propeller and the long, slow swish of salt water past her sides, and the Dos de Mayo, a dull-glowing oasis in all this blackness, took on the intimacy and mystery which envelops a ship at night.

The music-room shades were drawn and he retraced his steps. As he crossed through the smoking-room the phonograph drummer asked him to have a drink. The latter was arguing noisily with a perfumery salesman from Paris about the relative superiority of races. The phonograph drummer's wife, who had been a chorus girl in the States, sided with the Frenchman. She asked the assistant purser if he didn't agree with her that Americans had no sentiment. "Yes, yes," assented Cranborne absent-mindedly, "I mean, you know—can't say, I'm sure! Ah—good-night!" and he drifted away.

At the stairway on the port side he paused a moment, then went below to his cabin. Snapping on the light he surveyed himself in the glass above the wash-basin. He recalled the phonograph drummer's question as to why he didn't go back to London in time to get a comfortable chair in the window of the Never-Was Club, and his expressed surprise that a man who had knocked about so many rough corners of the earth should still remind him of the principal cotillon leader of the town he used to live in in Iowa, and he wondered what might be the precise translation of such barbarous American humor. On the shelf above the glass were three or four faded photographs—a middle-aged gentleman and lady, some young people taking tea in a garden near a tennis net, a boy in an Eton jacket with a cricket bat. He lay in his bunk for a time with his hands behind his head and stared at the photographs and the white walls of the place he now called home.

When he returned to the upper deck it was almost deserted. The smoking-room crowd was boisterous, but the deck chairs were empty and the Dos de Mayo was going to sleep. Only, on the bridge the second officer paced silently back and forth, and down the ventilator from the captain's cabin came the occasional chink of poker chips.

Olympia McGrath sat alone in the little music-room, bolt upright and a little ill-at-ease, just as, in the cool of the afternoon, the *niñas* sit beside their mammas at the barred windows and watch the men pass by. Just so, doubtless, with her plump hands crossed in her lap and her great, sad, dark eyes blandly pretending not to see, had she and her sisters sat on innumerable afternoons, after the sun had begun to wane and the shutters were thrown open on the street.

In the intimacy which the silence and the darkness drew about them, the only living things, as it were, there with their little patch of light in that black, slow-heaving and empty sea, this woman, no longer young, suddenly embodied all the sad, dark-eyed little *niñas* whose eyes had met his across the barrier of innumerable window-bars; while he, freed from the distracting realities of day, stepped curiously back to what he had been when he caught sight of the sun-drenched walls and terracotta roofs of his first Caribbean town, and felt freshly, and for the first time personified, the vague allurements which had drawn him hither and thither these twenty aimless years. He walked to the window and leaned in.

"*Buenas noches, señorita,*" he said.

Olympia McGrath started and stiffened.

"*Buenas noches, señor,*" she whispered. Her plump hands twisted uneasily, and suddenly she turned to the piano and began to play.

Commencing low and aimlessly, as if only masking her embarrassment, the notes gathered presently into poignant minor chords, clashing and strident in the treble. And as the piano was out of tune these curiously-challenging, wailing chords rang metallicly as they might echo in a spacious, empty room—just as in the hush of midday, as he passed by, they had many times come down from cool and sheltered rooms above the street. With these ringing, somewhat out-of-tune chords came always the image of a room he had never actually seen, with high, dark, bare walls exhaling a cool, slightly musty odor, and a girl in black playing there. And with this picture and these peculiar, ringing chords, wherever he might hear them, came a sharp unrest and desire, as keen, as hard to grasp, as that which might assail one if, across the sunset, in the smoke of a London street, a camel train should suddenly pass with a tinkle of far-off bells.

It returned now, as it always did, except that now he looked into the room and Olympia McGrath sat in the middle of it, with her vigorous arms attacking the worn keys and the flowers jigging quaintly in her hat.

All that he said, however, was, "I say—don't stop!" as the music ceased and her fingers again strayed over the keys. Painstakingly he lit his pipe. The smoke curled through the window and floated across the room. She sniffed it warily, watching him out of the corner of her wide-oped eyes.

Suddenly, without preface, she sat erect, struck a full, deep chord and in a slow contralto sang:

"*Be-e-leef—me eef—all—those en—dearing yo'ng char-r-rm*" she sang, marched gravely on to the "*would entwine eets-self ver-r-r*"—and the bass went rolling richly down—"*dantly steel-l-l!*"

The Englishman stared, open-mouthed.

"How did you know that?" he demanded.

"That was a song my father sang. It was written by a great poet of hees co'ntry. You have heard of that poet in England, *no?*"

"I have heard of him," replied Cranborne. "But it's twenty years since I heard that song." And he looked at her intently, pulling fast on his pipe. That's a long time, *señorita*—twenty years."

"A long time to remember, *señor.*"

"One doesn't forget everything"—the Englishman blew out a great cloud of smoke, impatiently, as one would blow dust away—"even on the West Coast. Your father was a singer, then?"

"You would not ask if you have heard him sing. It was said of my father that if he have not kill the Chilenos with powder and lead they would have commit suicide to escap' hees voice. But he enjoy hees own music himself. And he use' to sing all the evenings the songs of hees co'ntry, and play the banjo. Ah—how he could play the banjo! . . . *Mi padre,*" she repeated half to herself, with that soft slurring of the "d" which even after all these years stirred the Englishman strangely. And then, very gently, she went on with the song.

"*O eet iss—not w'ile beau-ty an' youth—are thine own,*" she sang; and Cranborne, humming between closed teeth, stumbled after as best he could as far as "*To w'ich time—weel—but mak'* ——" Then, as the bass rumbled down again, sure of his part, he opened his mouth and rattled out a final and tremendous "*But make—thee more dear-r-r!*"

With a quick cry of surprise and pleasure she whirled round, and before she knew what she was doing Cranborne had reached across the window and was shaking her hand.

"Thank you!" he cried, pumping her arm up and down; "I mean to say—er—thank you!" Olympia McGrath's big eyes opened wider and a blush showed under her pale skin.

"*Dios mio!*" she suddenly whispered, and pulled her hand away.

"Oh—I"—Cranborne leaned through the window, distressed. "You mustn't mind me. I've forgotten how, that's all. I haven't been back in so long." Olympia McGrath backed to the piano-stool and sat down, eying him closely.

"It shook me up a bit. One doesn't expect the old songs down here."

"I suppose not, *señor.*" Her eyes fell and she twisted the ends of her lace scarf between her fingers. "I suppose not," she repeated coldly.

"I mean—it's a long way from home."

"I know. I suppose," she went on without looking up, "it seem' very far from everything—'down here.' You

(Continued on Page 34)

The Autobiography of a Clown

I SUPPOSE it was destiny that I should be a clown, because I was born in a circus wagon. It happened in this way. My mother had been a *première* dancer on the French and English stage, but she grew a little stout, which is always fatal to that kind of dancing. She did not want to leave my father, who was also a dancer, so they invested their savings in a small circus. In those days—it was more than fifty years ago—Europe was alive with small circuses, some of them very modest, but all furnishing a popular form of amusement. There were no theaters in the small towns and the people flocked to the circus. The shows traveled from place to place in wagons, much smaller, but not unlike the big, red, creaking wagons of the modern circus. The performances were given in an inclosure or in a hall.

My mother, who was as clever with business as she had been with her feet on the stage, managed the show, and my father was a performer. The bill included several good acrobatic acts, a juggler, a sleight-of-hand worker, a clown and a performing lion. This lion was a patriarch. He was so amiable that he would eat out of the hand of a child. In fact he was so gentle that he had to be prodded into a roar.

During the year so fateful to me our little show had traveled through France and made its way into Spain. It was on a Sunday that it reached Galicia, and it was there that I was born. My mother and father cooked, ate and slept on one of the wagons which was a sort of wandering home for the family. My mother always told me that the first thing I saw when I looked out was Albro, the old French clown, who sat in the sun, whitening his face. More than once my baby cries mingled with the jests he hurled at the audience. He was often my nurse. I was, in truth, a child of the circus.

My mother had to stay with the circus, so I was sent to a nurse in Lisbon, where my family had relatives. I remember very little of my early childhood except that one of the first things the nurse told me was that I should be a circus performer. Once in a long time my mother came to see me. On my fifth birthday I got my first lesson in the alphabet.

My parents were very thrifty. It is the French habit. When I was six years old my father took me to London. On the way there he told me that the time had come when I should begin my life's work. Remember that I was only six. But when you are born in the circus you must follow the unwritten rule of the circus, which is that you must stay with the circus. The result was that I was apprenticed to the Conrads, who were a famous acrobatic "family."

Making a Start in the Circus Business

PERHAPS it might be best to explain here just what being apprenticed to an acrobatic "family" means. The same thing happens now both in this country and in Europe, but mostly abroad, because most of the well-known performing families are foreign. Every great group of acrobats that you see in the circus, no matter if they do a trapeze act, tumble, ride bicycles or bareback, is called a "family." You see them billed as The Great Revelli Family, or The Sensational Sellos. Now the interesting thing is that they are not real families at all. They develop into groups simply because they take in apprentices, train, develop and make them part of their troupes. Six different real families may be represented in one circus "family." It is always good business to run a "family," but it is hard on the apprentices, as my experience will show.

The head of the "family" is usually the biggest man of the lot. In circus or acrobatic speech he is known as the "understander," because literally he stands at the bottom of the act and holds up his coworkers. He is usually a man of broad shoulders, deep chest and wonderful strength. The Conrads were well known, and had many engagements. We went to Berlin to the famous Circus Rentz, to Paris, to St. Petersburg and many other places. Sometimes we played in theaters.

All the while I was being trained to be a great acrobat. We practiced in the rooms of hotels or on the stages of the show before the performances. On raw, cold mornings it was very disagreeable.

It was decided that I should be a contortionist, because one of the acts of the Conrads needed posturing or grouping in front of a human pyramid. Posturing means bending back and forth. In order to be a contortionist you must be what is called "a close bender"—that is, bend so close that the two extremes of your body meet. While you may have been born supple, it takes lots of hard training to be a good contortionist. Every day one of the Conrads took me by the arms and another by the feet and bent me back and forth. It was not very pleasant and sometimes I cried. Then I had to bend back against the wall until I thought I should die from weariness. But, as I grew more supple, I took a certain pride in my training.

When I was eight years of age I was regarded as a good contortionist. Long before that I had been used as a sort of human baseball in the "family" acts. I was a spinning wheel, too. One of the Conrads would lie on his back, lift me up to his feet and then whirl me around on the soles of his feet. At first it made me dizzy, but I got to like it because the people always applauded.

My first public appearance followed soon after my graduation from the contortion training. I was called a child wonder, and I did what was known as The Demon Act. I wore red tights, reddened my face, and altogether looked like a real little devil. My first individual appearance was in London in a big music hall. It was a great day for me. I forgot for a time all the hardship, the beatings, the cold and hunger; for I tasted the joy of applause. The acclaim of the people is always sweet to the ear.

My apprenticeship to the Conrads lasted ten years. During that time I practically received little pay. By the terms of the indenture they were to clothe, feed and train me. I was sixteen when my slavery days ended and I was free to go. The Conrads wanted me to stay with them, but I had too many scars on my back. I will say that they were good acrobats and I learned useful feats from them.

At the Circus Francisco in Paris I had met an apprentice, a fine young Irish lad. We had sympathized with each other and decided to form a team when we were free. His term of apprenticeship ended with mine, so we started together. He was also a contortionist, so we had no trouble in getting an engagement. At one time we played four engagements the same week in London. We had to go from hall to hall in a cab without changing clothes. We were making twenty pounds a week apiece. It was big money for boys of seventeen. I sent most of mine home to my mother. You may wonder that boys of that age could go on making their own business arrangements. But you must remember that we were raised in a hard school. It makes for independence.

After a year of freedom I became ill. One day I almost collapsed during my act. I went to a hospital and the doctor told me I could not work for years. To make this unhappy chapter of my life short I will only say that I was in and out of a hospital for three years.

When I came out I found to my horror that I had grown stiff, and my days as a contortionist were over. I was barely twenty years of age and yet I had lived a whole lifetime of work. What was I to do? I found that I could still do some acrobatic tricks, such as flipflaps. I had been a good balancer, too, so I joined a troupe known as Jackley's Wonders, which made a tour of North Africa.

The Work of the Old-Fashioned Clown

I FOUND that the acrobatic tricks hurt my back, and I told some of the men in the show. One day the ringmaster (I had joined Brachinin's circus in the mean time) said to me:

"Jules, you are a good mimic. Why don't you try clowning?"

I thought it was a good idea. I had always been interested in the clowns of the shows; as an apprentice I would often steal off after training and watch them practicing; they were always good to me and they told me stories. But they were never funny stories, and I recall distinctly my sense of surprise at finding the clowns such serious, sober men away from the circus. I had also studied their "business" and felt confident that I could succeed.

The clowns of those days were "talking clowns." They talked as they worked. The circuses were much smaller then, and it was not hard to get the interest of the people. The clown had to be a good acrobat and a clever comedian. One of his favorite occupations was to guy the ringmaster. He would engage him in conversation something like this:

"I hear you are a great traveler."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ever been to Rome?"

"Yes." Then the clown would ask him if he had been to a number of cities, to which the ringmaster would

reply "Yes." Then the clown would glibly ask, "Ever been to jail?" whereupon the ringmaster would feign to fall into the trap and reply "Yes," at which the crowd always roared with delight. This seems, perhaps, very rude humor to you, but the circus crowds then were composed of rude people of the middle and lower classes and they thought it was fine sport.

It was this sort of business that I had to do. I shall never forget my first appearance as clown. It was at Oran in North Africa. I had done many hazardous acrobatic feats and had risked my neck more than once without turning a hair. But when I sized up that crowd I was nervous. It soon wore off, however.

As I came to study clowning I found that it was difficult work. When you see a clown make a funny fall it looks very easy and natural. But it is done only after long, hard practice. You have to study every step of that fall. Unless the funny fall is natural it fails utterly. The tall, peaked, clown hat was a great aid to the clown then. It was used a great deal more than now. The clown would come out with seven of these hats, one piled on the other. Then he would toss them up in the air and catch them on his head, or he would whirl them on to the head of another clown. Few of the circuses had more than one clown.

The old-time clown had to be a good pantomimist, too. This enabled him to get engagements during the winter on the variety stages.

About this time I joined the Schumann Combination. It was half circus, half variety show. We had acrobats, jugglers, singers, dancers and a marvelous sword-swallower named Maldini. He was the greatest I ever saw. He could ram a bayonet and part of a gun-barrel down his throat. He was resourceful, too, as you shall see.

We went to Mexico and played many small towns. It was hard traveling; we had to use donkeys and stages; the roads were bad and the country was infested by brigands. All the men in the show were heavily armed. One night we stopped at a small inn, and before we started the next day the innkeeper warned us about a certain mountain pass that we had to cross. He said that we were liable to he held up. "But," he added, "if a man appears at the top of the cañon and waves his hat you are safe."

Being a sword-swallower Maldini was the nearest thing to the soldier we had, so we put him in command of the expedition. As we approached this pass we saw men in the bushes. Maldini halted us, gave orders in a loud voice to prepare our weapons, and said: "Fire fast and die game." Then he stepped forward and pulled out one of the swords he used in his act. After testing its keenness by running it over his finger he struck a dramatic pose and rammed the sword down his throat again and again.

What the Rest of the Family Did

IT WAS a wild country and the people were very superstitious. They had never seen a sword-swallower before. As Maldini performed his act we could hear the brigands gasping with awe and wonder in the bushes. In a few moments one of them arose, waved his hat, and we passed on in safety. The sword-swallowing act had saved our lives. This incident determined my course. I had found my work hard enough, but I did not want any perils added to it; so I decided to leave at the first opportunity.

We played some places in Central American countries and then made our way to the Pacific Coast. The Combination was headed for South America and they wanted me to go with them, but I declined. I was in the New World; I wanted to see something of it. Besides, my mother had come to New York. My father had died and she had become the wife of a well-known manufacturer of fireworks.

I took the first boat for San Francisco and then went to New York. My mother lived in a flat on Third Avenue. I had not seen her for nineteen years. She opened the door in answer to my ring. I stood before her and she did not know me.

"Who are you?" she asked

I looked at her a moment and then I said:

"I am your boy, Jules." She gave a cry and fell on my neck Then she said:

"But you have changed a great deal. Where is the soft, silky hair you had when you were a boy, and what has become of your beautiful complexion?"

Sadly enough, my hard circus life had played havoc with my face. The Red Rattle, as the red paint which I used for the demon act was called, had left marks on my cheeks, and the close caps that I wore as clown had ruined my hair.

Then I inquired of my sisters. One of them, Millie, had become a great balancing trapeze artist and was with the Forepaugh shows; another sister, Jennie, was a bareback rider and was with the Sells Brothers' circus; my brother, Tom, was an acrobat and pantomimist and was with the Hanlons. I felt proud of all of them. They had not disgraced our name, but had maintained the family's best circus traditions.

I did some juggling for a time at the old London Theater on the Bowery, because I wanted to stay in New York near my mother. But the call of clowning was always about me. I played the Spanish clown in the big circus at Havana and then returned to the United States.

During all these years that peculiarly American institution, the circus, which was really an enlargement of the European idea, had been rapidly developing. The old circus kings were coming to their own; men like P. T. Barnum, Adam Forepaugh, John and "Yankee" Robinson and the Sells Brothers had shows out, and the Ringlings were making a start. All the circuses were wagon shows. They traveled from town to town in wagons. The performers slept in the wagons or snatched a few hours of rest at the local hotels before the parade. Those were the picturesque days of the circus. The start for the next town was usually made about three o'clock in the morning. Every wagon carried a big torch. The guide rode ahead in a buggy or on horseback. Sometimes the shows lost their way, and a farmer would be roused out of his slumbers. More than one farmer nearly lost his wits as he poked his head out his window and saw the huge bulk of an elephant looming up in his front pasture. The cavalcade always halted outside the town and prepared for a triumphant entry, which was always made on empty stomachs and with sleepy eyes. The clowns then always drove mules in the parade and carried on a running fire of talk with the spectators. After the parade the canvasmen hurried to the lot, while the performers went to the hotel to eat—there were no cook-tents then—and to get a few winks of sleep. This was the routine every day. Railroad shows were unknown.

My first American engagement as clown was with the Burr Robbins show. It was a big wagon show. I was a talking and knockabout clown. When I made my first appearance under canvas in Europe we never had tents—I had a queer sensation. I felt as if I had been moved to a different show world and was under a sea of canvas.

I found at once that the American circus-goer was not so responsive to clowning as the European. The average American, of course, had more diversions than the average European. Besides, the European had seen many generations of clowns—in fact, had witnessed the whole development of his art.

I stayed with the Robbins show for a number of years. I found that to be a successful clown in this country you had to make local hits just the way the comedians did on the stage. Accordingly, I always made haste to get a local paper as soon as we struck a town, and found out what was going on. It may have been a big trial, a tournament, a fair or some contest in which everybody was interested. Then when I made a reference to it I made a big hit.

That was the great clown era in this country. You may not think so, but we clowns have as much pride in our work as the most finished Shaksperian actor has in his. It gives me a thrill now to think of the great men of that day, for they are nearly all gone. Perhaps the first of the great American clowns was "Daddy" Rice. He was no kin to Dan Rice, who was a famous clown, too. Daddy was a blackface clown, and the blackface minstrel really developed from him.

Then there was Bill Wallett, as fine a clown as ever whitened face, who was keen, quick and agile. Al Miacco, who is still with us and the dean of our corps, was a Shaksperian jester. The circus-goer of today never saw a real king's jester in the circus ring, but there were many of them then. They wore the fool's costume and had cap and bells. Al Miacco studied for twelve years to be a Shaksperian jester. He knows more Shakspere than any scholar I ever met. In the dressing-room he reads Byron and Irving. Yet he is a whiteface clown and makes grimaces at the crowd. John Gorson, George A. Fox, Joe Pentland, Dan Gardner and Dan Rice—all were famous clowns. They were real comedians, too. If you had put them on in a legitimate music-show today they would have made a great success, because they knew how to be funny in a natural way.

The Peter Jenkins Act

ONE of the most successful clown tricks of those days was known as the Peter Jenkins act, so named because a clown named Peter Jenkins first did it. The ringmaster and the clown came into the ring and the former made the announcement that Mademoiselle La Blanche, or any other high-sounding name, "the world's greatest equestrienne," would do her sensational act "as performed before all the crowned heads of Europe." Then a magnificent horse would be brought in, a real leader of the "rosinback" herd. The bareback horses are called "rosinbacks" because you have to spread rosin on them to hold the rider's feet. After the horse had pranced around the ring a commotion was heard in the "padroom," the tent where the trappings are put on the circus stock for the rings. It is just outside the main tent. Then an attendant came rushing in and whispered something to the ringmaster. He seemed much shocked and then announced:

"I am very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, to be obliged to announce that Mademoiselle La Blanche has been kicked by a horse and is unable to appear," whereupon the clown pretended to shed tears

In a moment a man who was very seedily dressed arose from one of the seats among the spectators. He seemed to be under the influence of liquor, for he shouted:

"This show is a fake. I came here to see that lady ride and I won't be humbugged." With that he

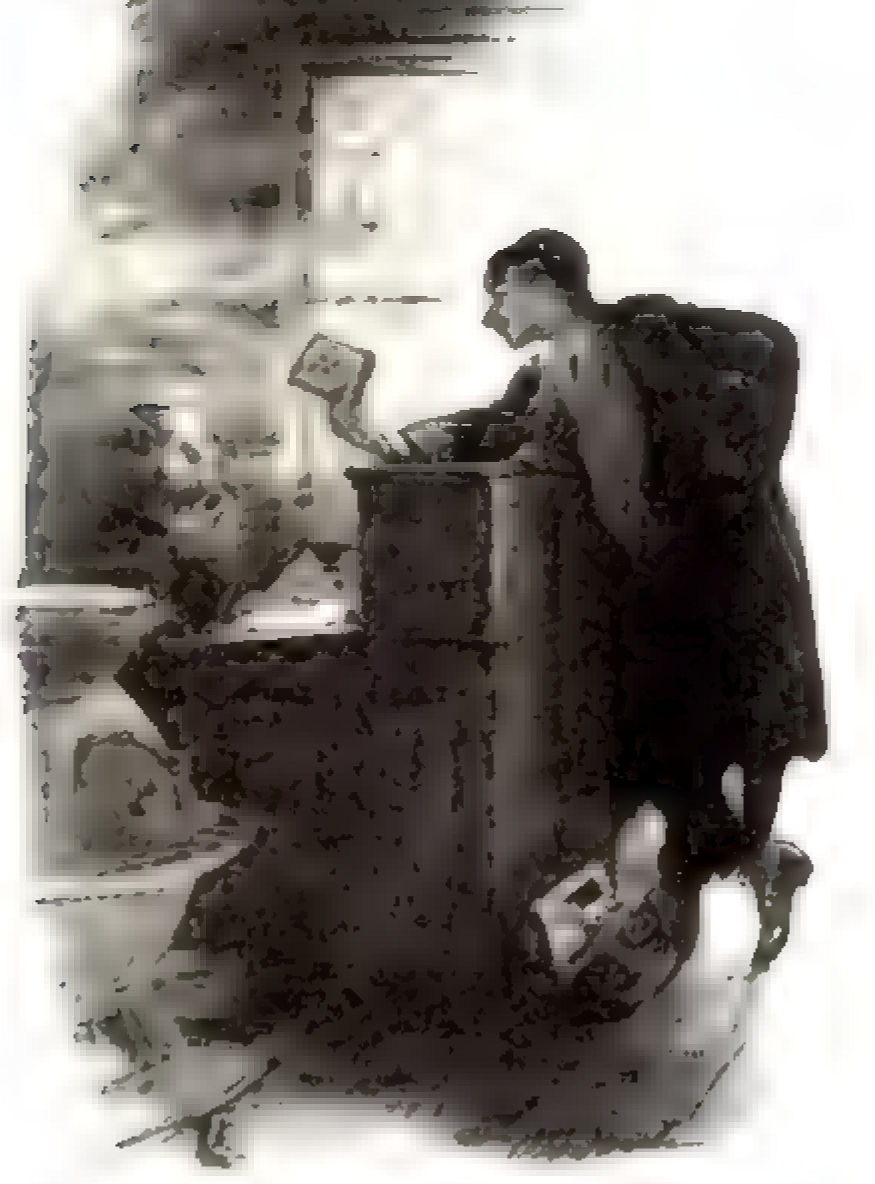
(Continued on Page 26)

Coonrod Sprengel's Weather Book

TRUTHFUL HANS DOES HIS PART

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM L. JACOBS



"Do You, for Instance, Happen to Remember Just What Kind of Weather We Had for the First Two Weeks of Last July?"

MR. SPRENGEL was not a bibliophile. His last purchase in the book line, in fact, had been a family Bible, the day after his marriage—for it was but meet and proper that a man and a woman, joining hands for life, should record that weighty fact in a volume of Holy Writ. This was thirty years before, and since then Sprengel's unvarying greeting to every book-agent had been: "I puy me no books, nefer." Hence, on the present occasion he kept his desk, barricade-like, between himself and the glib gentleman who had invaded his office. The faster the latter talked the faster Coonrod puffed on his meerschaum pipe, as if invoking a protective incense from its brown bowl.

Still, he did not deafen his ear to the agent as usual, for the book in question was about the weather; and if there was a subject on earth more interesting than another to Coony Sprengel it was this very one. On the farm his universal salutation had been: "Well, what you t'ink aboudt the wedder for tomorrow?" and he had established a reputation as a forecaster throughout the length and breadth of Cherry Valley. Since his retirement to the village and his election to the honorable office of justice of the peace, the elements were no longer an immediate factor in his prosperity; nevertheless, his interest in them had never flagged. If anything, it had increased, for he now had more leisure for reflection and more opportunities for swapping opinions with other wiseacres. Yet—to buy a book!

"How many of those brognostications come true, you t'ink?—that iss the question," he interposed at last, blinking shrewdly from his cloud of smoke like a squid from its ink.

"Ninety-five per cent—by actual comparison with last year's reports of the United States Weather Bureau," answered the agent decisively. "Get a set of reports and verify my statement for yourself. If it is not true I'll forfeit a hundred dollars. Look here!" he exclaimed, drawing another book from his shabby little bag. "This is last year's edition of Doctor Philo's Almanac, Cyclopedia and Scientific Weather Forecast. Let us, in the absence of the United States reports, apply a little test of our own. Do you, for instance, happen to remember just what kind of weather we had for the first two weeks of last July?"

Now, this chanced to be a question—whether the agent knew it or not is another matter—which almost any child in Cherry Valley could have answered. The fore part of July was hay-harvest time, and for three successive years such heavy, unseasonable rains had fallen as practically to ruin the crop. Gloomy talk about "changed seasons" could still be heard on every side, and at the last meeting of the Grange the consensus of opinion was that to try to raise hay another year would be folly. Hence Coonrod answered quickly:

"I guess I do remember. It rained like the tevil."

The agent turned with practiced fingers to the forecast for July, doubled the book back to back and with mute eloquence thrust it across the desk. "Read that!"

Coonrod read. In fact, he stared for a full minute at the following words: "July 1 to 7, cloudy, moist, interspersed with heavy showers. July 7 to 14, continued wet, precipitation even heavier and more continuous than for previous week.

"By chinks!" he exclaimed "He could not have hit it straighter if he had vaited till it happened already. Make it sefenty-five cents and I puy that book."

The agent shook his head. "That would wipe out every cent of my commission."

Coonrod eyed the book longingly for another minute, listened to make sure that his clerk was not returning—for he desired to set no bad example before that young man—and then drawing a greasy leather poke from his pocket he slowly counted out three quarters, a dime, two nickels and five pennies. "But tell nobody aboudt this," said he. "I do not like people to know I puy a book. They most likely call it voolishness, and I am a chustice of the peace."

Sprengel was nothing if not thorough, and he began his new book with a five-minute contemplation of the cover design, which represented a smartly-attired young farmer following a plow, with the customary flock of birds in the upper background. The result was a trifle disappointing

"A man would be a tam fool to plow in so good a hat like that," murmured the justice to himself.

Nor was he much interested in the title-page, the copyright notice, the index and the assortment of miscellaneous information following—tables of weights and measures, population, election returns, male and female Christian names, a sample proof-sheet, proper forms for letters, antidotes for poisons, and directions for the resuscitation of drowning people. By this time it was four o'clock—his hour for going home and milking the cow, these short winter days—and he removed his silver-rimmed spectacles with a sense of having been defrauded of his dollar.

However, the next forenoon, on reaching Doctor Philo's chapter on meteorology, he began to take heart again. After poring for some three hours, with wrinkled brow, over the doctor's system of forecasting—which was based upon the relative position of the earth, sun, moon and stars, the variations of the magnetic needle, the recent occurrence of earthquakes, northern lights, tidal waves and sun-spots—his confidence in the book was quite restored. He was then ready for the monthly forecasts, into which he plunged joyously, chuckling to himself to think how he would put to rout, in the months to come, such veteran weather-prophets as Heine Pillersdorfer, Johnny Baumgartner and others.

Yet it was not until he reached July that he realized what a nugget of gold he had unearthed in buying this book. Then he emitted a loud and sonorous "By chinks!" and brought his hand down upon the desk with a tremendous bang which set his precious meershaum to dancing.

Hans Dietz, the justice's clerk and general utility man, looked up inquiringly from an abstract he was verifying. Coonrod, recovering himself, said hastily: "I was chust reading somet'ing here which made me astonished. It iss nutting, however."

What he had read was this: "July 1 to 7, hot and dry, possibly a few scanty showers. July 7 to 15, continued hot and dry. No rain. Good hay-harvest weather." And what he had thought was, in effect: If everybody is going to plow his timothy under, thinking we shall have another rainy harvest, when I know we are not going to have one, why can't I make some money?

In fifteen minutes he had outlined a plan. But he by no means attempted to put it into operation at once. He was always a cautious man, and when it came to risking his money he was very, very cautious. Moreover, there was plenty of time. No meadows would be turned under before the middle of March or later, and this was only February 1. Meanwhile, he could follow Doctor Philo up from day to day and make absolutely sure of his trustworthiness.

When it came to actually testing the almanac the forecasts proved somewhat ambiguous. Such phrases, for instance, as variable winds, increasing cloudiness, precipitation light to normal, with a few heavy showers interspersed, and temperature fluctuating around a seasonable mean but with possible extremes on a few days in either direction, covered quite a latitude of weather. Moreover, the prophecies were not for individual days, but for periods including three to ten days; and frequently these periods overlapped one another for reasons not given. But Coonrod finally discovered that the way to work the puzzle was always to give Doctor Philo the benefit of the doubt. Doing this for the month of February the almanac showed a remarkable correspondence with the weather; and for the first time in his frugal, methodical, hard-working life Coonrod Sprengel made ready to speculate.

His little office, with its cheery stove and roomy chairs, was headquarters for half the rural population of the valley; and he made the first move in his game one day when old Fritz Grimmelshauser, muffled to the eyes in a red knit scarf, came stamping in to rid his boots of snow.

"Well, Fritz," said Coony cheerfully, after a due interval, "how much hay you goin' to raise dis year?"

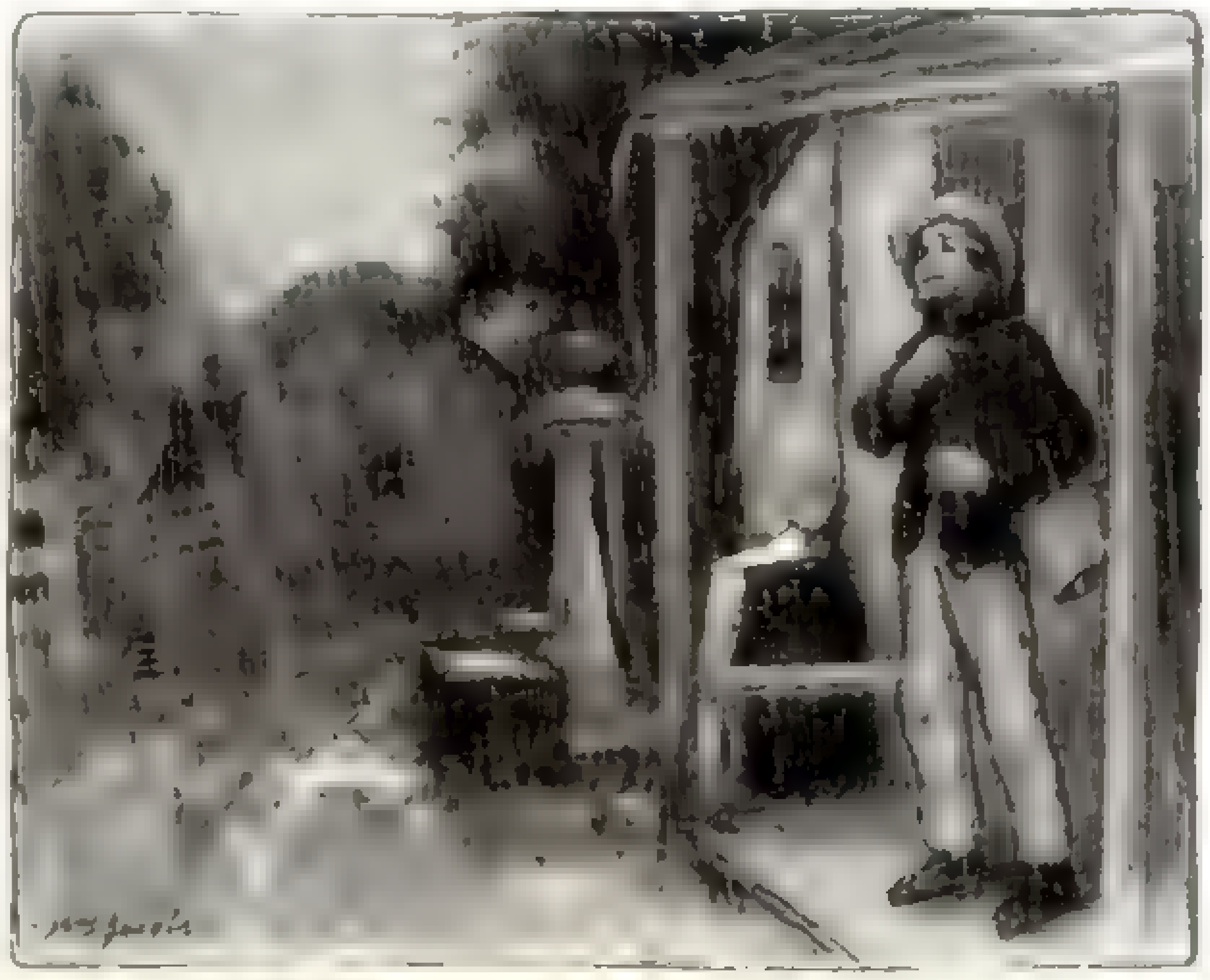
"Not a tam shpear," answered Fritz heavily as he drew off his mittens to warm his hands. "No hay ver me. Oats iss mine."

"Why oats?"

"Need I say vy to any sane man after the tevilish teluges we haf had for t'ree year now?" demanded Grimmelshauser with some choler.

"It may be try dis year," suggested Sprengel.

"It can be so if it vants to, or it can be vet fer all of me," answered the other, lighting his pipe.



It was Still Pouring When the Cheerless, Belated Dawn Arrived

They chatted for half an hour, Coony knowing that he would have to bait his trap very skillfully to nip as sly an old fox as Fritz.

"Tell you what I do, Fritz, chust for excitement," said Coony finally. "My farm iss leased oudt now and of course I git my rent whedder it rains or shines. But I like to have a little wenture in the soil all the time. Now, you leaf twendy acres of your meadow shtand. You mow it when I say mow and you put it in the stack. Then I give you twelve tollars an acre—no matter what the wedder, no matter whedder I git half a ton or two tons to the acre. What you say?"

Old Fritz smoked stolidly for a moment, trying to fathom Coony's purpose; for of course Coony's explanation of having a little "wenture" in the soil was accepted for just what it was worth.

"If you git two ton to the acre you make some money," he finally observed.

"Yes. And if I git half a ton, like you been gittin' for t'ree years, I lose some."

"Of course," admitted Fritz. "What makes you t'ink it will dis year be try?"

"I didn't say I t'ink so. I am chust *pettin'* so."

"Well, I take your pet," announced Fritz.

The contract was immediately drawn and signed. "But say nutting to nobody," cautioned Sprengel. "I am a chustice of the peace, and I don't vant people to t'ink me a fool"

"Which they vould," returned Fritz as he tucked the paper in his pocket. "The seasons haf changed."

As the old man thumped down the stairs Sprengel turned to his clerk. "Hans, if you tell any one what you hear today, or what you hear any udder day, you lose your chob. And if you lose your chob you cannot marry Katrina so soon already. Eh!"

"It iss so," meekly answered the lank, spectacled young Dutchman.

A man who has been working for five years at six dollars a week and trying to save enough to get married on is likely to be meek. Nevertheless, he was a good clerk and one who attended strictly to his own business. He saw nothing, heard nothing, in his master's office which was not meant for him to see or hear. At the same time, he was but human; and when he saw Sprengel contract for more hay acreage the next day, and more the next, and the next, from practically every farmer who entered the office, his curiosity began to simmer.

No one could imagine Coonrod Sprengel as gambling. He had never been known even to shake the dice for a glass of beer. Yet, by his own words, his present operations were nothing less than a bet—and a very foolish bet at that, in Hans' opinion. What could have wrought the change? Hans, who, until lately, had never known Sprengel to read anything but the weekly Volks-Stimme or an occasional paragraph in the statutes when a trial was pending, felt that he could lay his finger on the trouble. His master had been bewitched by the book in which he had his nose morning, noon and night!

What the book was about the clerk did not know. Nor was he destined ever to know, apparently; for whenever Sprengel was not reading the book he kept it under lock and key in a private compartment in the safe. But one afternoon a breathless boy burst into the office with the news that old Whitey had broken into the bran bin and could not be extricated. Whitey was a sixty-dollar cow, and Coonrod clapped on his hat and dashed off at express speed, leaving the almanac on his desk. Hans noted the fact with gleaming eyes; yet, not being a very venturesome fellow, he dared not touch the book or even go near it lest Coony, remembering his carelessness, might return suddenly and catch him in the act.

But Coonrod did not return, and at six o'clock Hans, instead of going to his boarding-house for his frugal supper, lighted a lamp and with a quickened pulse picked up the coveted book. That it related to the weather he was not surprised to find; he had suspected as much all along. But it was not until half-past seven that his near-sighted, deliberate search revealed the key to Coony's speculations, namely, the thumbed, soiled and pencil-marked page containing the July forecast. Hans was not the man to doubt anything which he saw in print, and he no longer wondered that his master should be buying hay.

Now, Katie Grimm, Hans' sweetheart, was the daughter of Otto Grimm, a prosperous farmer living four miles from the village. Of his eighty acres of grass land Otto had contracted forty to Coony Sprengel. The other forty he expected to plow under for oats, beginning the next day—all of which, to the last detail, was of course known to Hans.

For a moment the young man was sorely perplexed. Loyalty was one of the first laws of his nature; but in this case where was loyalty due—to his employer or to his future father-in-law? A little reflection made it clear that his saving Otto's forty acres of timothy would be no disloyalty to Coonrod Sprengel, and a few minutes later he was flying along the country road with Doctor Philo's Almanac in an inside pocket and his threadbare coat buttoned tightly across his chest—for to lose the book would place him in a deplorable position. As it was, he received a severe fright, for long before he reached Grimm's big white house a thunderstorm, the first one of the season and early at that, burst over his head. Knowing he would be drenched to the skin he regarded the ruin of the book as inevitable; but he finally bethought him of his soft wool hat, and in this waterproof receptacle the precious volume came off without a drop.

If anything could have startled Otto Grimm it would have been the bareheaded, dripping, bedraggled apparition which appeared at his kitchen door at an hour when, according to the rigid Cherry Valley code, all honest people should at least be indoors if not in bed. But Otto, after admitting the young man, returned to his cushioned rocker, replaced his stockinged feet on the warm hearth of the stove, took a puff at his pipe and calmly waited for his daughter's suitor to explain himself.

Hans did so as quickly as his breathless condition would permit and exhibited the almanac in corroboration of his tale. Grimm did not take the proffered book, nor did he speak at once. Haste was as repugnant to him as waste. He merely gazed at the bright eyes of the fire twinkling through the openings in the slide damper of the stove. But of course he was thinking.

"Listen to me," he observed finally. "Open to the place in dose book for March and tell me what wedder it say for tonight. Then we know more what to do next."

With his moist fingers still trembling from his unwonted exertions as well as from excitement, Hans turned to the page and read in a loud, strained monotone: "March twelef to sixteen, unusually varm, southerly vinds, showers, and most likely t'unner."

He paused significantly. At the same instant a livid, incandescent flash of lightning sheeted the windows, followed by a crackling report which made the tinware shiver on the shelf. It was startlingly like a divine certification of Doctor Philo's powers of prophecy, and even the phlegmatic Grimm emitted an exclamation in German.

"And you say Coony has bought him more as a t'ousand acres of timoty alreaty?"

"A t'ousand and two hunnerd. Here iss his memorandum in the pack of the book."

"The oldt fox! Now reat me again what the book says about hay-harvest wedder. And reat it shlow."

Hans read. "Chuly first to sefen, hot and try, possibly light showers. Chuly eight to fifteent continued hot and try, no rain. Good hay-harvest wedder."

"Reat that last once more again," commanded Grimm.

"Good hay-harvest wedder!" fairly shouted Hans.

"Then, by Gott, I turn no timot'y unner *dis* year!" exclaimed Otto, with a vigorous slap of his thigh. For the first time during the interview he permitted himself a smile. But it soon faded at another thought. "Still, Coony vill make as much offen my own landt as I vill myselluf and nefer lift a hand. I wass a tam fool to sign dose paper."

"Mr. Grimm, I adwise you to try to buy oudt from that contract with Mr. Sprengel."

Grimm shook his head. "I have alreaty t'ought of that. I doubt me if Coony would sell pack. He iss too smart. Why should he?"

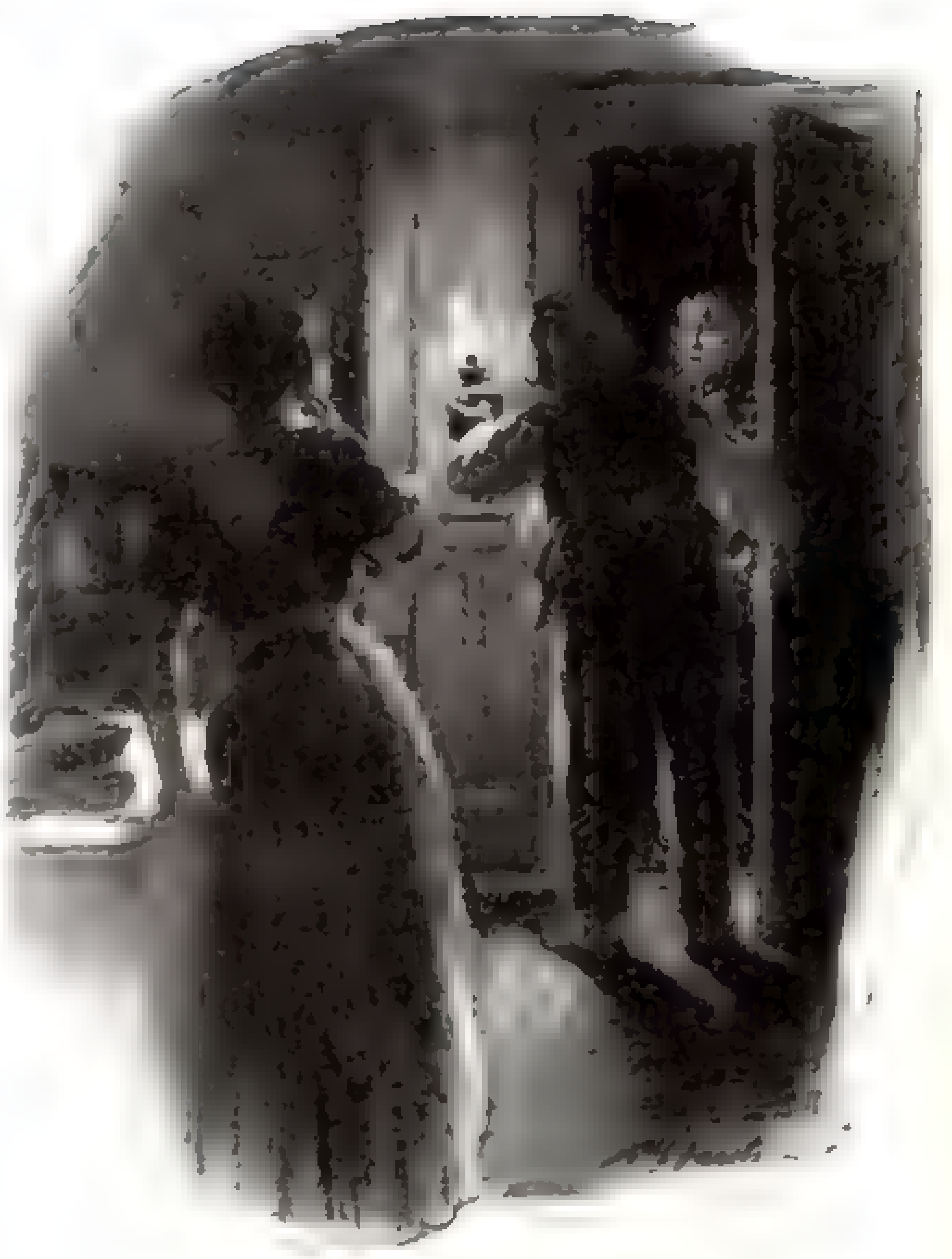
"Yesterday he refused to puy some more hay even at ten tollars an acre," answered Hans. "I t'ink he has got in deeper as he intended to. If so, he might sell."

The rugged old Teuton cast a glance of admiration at his future son-in-law and, drawing his purse from a capacious side pocket, he fished out a quarter.

"You're a smart poy, Hans, and a good poy. Shpend dis money. I do not want you for to keep it. Have a good time. Puy you some gum-trops!"

Grimm was too shrewd to approach Coony on the heels of the thunderstorm, which of course had served only to confirm the latter's faith in the success of his speculation. Hence it was two weeks later before the farmer appeared in the justice's little office. Then it was not until he had smoked and talked and studied the picture of the great Von Moltke for half an hour that he broached the subject.

"Coonrod," he observed carelessly, "I been t'inkin' some lately aboudt that contract wit' you."



The Bareheaded, Dripping, Bedraggled Apparition Which Appeared at His Kitchen Door

"Yes, of course," returned Coony suavely. "I suppose you haf turned your udder forty of grass unner by this time."

It was score one for Coonrod, for of course he knew that Grimm had not turned the timothy under, just as he knew what every other farmer in the valley had or had not done.

"Well, no," admitted Grimm. "I decite to let her shtand. It hass always been in grass since my grandfadder's time, and Wilhelmina she t'ink it not lucky for me to put the plow in it. Nor do I t'ink so myselluf. But neider do I like to contract oudt my land to anudder man. It iss not my vay. I had radder not now as done it."

"Twelve tollars iss a good price," reflected the justice. "It iss more as you have made off it in two years, since the seasons have changed."

"Yes." Otto realized that his opponent had again scored, but there was no help for it. "It iss more as I would make dis year too, I am t'inkin'. Shtill, as I say, it iss not my vay to farm, and I would like oudt of that contract to git. How much you want an acre to let me oudt?"

"How much you give?" asked Coony.

Hans, at his desk, pricked up his ears at the unexpected question. In spite of his suggestion to Grimm he had considered it highly improbable that Sprengel would for a moment entertain such a proposition. Grimm himself was rather taken by surprise, but he was careful not to let the fact appear, and smoked stolidly for some time.

"One tollar an acre," he finally ventured.

Coony laughed. "You do not want oudt as pad as you t'ink."

"Two tollars, den," bid Otto.

"Of course, I would like to oblige an old friendt. But pizness iss pizness, and two tollars—well, I would not look at it."

"I give you t'ree," said Grimm, rising with an air of finality. "And it iss all I will give."

"Then the contract still shtands," announced Coony, complacently knocking the ashes from his pipe. "For I will not take less'n vour."

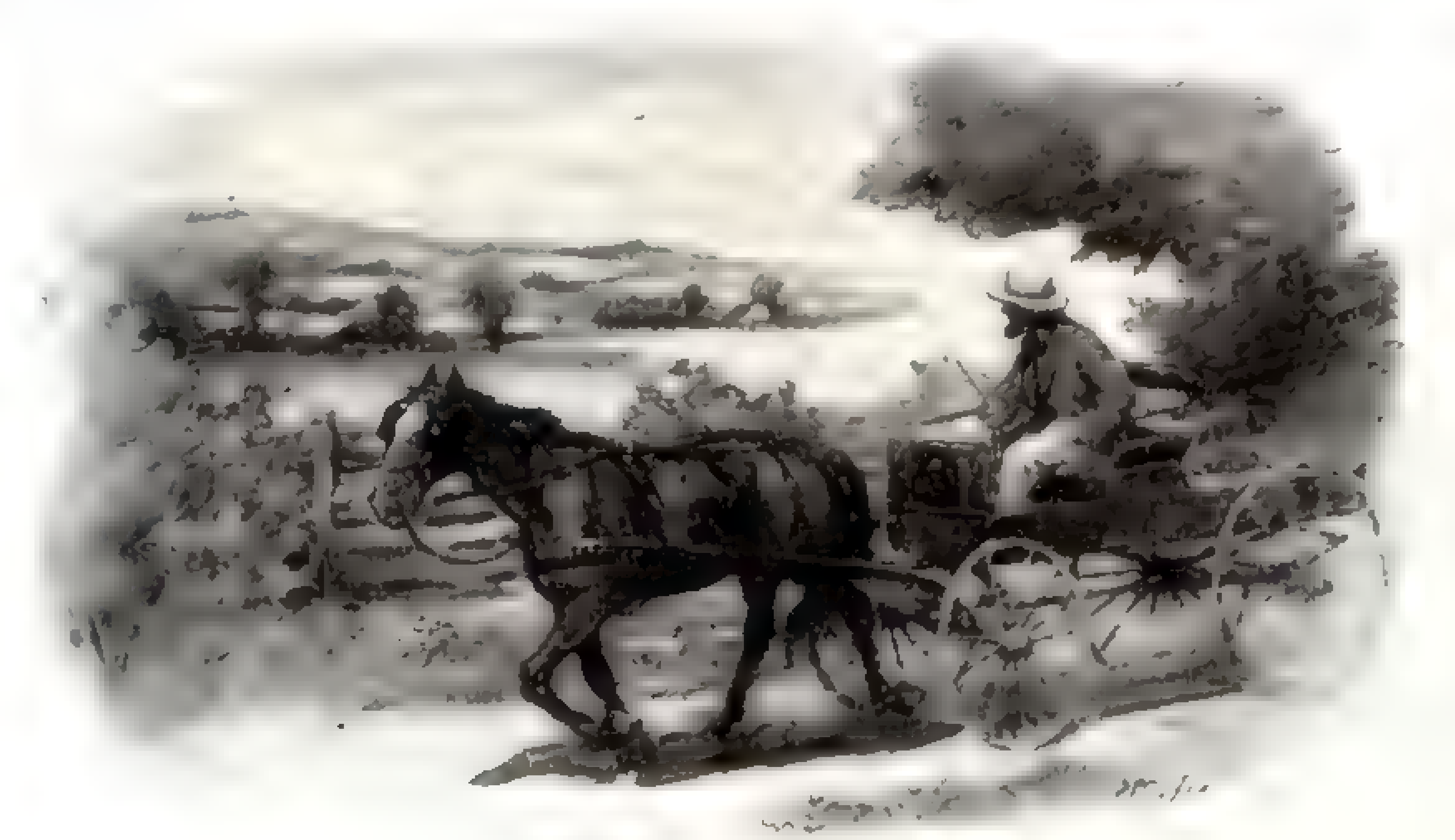
"Will you take vour?" inquired Grimm, tossing his previous ultimatum to the winds.

"I will—shpot cash."

It cost the close-fisted, grinding Grimm many a pang to write that check for one hundred and sixty dollars and he was a long time about it. But it was the pain of the surgeon's knife voluntarily borne in the belief that it would save him a greater pain in the future. And, after all, it was a thing to be thankful for that Coony had let him off so cheap.

A peep into Doctor Philo's Almanac would have thrown some light on Coony's complaisance. Outside, the birds were singing

(Continued on Page 39)



The Perfect Weather was Only a Tantalization

Adventures in Home-Making

By ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

It Isn't What a House is That Counts

WHEN we looked over the house, wondering whether we should make it our home, it was clear that it would demand both faith and works: a very strong faith and a great deal of work. But also, from the first, it was evident—and that was the saving grace of it all—that there were possibilities. "Hope told a flattering tale." We took the house. We planned, we contrived, we visualized. And the substance of things hoped for became gradually clear, and the evidence of things not seen was justified.

It was all so delightfully worth while! We had lived the renter's existence. We had learned the difficulty of looking into home-making happiness through another man's house. Now we were to try with our own.

To be a renter and to have ideas is discouraging. For, properly to live, one must be ready to adapt, to change, to improve; and one naturally hesitates to spend much money on another's property. Nor, even if a tenant should so spend, is there any certainty that the owner would consider an improvement an improvement. No man is a hero to his landlord.

It was doubtless out of unhappy experience that the old-time writer set down that ownership can make a bare rock into a paradise, whereas a rented paradise is likely to decline into bareness.

In picking out a home for ownership and afterward in altering, outfitting and furnishing it, it is not only one's own judgment that should be followed but one's own personality, one's own individuality. Throughout, let Individuality be the household god. Noses were not given us to be led by; each man should follow his own.

The principles that govern good looks, attractiveness, fitness, are the same whether a house is owned or rented, the same whether a house represents millions or thousands or hundreds. Good taste is the same everywhere. Convenience is the same. Good looks are the same.

When the House is Thrown In

IT WAS on a day in the late fall that we set forth on our quest of a home. We had decided that the home should be suburban. Our aim, indeed, was at that delightful desideratum, a home of accessible seclusion; a home where we should have privacy and isolation, yet where we should, at the same time, be in easy touch with our friends, and whence we could readily go to the near-by city, whether by day or night. Gibbon loved to write that his home gave him scenery, seclusion and companionship—thus conjuring up a charming picture.

I—The Finding of the Home

We drove along attractive roads, we made trips by rail to this or that suburban point, we inquired freely, we watched for signs of "For Sale."

Very early we realized that our search should be confined within certain limits, and those limits were still more narrowed by observation. For one should choose where the neighbors will be people not uncongenial and where the houses will be at least as good as his own; if there is to be a difference, let them be better. And if, as is likely enough, such a neighborhood may be prohibitively expensive, go in the line in which that neighborhood gives promise of advancing. Go bravely among the pioneers, and the mountain will soon reach to Mahomet. Do not, tempted by cheapness, go into an inferior neighborhood or in a wrong direction. Within reasonable limits a home-seeker can usually get what he wants where he wants it. Hitch your wagon to a suburban star!

Our inquiries taught us many curious facts. One, which seems to set arithmetic at defiance, is that it is as cheap to buy a place of ten acres as of five. For when a place is of the size of ten acres or more the house is likely to be thrown in, or at least considered as a quite negligible feature, whereas, with five acres or less, the house will be figured at its full value.

This applies, of course, to houses that are not new. For any one whose resources are limited it is better to buy than to build, and better to buy an old house than a new, paying no attention to the cynically humorous averment that old houses mended cost little less than new before they're ended, for this need not at all be the case. It certainly will not be the case if the house has been wisely chosen.

One house that we saw appealed to us very strongly. It long antedated the Revolution, and was of superb beauty in proportion and design, being, indeed, one of the most beautiful Colonial houses in any of the Northern States. Its interior was of spacious charm, with wealth of paneling, wainscoting and window-seats.

The Man Who Wanted a Home in a Hurry

THERE was reason to think it could be reasonably bought; but we did not buy. A railroad track ran near the house, giving noise and smoke, and we discovered that the railroad company had purchased heavily of land, giving threatening possibilities of switch yards and factories. And, too, though the neighborhood was good, with fine people and fine houses, there was that intangible something in the air which gave warning that the residential climax had been reached. We could not look on it as a place with a future. We felt that we must have something whose value should rise as the mortgage should fall. That the house was in evil case as regarded repairs was not so bad. If the price were right it would be a labor of love to rejuvenate and restore so much beauty.

It is well to be romantic in the buying of a home, for to secure one's own home is, rightly considered, one of the most romantic things in life. But, unless one chances to be independently rich, romance must needs be tempered by practicality. In buying a home there must be an eye on the future as well as the present, for at any time, on account of changes in business, or, perhaps, from sickness or disaster, a sale may be imperative—and then romance looms low. A friend put fifteen thousand dollars into a home on a romantic island. It was delightful. But only a year later he needed to sell, and found that nobody but himself cared fifteen thousand dollars for the whole island. That unsalable island may stand as a warning for discretion, for financial wariness. But wariness need not mean stinginess. It may, on the contrary, mean a higher preliminary cost. It is the proper appreciation of "the present value of a distant advantage," to use one of Macaulay's happy phrases.

The development of a city or a suburb is one of fact and not of theory. Theory may point in one direction as the best line of progress; fact may point in another. The theory may be well based, too; it may have been mere chance or whim that directed the fact contrariwise. But do not quarrel with facts. Do not buy to prop a falling neighborhood or to accelerate one whose impetus has ceased. At the same time one should not be overcautious. There are times when it is both pleasant and profitable to yield to an impulse.

There was No Factory Chimney in Sight

A dweller in one of our Western cities found his health failing and, though far from wealthy, began to dream of retiring for the rest of his days. He was driving aimlessly one afternoon in the outskirts of the town. He drew up in front of a tiny old farmhouse to ask as to the direction of a neat old woman who was leaning against the rose-covered gate. He looked weary, and she asked him inside to rest. He was fascinated by the shiny neatness, the immaculateness of everything, the calico-covered chairs, the log-cabin quilt on the high-piled bed.

"How much will you take to move out and leave me everything just as it is?" he asked.

She called "Father," there were a few minutes of cautious sibilation, then: "Two thousand dollars."

The next day he wrote out a check, and the day after that he was enjoying his rest-place in the country.

The Ideal Suburban Neighborhood

IN OUR own case, the house-search was not so swiftly over; and yet it took but the spare time of a few weeks in all, for it was followed with definite purpose. We soon narrowed the possibilities, for our own ideas and needs, to a strip of territory bordering the railroad we had chosen This strip gave promise of building up admirably, and yet was just beyond the zone of great expense.

Within that area every buyable house was carefully examined. There was no great number, for it was a neighborhood principally of large landholders, who lived on their own property and controlled its splitting up. Resident landholders stand for safety of development. They are bulwarks against unattractive allotments.

Our own taste runs to the old-fashioned, and within the region there were several places that it was possible to secure. It is not that we hold the old-fashioned to be better than the new, but always in such a matter there must be individual taste. It is fortunate that we don't all want the same thing. It is no drawback to a house to be built in 1909 instead of 1809. (But it makes it cost more!) Beauty and charm are always their own sufficient justification and are independent of years, although some periods are fecund of beauty and others are not.

One place was good, but too exposed to the north wind, without sheltering trees or shade of any kind. Another tempted, but there was no certainty of good water supply, even with the expedient of a windmill. The water used was from a brook into which went the drainage of one or two houses upstream. Another was attractive except that the barn was offensively in front of it, and we felt no

It is Better to Buy Than to Build

desire to be at the expense of tearing the barn down and building another. Others were too far from railway station or post-office.

At the same time we were prepared to put up, if necessary, with quite a degree of inconvenience for the sake of price, and in view of the expected accruing advantages of the near future. The moment that one demands all conveniences he should expect to pay an inconvenient price.

A house that much attracted us was charmingly situated in a valley. But our second visit to it was in the early evening of a dampish day and we found that rising mist had enveloped it, although the land above was clear and free. One house, otherwise attractive, was barred by factory chimneys that showed up gauntly in the middle distance. We gave that vicinage a wide berth, for one factory breeds another.

We found a charming old house, all of stone, set upon a slope and shaded by a highly pictorial pine. Although it had no door in its long and otherwise well-proportioned front, one of its windows could be made into a door with little consequent alteration of the interior. A disfigurement was a scraggly bit of fencing that ran close in front of the house, separating it from the field, but in a few minutes this could be torn down, adding materially to the air of dignity. A few great, old beams were still in the ceilings, and with more beams and with paneled oak there could have been great effectiveness. The place, however, was too far from a railway station and altogether away from a trolley. Furthermore, there was not a sufficiently good view to make one put up with the drawbacks.

The Business Side of House-Buying

ANOTHER house had a good front, except that the first floor was too high up on account of a sharp ascent, and that the too-high appearance of the house was accented by a peak between two dormers. By taking off the peak, however, and continuing the dormered roof line, with the addition of a dormer between the two already there, a vital improvement would be made and the apparent height reduced. Then, below, a well-filled-in terrace would relieve the too-high aspect of the first floor. But, in this case, the price was too high from our standpoint, on account of being near a populous suburb.

This house again pointed out the importance of being ready to make changes. It isn't what a house is that counts: it is what it may be made.

Most people, in buying, give a mortgage for part of the price. A man who is ready to pay forty dollars a month rent is usually ready to pay, on a home investment, at the rate of fifty or more when full ownership is the goal. One should not figure on whether he is able to assume a debt of four thousand, eight thousand, fifteen thousand dollars, but whether he is in a position to face periodical payments that will gradually reduce that debt. This idea, practically realized, at once simplifies the situation.

It is even simpler than this There is usually a considerable first payment made, and then, although in strictness a man is still paying directly or indirectly on the whole amount of the investment, he is facing actual payment of interest on a smaller and steadily-decreasing sum. His interest is like a rent only that he finds himself paying far less than the sum for which he could rent such a property.

And always there is the asset of the property itself, which, if the chooser has been fortunate, is of a value steadily increasing. Sickness and disaster may come, but from disaster and sickness even the renter is not free

A man buys an eight-thousand-dollar place. It goes up to a ten-thousand value, while his mortgage, beginning at, say, six, is reduced to five. Interest and taxes and repairs together then will amount to not over thirty dollars a month for a ten-thousand-dollar property. And in a few years the value may go to twelve thousand, while the mortgage gets down to three. Isn't it worth trying for?

We found that winter or late fall is the best time to examine property, for, with the leaves stripped from the trees, all barenesses and disadvantages of surroundings come into view. Then, too, is the time to see if roads are impassable and cellars puddly. In one fine house, a former Governor's home, we found chopping-block and milk-cans bobbing about in three feet of water. If one goes house-seeking in the suburbs in the apple-blossom season every prospect pleases.

"The house with the secret stairs," we called one, and it had a view hemmed in by softly-rising slopes. It was of stone, and well proportioned. Its face was toward the view, and its back, with projecting kitchen, was frankly toward the highway. Still, retaining the porch and the view, it was clear that the back of the house should be made its front, or at least its mode of approach. A kitchen should be built at one end. The "secret stairs" were picturesque; but, fascinating though it may be to reach an upper room by twisting one's self up in a corkscrew stair in a stone wall behind a cupboard door, it won't do to have this the only ascensional means. Between the house and the road, a garden suggested itself in place of a cabbage field, and it was clear that a towering hedge should be reduced to a less forbidding height.

Another house not far away also presented temptations, for it was near a railroad station, had good water supply, and was well built. It was, however, too tall for its width, and imperatively needed, from our standpoint, one more room on the ground floor. Its dormerless roof, too—it was the kind of house that needs dormers—would require reconstruction on a different angle before dormers could be possible. Inside, the stair was a disadvantage, because it came down between walls right at the front door, without a hall. All these disadvantages could be overcome by alterations, were the price sufficiently tempting. If one should save an extra thousand on price he could well afford to put it on improvements.

Always, one should look for convenience of churches and schools and markets, for these are points that are bound to be considered if it should ever be desired to sell. One

An Old House, All of Stone, Set Upon a Slope

of the old-fashioned English landscape gardeners wrote, long ago, that a church spire is indispensable "in an elegant landscape," and this elegant reason may be added to reasons utilitarian

One cool day in early winter we came to a house on a hillside. We had seen other houses on hillsides, but this was different.

In the first place it was homelier. Frankly, it was ugly. And yet it was evident that there were possibilities. The center of the house was the part with merit, but this central portion almost failed to attract attention on account of the aggressive ugliness of the wings. And never was there a greater misuse of the word. Wings are supposed to be, in their very essence, things of beauty, of airiness, of charm; yet here were wings that were heavy, inharmonious, awkward, unsightly.

The Not Impossible House is Found

FROM the front of the house was a delectable and wide-spreading view. The frontage was delightfully toward the southeast. There was no factory chimney in sight; no factory within miles. There were no disagreeable neighbors. A railway station was accessible; a trolley was even a little nearer. And a trolley is often a great convenience for a suburbanite. The house had running water. It was above the rising of the evening mists. It was in the territory where we wished to settle. It was within three miles of a public library, and much nearer to schools and churches It was shaded and sheltered by trees, and was of a seclusion as great as could be wished for by any but those who long for a lodge in a vast wilderness. And yet this seclusion was so accessible!

But the outward ugliness gave pause. A quarter of a century ago the appearance of the house, built of stone, had been marred by superposed castellations of galvanized iron, by these wooden wings impossibly gabled.

We went over the problem. Here were things to be done. Here were lines to be altered, unsightly things to be made sightly. But, after all, it was clear that it would be cheaper to alter what was in position than to take some building which would at once require additions. And it would be far cheaper than to build a new house from the ground up.

We took the house; to have and to hold, for better, for worse. We planned, we contrived, we visualized. And we found ourselves faced formally with a multitude of problems of alteration and adaptation, outdoors and in—we were, in truth, to find it a matter of faith and works.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton on the making of a home.

We Had Seen Other Houses on Hillsides, but This was Different

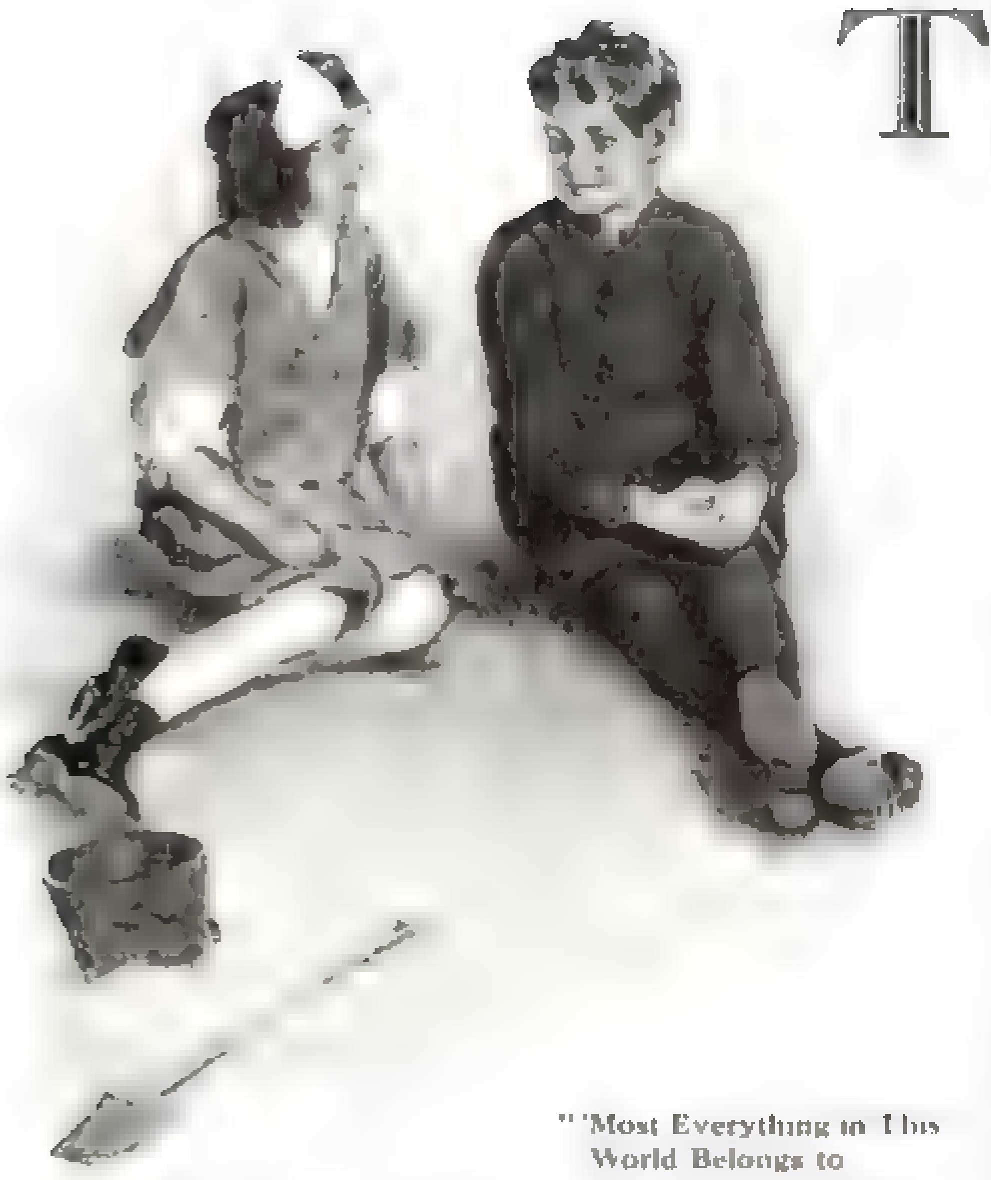
We Found That Winter or Late Fall is the Best Time to Examine Property

THE BLUE TEAPOT

A Manifestation by the Ancestors of Calista and Thomas

By EDITH KEELEY STOKELY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



"'Most Everything in This World Belongs to Boys," She Lamented

IT WAS evident from the time of her birth that great things were expected of Calista, and Calista was not the small person to disappoint any one. To begin with, Calista had a beautiful, youngish mother, possessed of a mass of shining red hair and a heritage of blue blood that made her everything from a Colonial Dame to a sixteenth remove from the throne of England. After this she held office in the W. F. C., in the Fortnightly—whose conservatism was as the ice-bound circles of the North Pole—and was president of the city federation of Mothers Clubs. Of the offices so ably filled by Mrs. Harvey McDowell Randolph perhaps none showed off her beauty, grace and mental attainments to better advantage than the Mothers' Club. To be sure, up to the time of Calista's birth she had had no means of knowing, first hand, what she was really talking about; but her reading had been so extensive, her intuitions were so sure and her theories so beautiful that the shade of Froebel himself might have listened with pleasure as she addressed the hushed meetings, a graceful figure gowned in diaphanous white, symbolical of the angelic purity of childhood.

Calista had another parent, of course. He was a Randolph, and he made all the money that wasn't inherited. Also he wore the half-whimsically apologetic expression for living that a man assumes for an instant when he mistakes a fire-alarm for a letter-box. He appeared dutifully upon such occasions as he was expected, wearing a puzzled manner and a perfunctory smile; but at his own clubs, of which there were several, he was an entirely different man.

Then there was Uncle Pete—Mrs. Randolph always called him Stuyvesant, which is neither here nor there, as he has nothing to do with this story—and Aunt Clotilde, at Bryn Mawr, and Grandmamma Randolph, who lived in Boston. Aunt Clotilde belonged to several advanced clubs herself and took the greatest interest in her small niece's advent, hurrying across three states to see if, at the age of two days, Calista could sustain her weight by her thumbs. As she could, it proved conclusively the origin and history of prehistoric man.

The casual reader can now see that, having been born into this remarkable family circle within circles, Calista was labeled as securely as a package of sweet peas, especially as she carried all her passports. There was the Randolph nose and the cleft McDowell chin and a tiny mole on the back of the neck that the best families of Massachusetts had proudly handed down for five generations. She could no more develop unpleasant eccentricities of character than she could have black hair when the Randolph hair was light brown and the McDowells' red.

At one year, Calista was a lovely human flower, the proud exponent of everybody's proudest fads and theories. At two, with the Randolph nose and cleft McDowell chin well to the front and the mole not grown smaller, certain peculiarities not before known to the best families of Massachusetts began to develop—as, upon all fours, openly eating from the puppy's plate; expressing herself in short, choppy barks; and, upon occasions, squeezing her fat little body into the dog-kennels for a brief day-dream.

It was bewildering, even perplexing, but Mrs. Randolph was sure it was not ancestry, and she satisfied Aunt Clotilde that it couldn't be prenatal influence. It might be sought for along the lines of soul-development.

At three, Mrs. Randolph was sure it was soul-development. Calista, arrayed as an angel, in a celestial damask table-cloth and an imported Austrian lampshade, shattered the heavenly crown into bits while flying off the clothes-chute. "Wasn't it beautiful?" recounted Mrs. Randolph enthusiastically. "She said she was flying up to Heaven, and I really hadn't the heart to scold about the lampshade, the precious dear." She quoted the incident at the next mothers' meeting as an instance of soul-development and Heaven-instinct implanted in the child.

At four, Calista began to talk like the cook (withal a worthy woman), and, more often than not, carried her hands on her hips. It was not, however, until after she had invoked Heaven to witness that she was becoming rheumatic that Mrs. Randolph could see for herself that soul-development had gone far enough and must be promptly arrested. Calista was provided with a governess, and then Mrs. Randolph, groping blindly for the cue, really arrived at the root of the mischief. Reluctantly assuming that, after all, it must be in the blood, she took down the genealogical records for the hundredth time, traced back with a pink tapered fingernail one hundred and fifty years, and there, seated smugly on the end of a bough of her own family tree, was an ancestor who had written a celebrated poem on grapes, while on a spreading branch on the Randolph preserves was another ancestor, eight removes back, who had been an actor before he was a barrister! So there it was in a nutshell. Calista had imagination! She was the exponent of an almost forgotten heritage of art and feeling. Mrs. Randolph decided promptly, with a happy sigh, that Calista must have every chance. Her mind must be guided at once from the dog-kennels and the cook's eccentricities to the higher world of fairy lore and classic literature.

It has been intimated before that Calista had a grandmother, no less a personage than Mrs. Luther Leicester Randolph, the human treasure-vault for much of the accumulated Randolph wealth. She was an autocratic lady with a silvery pompadour, silken skirts and an entire freedom from the taint of either imagination or humor, who traveled extensively with her maid and paid annual visits to her son. These visits were regarded as significant epochs. Calista had left the puppy episodes far behind, however, and was growing tall on classics before her grandmother came to give her any individual consideration.

"You have the Randolph features, my dear," the autocratic lady vouchsafed upon this occasion, surveying the small figure beneath her glass with a momentary gleam of interest. "If it were not for your hair, which you get from your mother, I should say you might be my own sister Amanda when she was your age. Yet I see much of your father, too."

The little figure on the big Colonial sofa stirred uneasily and sighed. "He is not my father," she said sorrowfully.

Madam Randolph, who was in the act of lowering her eyeglass, hastily adjusted it again with a gasp of astonishment.

"What's that?" she said.

Calista drew her little figure out of the embrace of the Colonial settee. "He is not my father," she repeated mournfully. "Grandmamma, these are not my parents: I am a stolen child!"

Madam Randolph sat stiffly upright, quite helpless and without speech. She could not know, of course, that the ancestor of the grape poem was prompting the lines, while the actor ancestor was holding the boards.

"It was a very, very long time ago," trailed on the sorrowful voice in the apoplectic silence. "We lived in a deep, deep wood in a beautiful castle with hundreds and hundreds of windows that glittered like gold in the sun, and purple shadows crept up all around at night. My beautiful mother had hair that glistened like gold and hung to her feet like a veil. Her name was Editha Patricia. Then cruel, cruel men stole me away and for a long time I could remember nothing. Dear Grandmamma, I am not what I seem to be. These people are not my parents. Will you help me to find my own angel mamma?"

Mrs. Luther Leicester Randolph's face had taken on a surprising number of hues during this recital and she still sat speechless, but an approaching rustle of skirts seemed to restore her to a semblance of herself. "Luella," she cried, "who is responsible for the nonsense this child has been telling?"

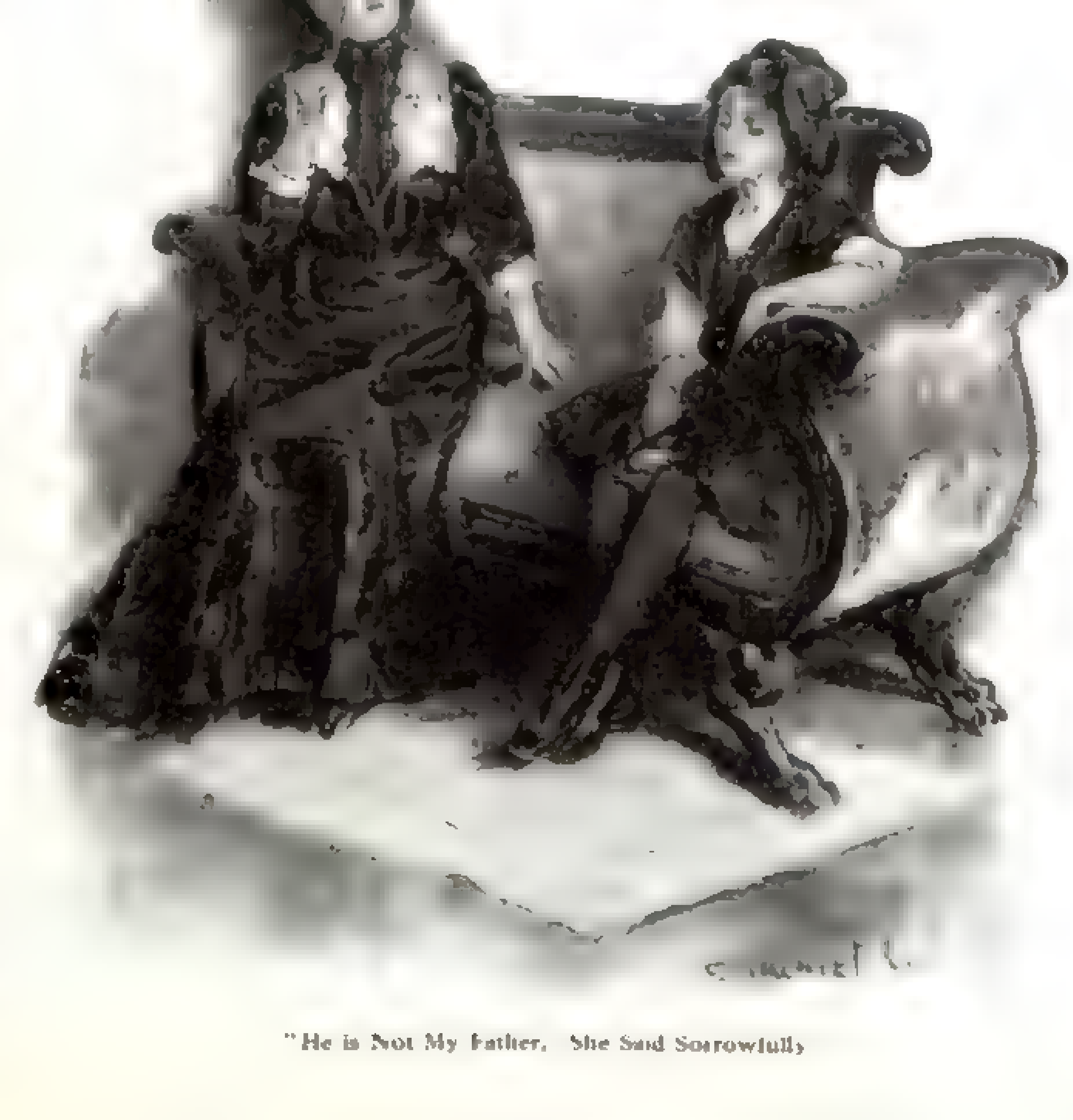
Calista's mother, in the doorway, was smiling bravely. "We have been reading child classics to her, mother. Her imagination is really something wonderful, you know."

"Imagination!" sniffed Madam Randolph. "I should call it lies, and it is not what I should expect of the bringing up my son's child should get. Ring for my maid. My nerves are perfectly unstrung and I shall take the first train back to Boston. I do not wish to be unpleasant, Luella, but I cannot think the *Randolph* blood ever developed anything like this. As for the remedy, I should advise a good, old-fashioned spanking."

. . . .

A thousand miles away, seated in a little red kindergarten chair and quite unaware that anywhere in the world he had a running mate, Thomas, who, it may be stated, had also a wide choice of ancestors, sat with his eyes glued to the lips of the boy in the green blouse and waited for inspiration. The boy in the green blouse was not as was Thomas. His necktie hung limply in a long end and his stockings wrinkled down over his shoes. But the knowledge of affairs the boy in the green blouse possessed was prodigious. The class had finished singing These Are the Merry, Merry Little Men and the paper-cutting was over, and now the teacher stood before the class dangling a number of alluring paper caps.

"Now remember, children, every one who wants to be a rainbow fairy must tell me the colors very clearly and promptly. This one?"



"He is Not My Father," She Said Sorrowfully

Thomas wished to be a rainbow fairy. He wished to be one very much indeed. So he gazed intently away from the colored cap and at the lips of the boy in the green blouse. The wise one's cheeks were puffing out. "P ——" he began.

" Urple!" shouted Thomas triumphantly.

"I think Hermann spoke first," decided the teacher sweetly, and past Thomas' extended greedy clutch the cap was passed to him of the green, who straightway rose and became a rainbow fairy.

The one of prodigious knowledge gone, there was no further inspiration, so Thomas sat with his legs extended straight before him and made vicious lunges at a crack in the floor with his heels. Two more boys and four girls claimed their own and became rainbow fairies, flitting about the room in a very rapture of happiness

It was time for the Color Fairies' song, but the teacher would first lead her flock a little farther up the warm, sunny highlands of imagination.

"Children," she began, "these are the lovely color fairies"—indicating the ethereal seven. "They have dropped down to us from the rainbow. You know their names—now, all together: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple, Violet. We shall sing a song to them presently, and perhaps they will be so pleased they will stay a little while to listen. But we must sing very sweetly and gently or we may frighten them away. Yes, Thomas? What is it?"

Thomas' legs were under him now. He had been led to the very hilltops of the sunny land, and he stood with the proud attitude of the inspired orator.

"I saw a rainbow once. It came right down on to the ground and more than a thousand rainbow fairies were sitting on it."

"Y-es?" said the teacher rather uncertainly.

"And I caught hold of the end of it and it commenced to go up—up ——" Thomas was going up on his toes, and his small hand was scalloped aloft toward the ceiling. It was a thrilling moment. Even the boy in the green blouse stilled his airy gyrations for the climax.

"And it went up—up—and at last it flopped its tail and threw me right into Heaven."

"That will do, Thomas," said the teacher decidedly. "You may sit down."

"And all the rainbow fairies fell off ——"

"Thank you, Thomas, that will do."

"And the angels cheered and hollered ——"

"We'll sing the color song now—all ready."

"An' God was cheerin' and hollerin' ——"

"Thomas! Thomas Elliot Woodbury!" shrieked the teacher, her pink palms clapped over her ears. "Sit down—sit down instantly! You are telling wicked, wicked falsehoods. You may stay after school, Thomas."

. . . .

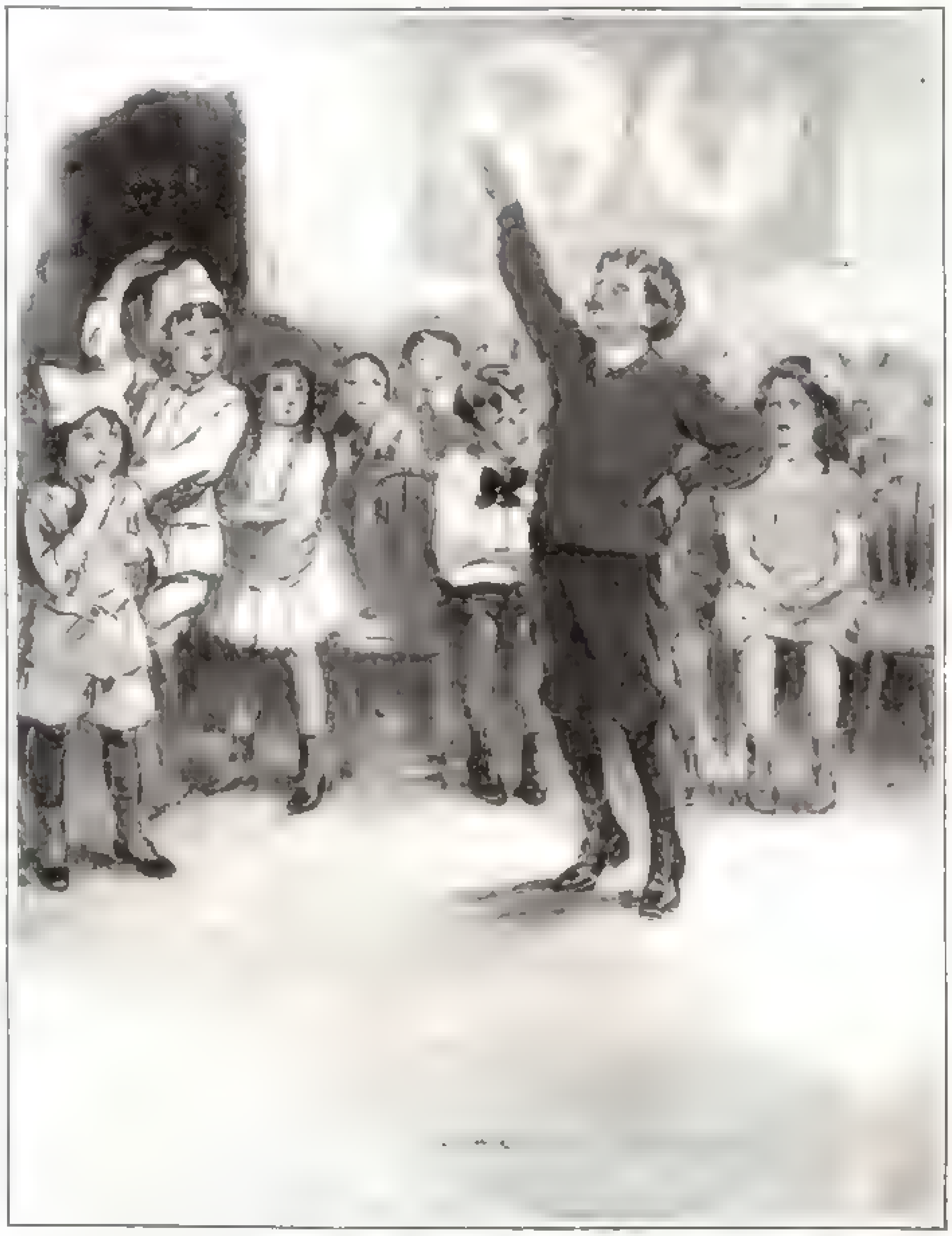
Calista and Thomas had added several seasons' growth to limbs already beginning to lengthen when the Fates brought them together at a summer resort. The visible medium in the affair, however, was Aunt Clotilde.

"Dearest Harry," she wrote—the aforesaid "Harry" was Thomas' papa—"I am here at this delightful spot on the Michigan coast with Calista, whose parents will remain in Europe several weeks yet. Can't you bring the dear boy up out of that sweltering Kansas City and leave him with me? I really ought to get acquainted with the little fellow, you know, as a boy of nine is apt to have opinions of his own. And you really need a bit of a rest yourself, dear. . . .

"Ever lovingly your CLOTILDE."

There were other things in the letter, of course, that were nobody else's affair—for Aunt Clotilde, having met Thomas' papa in the East several months before, had consented to become a loving stepmother to Thomas at no distant day. And so it came about, very naturally indeed, that the Two of Surprising Adventures sat upon the sands and clasped their knees in a very abandonment of ennui at the level prospect.

"I hate waves," said Calista gloomily. "We can only go in bathing once a day, and sand houses are child's play. If there were hills and rocks, now, we could pretend there were robbers' dens and have Indian fires and play Ali Baba and lots of things."



"And it Went Up—Up—and at Last it Flopped its Tail and Threw Me Right Into Heaven"

Thomas gazed sadly out over the waste of waters without dissent. His wings also were cloyed with the heaviness of things. He was not even a little bit in love with Calista, though she was very charming in blue bloomers, with a white butterfly bow standing out over each ear. Thomas was always in love with somebody—sometimes several persons at once; but though at the present time there was nobody to claim his affections, somehow Calista was so unpleasantly positive in her ways it was a constant shock to his masculine feelings. He had tried to love Calista, too. He couldn't understand it. Thomas, of course, knew nothing of the law of opposites.

At this juncture of hope at its lowest ebb it was Calista, at length, who received the illumination. There was nothing more to suggest it than Patrick O'Halleran's dun-colored shanty, topping a gentle slope on the face of the landscape which got tired of trying to be a hill and descended abruptly into a loosely-constructed stone wall, beginning at one end eight feet high and ending nothing at all. Over this graduated precipice, vines and shrubs had caught hold between the rocks to show what a poor little hillock and a commonplace, properly-clad wall could do in the way of scenic diversion, and toward this Calista's inspired gaze was now directed.

"Do you know what that place makes me think of, Thomas? Oh, yes, you do. Guess."

"The deadly Upas?" suggested Thomas, gazing stupidly at the vine and struggling with the mental inertia that lay heavy upon him.

"Why, it's as plain as the freckles on your nose," went on Calista scornfully, with the manner Thomas didn't like. "That's the Giant's House, way up in the sky, and there is the Beanstalk climbing over the wall."

The discovery, now it was made, was so obvious that Thomas, who had risen to his feet to make sure, sat down again in the sand with intent to restore the landscape to its real physiognomy if it could be done. Calista seated herself beside him with suddenly diminishing enthusiasm.

"'Most everything in this world belongs to boys," she lamented. "The women always have to stay at home or be sleeping princesses or something like that. Of course, I can *pretend* I'm a boy, though. My bloomers would do."

"I won't be the mother," said Thomas with proper masculine spirit.

Calista eyed him disapprovingly. "Thomas, you're beastly selfish," she adjured. "Why don't you wait for me to choose? You'd be afraid of the old man in that shanty. He's awful. He walks all bent like this, and he's fearfully cross. He brings vegetables to the hotel."

"Pooh, I know him," said Thomas stoutly, but not without an inward quake. "His name is Patrick O'Halleran. He couldn't scare me. Besides, maybe he won't be home."

It was necessary shortly for Calista so far to forget proper motherly concern as to boost her wayward son on his way up the vines on the forbidden quest, and she further impaired the realism of the scene by adjuring him at the last: "Now, if he's there and you're afraid, come back and let me be Jack." To which Thomas, with dignity, answered nothing at all, his scarlet legs already moving slowly up the slope, threading the path between rows and rows of cabbages that bloomed like giant roses before the giant's door.

It was a squat little house painted a dull red, with an added lean-to for the accommodation of rakes, hoes and spades, humble implements with which the man with the bent shoulders wrested an humble living from three acres of land. Thomas had been so preoccupied with the bitterness of Calista's parting insinuation that he was surprised to find the cabbages abruptly terminating and a weather-beaten door suddenly obtrude itself. His knuckles brushed the panels like a bird's wing, while his heart beat like a knocker.

The giant's wife opened the door. Thomas knew her instantly. She was very tall and her hair was grayer than he remembered having seen it in the pictures. Her face was strangely bleached of color and she had very red lips which she was constantly moistening. It was her lips that made Thomas afraid!—if only they had not been so red!—they made him think of blood. Then he was surprised to hear his own voice very, very far away, inquiring politely, "Is this where Mrs. Black lives?"

"Mrs. Black?"

"Mrs. Blackie," amended Thomas with no reason at all. "Mr. and Mrs. Blackie. Are they at home?" He was growing braver now, with the sudden thought of the path of the cabbages that stretched straight behind him.

"No, darlin'," said the giantess in the softest Irish voice imaginable. "There's no Blackies here. This is Patrick O'Halleran's house. Step in out o' the sun, darlin', do. Go out wid you, Peter. Shoo!"

While Thomas was hesitating, Peter, the black pig, neatly divided the red legs and went in himself. After a quarter of a minute of sullen meditation he came out again, stepping down the exact center of Thomas, who had not yet recovered his upright position. The giant's wife followed to divert the animal's intention from the cabbage rows, and an exciting chase followed. Thomas, with the adventure still cloying his nostrils, breathed scantily by the unguarded portal and gazed lovingly toward liberty; but, with the returning footsteps of his hostess, moved by instinct rather than preconceived plan, he popped under the bed.

Under his low roof of spiral springs Thomas ceased, after a time, from worrying about his own immediate future and fell to idly watching the woman's feet as they moved back and forth over the floor as she prepared the evening meal. How did the man with the bent shoulders get so? Why did he always mutter to himself? Was it easier to dig and hoe with his back like that? Did he—He was coming now. Or was it the pig? No, it was the man. Calista had said he was an awful cross man. Calista would be afraid. She was no coward—for a girl—but she couldn't help being afraid. Maybe she'd think more of him after this and not be quite so bossy—that is, if she ever saw him again.

Giant O'Halleran and his wife dispatched their meal with a simple communion of spirit that needs no communion of words. It was only when he had finished and pushed back his chair that the giant remarked:

"The potatees is runnin' young f'r the hotel. They'll take no more f'r a while."

"I wondher do they want chickens tomorrah day?"

"Five pairs," said Giant O'Halleran. "We'll pick thim tonoight. Gorra, but it's hot! Hand me down the blue taypot."

There was the chink of money. It was counted and then the teapot was restored to the shelf. Next Thomas, under

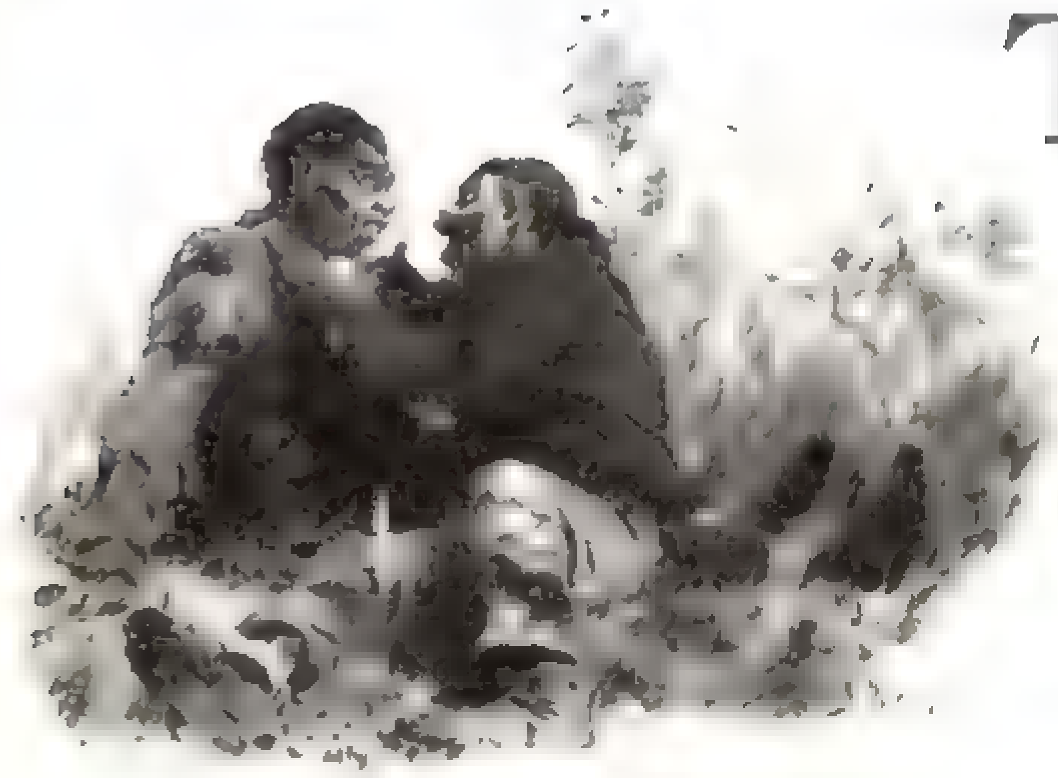
(Concluded on Page 38)

THE CHARMER

A Trade, a Trade Back and a Separation

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



"Don't You Know I'se Got er High Temper an' Liable to Bus' You Open?"

COOTER hurried through the swamp with the patent-leather visor to his cap pulled close above his eyes. Briars snatched at his coat; swinging grapevines reached down to catch his neck, but the negro dodged them all with crafty ease. February twilight had already begun to darken those mysterious glades where daylight never shone. Grannies told shivery stories of Boggy Slough, and Cooter had no notion of letting night overtake him in a hoodoo-haunted solitude. Suddenly he heard a thump-thump—thump-thump in the brush. Cooter stopped and gasped. Then he laughed. "Shucks! 'tain't nothin' but ole Molly Cottontail thumpin' de ground wid her behine legs. I done skeered her same as she skeered me." Cooter knew all the ways of wood-creatures, and no harm ever came of a rabbit, if he didn't cross your path. Even then you could turn back and break the charm.

This path was a mere instinct, not a beaten way, yet he followed it unerringly. As Molly Cottontail didn't cross, the negro kept on. A screech owl hooted—like a tremulous shudder. Cooter took a quick step and glanced behind him. It put him in mind of old Squint-eye, and Cooter hated to think of Squint-eyed Pap while he was passing through this swamp, especially when the shadows gathered and the owls began. His mammy used to scare him with tales of the potent "conju'-man" who came down in this very swamp and changed skins with the devil.

Years ago while Cooter was fishing in Boggy Slough he heard distressing cries from a jaybird and a beating of wings. "Huh! blacksnake dun foun' her nest," he thought, and pushed cautiously through the vines. There was the mother-bird, darting down and flying back again; but Cooter saw no snake. "Dat fool bird is makin' heap o' miration fur nothin'." Then the little negro stopped, paralyzed, his blackness fading to an ashen gray. There, right before his bulging eyes, was old Squint-eye crouching like a shriveled mummy and squeezing the life out of a tiny jaybird. All the while he muttered something to the mother-bird, awesome words which Cooter did not understand. Ole Squint-eye was stone deaf and couldn't hear it thunder, but Cooter never broke a twig in getting out of there. He dropped his fishing pole and vanished from the swamp like a fleeting shadow. "An' dis is on a *Friday*, too," he breathlessly reminded his daddy when he got safe home.

"Yes," his father answered; "I speck ole Squint-eye war tryin' to make dat jaybird tell 'im sumpin' 'bout de debbil's bizziness."

It was this recollection which made Cooter step lively when the sun slanted low across the swamp of Boggy Slough. He shouldered through the high cane and emerged in an open space where the upturned roots of a cypress waved a thousand skinny fingers in the air. He crossed on the prostrate trunk and wormed his lean body in and out among the branches on the farther side. Climbing the sloping bank, he paused at the edge of the clearing. Before him stretched the open country, daylight, cabins and human creatures. Cooter straightened and began to sing:

Ole gray hoss come a-tearing out de wilderness;
Kickin' up dust an' tendin' to his bizziness.

He sang very softly, his own business being of a character that was best transacted without a brass-band accompaniment. For a moment or two he looked about him, from force of habit, as he always preferred to see other people before they saw him. Nobody being in sight he struck a trail that led through a dense second-growth of cottonwoods that had taken possession of an abandoned field. There were ten or fifteen acres of this deadening; giant trees—white, limbless and charred at the base—stood out like marble monuments against the darkened forest.

"Sho' is lonesome—same as a graveyard. Ain't nobody wukked dis land sence ole Squint-eye died."

Cooter shuffled on more nervously as he approached a tumble-down shack where the "conju'-man" had lived. From the first moment it came in sight his eyes never wandered. He watched, and was ready to run. The roof had rotted away; its blackened rafters seemed like naked ribs, and a gable window put Cooter in mind of an empty eye-socket. He passed the cabin unscathed, but kept looking back over his shoulder. Just as he felt safe, and turned his head away, Cooter heard a squawk—one strangling squawk from behind the weather-beaten door. He bounded away, like a mule shying at a paper, then stopped and listened: "Twarn't no witch-hen, 'cause 'tain't de thirteenth o' de munt ——" But it was a hen—his expert ear made sure of that. Cooter dodged into the brush while he turned the matter over in his mind. Darkness had not yet fallen, and curiosity about that squawk drew him like an irresistible lodestone toward the cabin. Then he noticed three new clapboards which had been nailed across the window; this made him smile. "Hants don't nail clapboards cross no window." That was done by humans. Why? Prudently putting the trunk of a big tree between himself and the window he dropped on hands and knees and crawled. Once the man inside passed the window, and Cooter recognized him. "Dat's Hoss-fly."

He stood erect without fear, and leaned his elbows on the window-sill. For several minutes he continued watching the other negro who was feeding a fine lot of yellow chickens.

"Hello! Hoss-fly."

The other negro sprang up from the floor. "Who! who! whut you mean, Cooter, a-sneakin' up on me like dat?"

Cooter laughed. "I didn't aim to sneak up on you. I heerd a chicken squawk, an' I knowed twarn't nobody had no chickens roun' here. Dem's mighty fat hens," he added by way of smoothing the other's wrath.

Hoss-fly said nothing.

"Whar'd you git 'em?" Cooter put an embarrassing question which no gentleman should ask, but Hoss-fly answered promptly. "Swapped fer 'em wid a shanty-boat man. You 'member dat saller-complected white feller what used to run er fish-dock at de mouf of Narrer Bayou? When de high water come he drapped on down de ribber, an' didn't hab no way to take his chickens. So he traded 'em to me fer a skiff."

"I sho' do love dem yaller chickens," Cooter soliloquized aloud. "I jes' itches fer 'em."

"Look here, Cooter, don't you come aroun' here itchin' fer *dese* chickens; ef you feels yo'self itchin' jes' go off somewhar an' scratch. Soon as dey gits used to de place I se gwine in de chicken-raisin' bizziness."

Cooter leaned in at the window admiring the plump pullets, all exactly alike with fluffy feathers. But for the life of him he couldn't think where they had really come from. Being personally acquainted with every hen-roost for twenty miles around he could never have overlooked such prodigies. It hurt his pride that this old knock-kneed, flat-eared Hoss-fly should have beaten him to the prize.

"My chickens is black," Cooter volunteered; "dese black fellers wid white gills."

"Dey's Hamburgs? Dese is Cochins." Hoss-fly had the names pat.

"Yes, dat's it."

"Hamburgs is de bes' layers what is," said Hoss-fly.

"Dat's so; dem hens gits powerful busy when it comes to fillin' up a nest. But I ain't got no way to raise 'em like you is. Yo' wife kin tend to 'em so good."

Hoss-fly had private reasons for thinking quickly and talking slowly. "How many you got?" he asked.

"Fifteen."

"I bet my dozen'll weigh more'n yo' fifteen."

"Speck dey will; mine's trim-built and spry. Dey runs mo' to aigs an' fightin', an' yours runs to meat. My sister raised 'em in a gravel-pit; dat's how come dey got so much grit in dey craw. How long you had yours in here?"

"Three days."

"Laid any aigs?"

Hoss-fly shook his head.

"Mine lays seben and eight aigs every day—sometimes mo'; dat's why I hates to kill 'em. Ef I had anybody to nuss 'em I could raise more'n a hundred little chickens in two munts. I done counted it up. 'Pears like you and me is got dese chickens twisted. Here I is, hankerin' fer chicken meat, an' you is wantin' aigs, an' ——"

"It do look like we ought to swap." Hoss-fly gave his consent so quickly that it clinched Cooter's suspicions.

"What you keepin' 'em down here fer?"

Hoss-fly had a reason on the tip of his tongue: "I ain't got no coop, an' I knowed twarn't no nigger gwine to be foolin' aroun' ole Squint-eye's cabin atter dark."

Hoss-fly began to consider another complication. Since Cooter knew that his chickens were here maybe his superstitions wouldn't hold out against "yaller-legged" chickens. Cooter seemed to understand what was passing in the other's mind, for he struck the iron while it was hot.

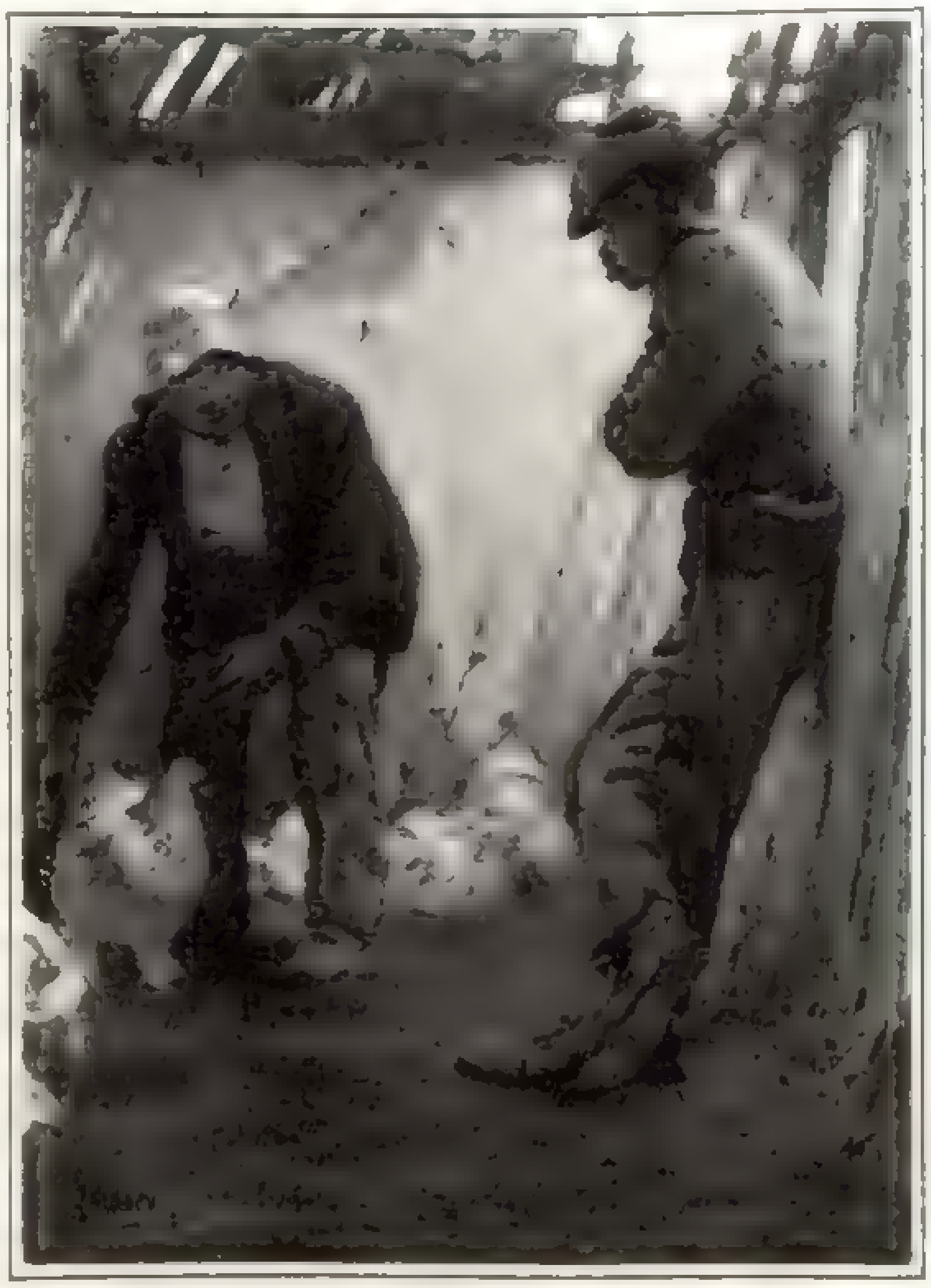
"Look heah, Hoss-fly, yo' chickens is heaver'n mine, an' mine is better layers than yours. S'posin' we swap? Den I'll kill dese an' take 'em to Vicksburg. I kin git twenty cents a pound fer 'em."

"Whar'd you say you got dem chickens?"

"My sister raised 'em in Claiborne County—hatched 'em so fas' dat dey overflowed her yard, an' she had to git shet of 'em."

That sounded reasonable; Hoss-fly knew there wasn't a black Hamburg within twenty miles of Boggy Slough.

Then Cooter commenced to talk business. "S'posin' we jes' carry dese chickens down to my house, an' time you set yo' eyes on dem black uns you'll say, 'Cooter, less swap.' Co'se ef you don't like 'em 'twon't be no harm done, an' I'll he'p you fetch 'em back."



"You Sho' is er Chicken Charmer"

Treating the trade as closed, Cooter came around and entered the door. Hoss-fly leaned against the window trying to digest the situation. Cooter asked no more questions, but began looking round for a cord.

"Dar's de strings." Hoss-fly pointed to a nail in the wall, where he had hung the strips of "domestic."

Hoss-fly stood and watched while Cooter—past-master of his art—caught the pullets and bound them together in bunches of three. There was no cackling and no fluttering, not a sound; the skillful negro sauntered up beside each unsuspecting fowl, and reached down with an arm swifter than a flash of light. He handled them so quietly and with such soothing reassurance that they seemed glad to be tied, and lay perfectly still upon the floor. Hoss-fly felt jealous at the trustful confidence that they gave to Cooter and withheld from him.

"Nigger, you sho' is er chicken charmer neber seed er nigger wid sech winnin' ways."

Cooter stepped out into the clearing and cut a pair of sassafras poles. Trimming these carefully he tied a bunch of chickens at each end of each pole, settled his own comfortably on his shoulder and motioned for Hoss-fly to take up the other. "Ketch step, ole man, an' we'll git dar befo' hit's pitch-dark—'tain't so awful bright whar we'se a-gwine." In every expedition there must be a leader, and Cooter immediately took command.

"We ain't gwine throo dat swamp." He turned into a disused plantation road and made a wide detour to avoid Milly Jenkins' cabin. Hoss-fly followed without a word.

Cooter's cabin stood on a little ridge; the left fork of the path led up to its door. But Cooter turned to the right and headed straight for the canebrake. He laid down his burden so quietly that the chickens never murmured, and lifted aside a clump of brush that concealed an opening. "Hurry up, Hoss-fly; don't stand dar all day."

The two pressed forward about a hundred yards through the cane. There was light enough yet in the heavens for Hoss-fly to see that a space forty feet square had been cut out of the cane, and a wicker fence skillfully made, with a plaited protection over the top. Hoss-fly gazed at this marvel of genius, but he said nothing. Cooter opened the gate, stepped inside his coop and beckoned Hoss-fly to enter. Then he pointed to the row of black chickens on the roosts

"Ain't dey beauts?"

"Sho' is," assented the other.

Cooter proceeded upon the assumption that Hoss-fly had agreed to trade. Before the slower negro could decide which hen to take first Cooter's nimble fingers caught and tied all fifteen, and had them ready for removal. "Come along now. Less git out o' here. You take dese." He pointed Hoss-fly to the entire bunch of yellows, while he prepared to carry all the blacks.

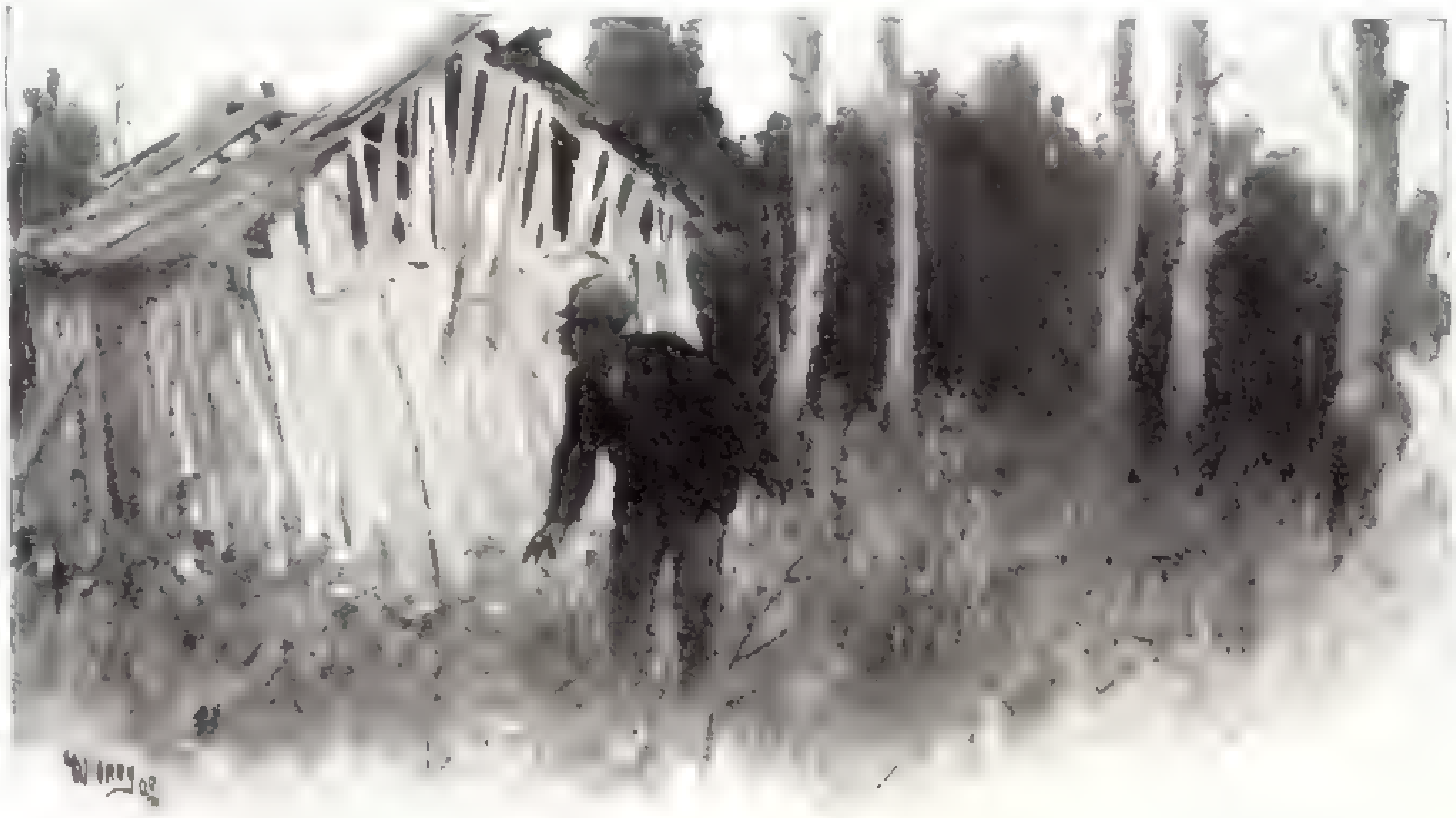
"What you gwine to do?"

"Gwine to leave dese yaller chickens up to my house—dey ain't breedin' chickens, you know, an' I don't care if dey do mix wid dem dunghills what I got at de house. You see, nigger, you can't be too keerful wid broodin' chickens like dese black Hamburgs."

This satisfied Hoss-fly. He was overjoyed with any arrangement which relieved him of those dangerous yellow fowls whose owner was searching for them. If they were found in Cooter's possession nobody would believe such a notorious liar when he said he had got them from Hoss-fly. Much the same line of logic passed through Cooter's mind. So there was no haggling in the trade, and the two friends labored out of the canebrake under their heavy loads Cooter stopped at the entrance and carefully replaced the brush that hid his secret treasure house.

Cooter transferred the yellow chickens to his own henhouse that most unusual possession for a negro in the swamp. He passed those sleepy pullets to their roosts about in the same manner that roustabouts load brick on a steamboat—one continuous stream, and 'twas done.

Hoss-fly was not half as stupid as he looked. While Cooter was busy nothing escaped his dull eyes, and he filed his information for future use



"Twarn't No Witch-Hen, 'Cause 'Tain't de Thirteenth o' de Munt ——"

"Hurry up, Hoss-fly; we'se burnin' daylight. I'll he'p you carry yourn home."

They divided their burden and took up the return journey to Hoss-fly's cabin, repeating the silent slander against Milly Jenkins by leaving her field far to the right.

"Dat ole nigger's got er tongue like er bell-clapper on er frisky mule," Cooter remarked. "I jes' nacherly hates to give her sumpin' to talk about."

Hoss-fly grumbled to conceal his intense satisfaction. Fifteen chickens for twelve was a pretty good trade; better than that, his new possessions were black and bore not the slightest incriminating resemblance to a yellow dozen that made him sleep uneasy. Cooter's reputation would instantly discredit any story that he might tell. Altogether, Hoss-fly was well pleased, and walked with his head high in the air

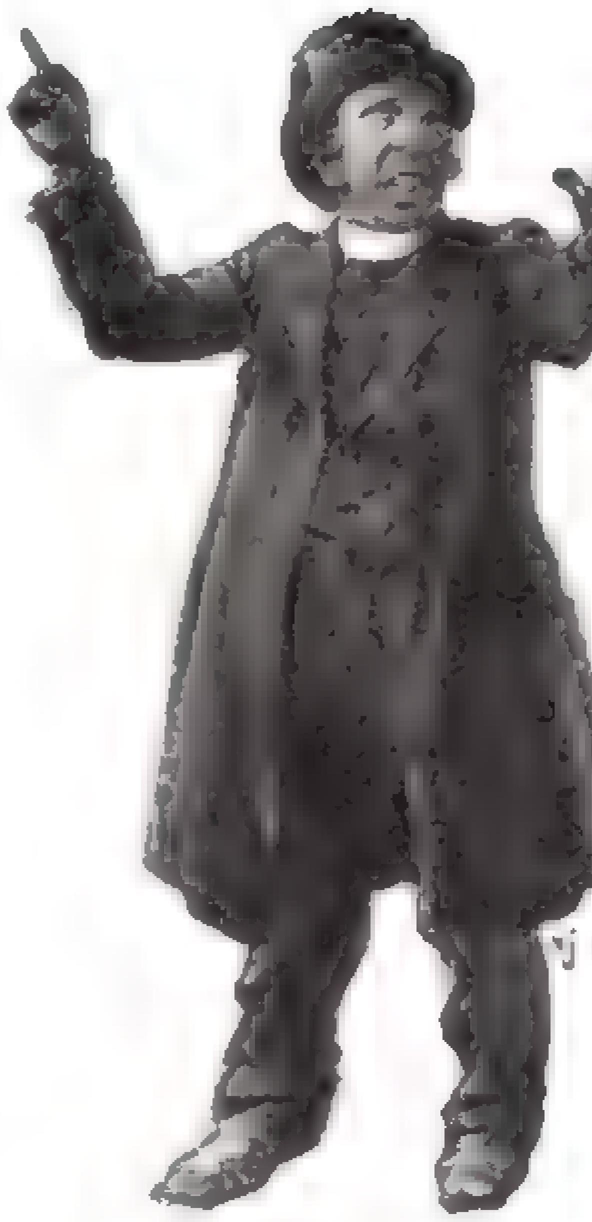
"Less take 'em up to my house," he suggested. "'Tain't no sense projeckin' round ole Squint-eye's cabin dis time o' night."

Cooter asked no questions. Hoss-fly might put his own chickens where it suited him. Just so they were not found in Cooter's possession; that was all Cooter cared.

"Jes' set 'em down in de seedhouse—Cooter; needn't untie 'em. Dey'll be safe enough tonight."

"Better untie 'em," Cooter insisted. He put those strings in his pocket for fear of future identification. In some lines of business a man must be careful as to details. When this was done Cooter did not tarry, neither did he go near the cabin where Hoss-fly's wife or children might see him. But he did stop to pat the dog. He wanted Bulger to see him and remember him. Even a dog's friendship is worth cultivating

When Cooter left Hoss-fly's house he struck a bee-line through the woods, true as a homer-pigeon's flight. There was never a night so dark, briers so thick, nor paths so tangled that Cooter couldn't have aimed a rifle at the little egg-shaped stove in the rear of Ellerslie Store. Bigbugs and city folks had their clubs and their cafés religious people flocked to the churches, home-lovers smoked on their doorsteps, but Cooter and his kind satisfied their human needs by gathering around the chummy little stove in the back part of a plantation store.



Elder Russ Had the Floor

Having successfully engineered the first half of a complicated transaction, Cooter took his accustomed seat on a soap box and let his mind run free in a riot of frivolity. Elder Russ had the floor, and ponderously argued the problem of creation. His battered beaver hat had tilted backward with the earnestness of his gestures, and he stopped aghast at the presumption of this new nigger who challenged the correctness of his theology.

"De way *I* reads it," Cooter interrupted with the emphasis of certainty, "*all* folks was born black—white folks, niggers an' all, ev'ybody jes' alike. Dem what's done turned white dey jes' had mo' sense dan de niggers."

Elder Russ' hand dropped slowly to his side as Cooter caught the attention of his congregation. Cooter had the gift of gab, and talked on without a pause. "De Angel o' de Lord come down from Hebben an' tole de entire bunch to meet on de foth Friday, in de dark o' de moon, an' wash deyselves in Jordan. He 'splained to 'em dat dey'd all turn white, an' straighten de kinks out o' dey hair. Dat angel kept a-preachin' an' a-preachin', but dem fool niggers didn't believe 'im. Even a angel couldn't teach a nigger nothin.' When de foth Friday come some few of 'em went down to de ribber lak de angel tole 'em, an' commenced washin'. De water wuz mighty low; 'twarn't lak ole Missip—scuzin' de Lord's ribber—'twarn't no mo' 'n a creek. An' you jes' oughter seed dat crowd o' niggers what sot on de fence an' laughed at dem what went in washin'—heap mo' niggers dan you ebber see in Vicksburg on a circus day.' Dem what went in de ribber kept a-scrubbin' an' washin', specially dey hair. Ole Aunt Grinny-Granny she went out dere an' set on a log all day long, eatin' cheese an' crackers an' lo'ratin' dem what was in washin'. When fust dark come, she jumped up an' clapped her han's. 'Fo' Gawd, dem niggers is gittin' white.' She jerked off her head handkerchief an' went tumblin' down de bank to wash her hair; an' all dem fool niggers followed her lak a flock o' sheep. But de water wuz all used up, jes' a tiny drap in de bottom—no mo'n enough to moisten de palms o' dey han's an' de soles o' dey feet—dat's why a nigger is white in dem places.

"All dem what washed dey come out white wid straight hair, an' ole Grinny-Granny she's de great granmammy of all de niggers to dis day. Dat's how come dere's so many niggers in de world, an' white folks is so skace. Look at dis plantation—more'n a milyun niggers, an' no white folks 'tall, 'cept de Major an' Mr. Cole an' de clerk."

Cooter rose, disgusted with the ignorance of his race, and started down the big road toward his home.

. . .

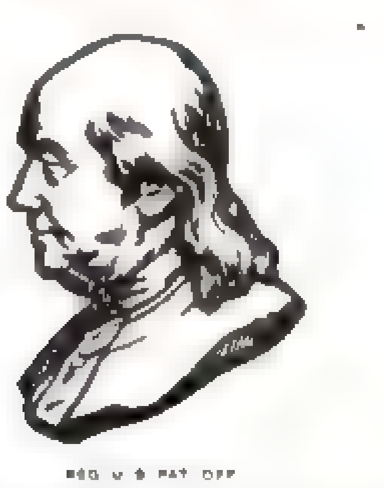
Midnight came, and Cooter sat drowsily watching a streak of smoke rise in his chimney. He made no move to go to bed, for a vague uneasiness oppressed him. He stared at the ashes and shook his head. "I hadn't oughter showed Hoss-fly dat chicken pen. I don't lak de complexion o' dat nigger's color nohow. He ain't real honest."

The negro stretched out his long leg and gave the backlog a kick. The sparks flew upward and roused a commotion in the chimney. Something black fluttered out of the blacker cavern and brushed his cheek. As he sprang up a misshapen black thing dashed against the window. Cooter stood aghast. "Dar, now! Dar, now! Chimney-sweep done flew in an' fotch de hoodoo to work ginst dem yaller chickens. I knowed it. Bad luck war bound to bust dis trade." His trembling fingers began searching the crevices in the chimney-piece. He found it—a bag, very small and very dirty, tied with a wisp of hair. When he touched this potent charm he stiffened up and became a man again. Aunt Calline's hoodoo never failed to protect the faith that Cooter had.

With the hoodoo bag in his hand he sneaked to the window and beat out the

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG U S PAT OFF

FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.25 the Year. Single copies, five cents. Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1909

Our Alexander the Great

"I WANT that man Hamilton forgotten as soon as possible," Senator Johnson, of North Dakota, is quoted as saying, in opposing the gift of a site for a statue to the first and greatest Secretary of the Treasury.

But, in fact, the wish is already granted in good part. The Hamilton to whom the Senator referred is mostly forgotten. He distrusted democracy and despised the notion of government by the people. Despairing of a monarchy on the British model, he wanted to set up an oligarchy or aristocracy, in which the people should be amused by a mere show of power. His famous speech in the Constitutional Convention, proposing life terms for President and Senators, with the Governors of the States appointed by the General Government, makes strange reading nowadays. His later polite proposal to steal part of the electoral vote of New York—having failed to win it at the polls—has been condemned even by so thoroughgoing an admirer as Senator Lodge. Yet Hamilton is one of the accepted heroes of a people essentially democratic, who believe thoroughly in popular rule, and is especially praised by a great party whose most reactionary leaders would be aghast at the idea of publicly indorsing his real political tenets.

What Hamilton wanted doesn't matter except in a historical way. He wasn't able to get it, and what he did get in the way of gagging democracy was, presently, in part, lost. So what's the use of digging up his old theories against him? In setting the new Government going he performed very valuable services, and monuments are usually erected to what a man did rather than to what he wanted to do. The great Secretary wouldn't have let us vote so it counted, or even have let us write our minds freely about the Government. But we are voting and writing; and the things that he did well deserve grateful commemoration.

Hard Play and Easy Work

WE ARE much interested in the earnest agitation for better and more strenuous golf. Of late years in this country a great many clubs have unworthily succumbed to the wishes of lazy and inexpert players, until at present there are hundreds of courses so easy and monotonous that a man who devotes only a few months a year to desultory practice has very little trouble in getting around them between luncheon and dinner.

An Eastern club has now moved strongly in the desired direction, expending seventy thousand dollars in the construction of a course on which real golf may be played. This ideal course is a succession of deep wells, precipitous heights, brier patches, marshes and concealed pitfalls. The greens consist of well-grown alfalfa and are surrounded by trenches containing quicksand. Tall hedges intervene here and there, so the player is obliged to calculate the trajectory as soldiers do in shooting from rifle-pits. The new course, we learn, has aroused immense enthusiasm among golfers and promises to give the game fresh impetus in this country. We hope to see it impelled.

From the days when normal boys shrink from the woodpile as from contagion, but climb to the top of the tallest tree they can find, down to portly sixty-five, when a man wouldn't fill the furnace to keep the family from freezing to death, but thrills with keenest joy at a hazard that would discourage a mountain goat, the object of the masculine world is to make its work easy and its play difficult. This makes the job of the moralist a hard one.

Pensions and the Pay-Roll

THERE died not long ago a man whose services had been of the highest value to the institution that employed him. To fill his place satisfactorily or adequately seemed almost impossible. He had been employed by the institution not quite long enough to come within the benefit of its pension system, so no provision could be made for his dependents. But if he had been a loafer, a skillful shirk, doing just enough to hold the job, he would most likely have lived out the prescribed term and received a pension; for it is most probable that the tireless zeal with which he gave himself to his work shortened his life, and nobody capable of judging doubts that he contributed far more of value to his institution during the period of his employment than easier-going colleagues have contributed in the longer period which the pension system prescribes.

To say that this man ought to have played golf or gone fishing oftener isn't a very satisfactory answer. It doesn't touch the fact that he did the work and did not get the pay; that presumably he suffers, or his dependents do, precisely because he did the work so well. Moreover, it is probable that his pay was affected by the fact that he was prospectively eligible for a pension. The job pays so much down, plus a chance at a pension. We think very well of pensions, and have now and then said so; but we wish it not to be overlooked that, finally, the only real justice lies in paying what the work is worth.

The Sugar Trust in the Balance

THE statement of the Sugar Trust to its stockholders is, in effect, that certain irresponsible and depraved employees, acting wholly without its consent, stole from the Government, for its benefit, some two million dollars. At the trial, as the Trust points out, its officers testified they had no knowledge of the false weights by which the Government was defrauded of duties. While paying over to the Treasury more than two millions the Trust suggests that the Government should not have exacted a penalty unless it were shown that the fraud was perpetrated "by the company itself" or by some one duly authorized to act for it in so important a matter as that of cheating the Treasury

Meanwhile, a committee of wholesale grocers of New York figures out that the duty on sugar amounts to seventy-eight per cent ad valorem against fifty-six per cent on champagne, forty-five per cent on automobiles and thirty-five per cent on furs. The average wholesale price of granulated sugar at New York in 1891, as reported by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, was four and sixty-five one-hundredths cents a pound, and in 1907 it was also four and sixty-five one-hundredths cents a pound. Meanwhile, the average cost per pound of raw sugar in foreign countries declined from three and three one-hundredths to two and eleven one-hundredths cents, or nearly a third. Also, the importation of duty-free sugar from Porto Rico and Hawaii rose to one and a quarter billion pounds. The grocers' committee thinks the Sugar Trust's interest in these duty-free sugars, direct and indirect, is large. That the Trust owns a substantial interest in beet-sugar plants is admitted. The United States consumes nearly three million tons of sugar a year, of which little over a fifth is produced at home.

Why the Trust needs further protection in the way of a "differential" on refined sugar we do not know. Possibly it is in order to improve the morals of its hired men.

A Tax on Children

IT IS about the income tax that I wish to speak to you. I believe that I have always favored the income tax, but nothing so crude as that at present proposed, as I understand it. I will give you the chief example of the great injustice that it works. I don't pretend that this may not have occurred to you, but I doubt if it has occurred to many people.

A is a married man with five children and an income of twenty thousand dollars a year.

B is a bachelor or married man without children with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year.

If I understand the tax, A will have to pay precisely as much as B.

As there are still a great many Americans who are endeavoring to educate their children to be good citizens in the generation that succeeds this, it strikes me that to tax them equally with a bachelor amounts to a sort of punishment of marriage and parenthood. The very crowd now most clamorous for this tax would unhesitatingly proclaim with its hand on its heart that no more sacred duty fell to the citizen than to present to his country a liberal group of children, trained to serve their country with intelligence and patriotism. But now every man who has undertaken this duty is to be deprived of a portion of his means to carry it out, precisely as large as the proportion that is required of the bachelor of equal fortune. There is, of course, no true comparison between the fortunes.

To adjust this matter by making deductions according to the number of children in any family offers no difficulty whatever. Perhaps you have read the proposed French income tax, which failed to pass some ten years ago, and which most minutely and admirably went into this whole matter. When I think that the brewers have to be shielded and that the Congress could not see their way to the two-cent stamp to be affixed to bank checks, the injustice of what they propose to do, simply because married Americans with families have no lobby, looks very rank.

OWEN WISTER.

The Ultimate Security

IN THE main office of a great bank in New York stands a mighty vault, upon whose impregnability all the wit of man has been expended. The two doors alone contain thirty tons of hardest steel, laid fold on fold, and are fastened with many bolts as thick as one's arm. There are eight time-locks and other wonderfully ingenious devices. Within this vault is a certain receptacle which, again, is guarded by thick bolts and cunning locks that only one man in the bank can open. This is the "big money" box, holding the bulk of the bank's cash reserve—nearly fifty millions of dollars at the last statement

Visitors naturally view the vault's formidable exterior with awe as the very heart of the citadel. To be so close to that vast sum in real money stirs the imagination. One may experience without emotion proximate contact with much wealth in other forms—checks, notes, bonds and so on. But here, it seems, so unassailably protected, is the very thing itself, the actual stuff. But it only seems so. If you should look inside that stout receptacle you would find, in the main, just pieces of paper; not actual money, but, in effect, statements by the Government or the Clearing House that its vaults contain so many million dollars of coined gold which it will hand over to whoever presents these certificates.

What we mean is that the whole world runs on credit and faith and trust, and you simply can't get away from it. Opening the ultimate strongbox you find a promise, a statement to be taken on trust. In this case it is, of course, the promise and the statement of the Government; but finally you've got to depend upon somebody's statement.

The Value of a Famous Debate

AFTER deliberating an unusually long time, the United States Supreme Court has decided, in substance, that the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn law is constitutional, but of no effect. This clause forbade railroads to own, directly or indirectly, commodities which they transport, and was especially aimed at railroad ownership of coal. The court says that ownership of the stock of a company does not constitute ownership of the property of that company; hence, though a railroad may not, directly or indirectly, own coal which it transports, it may directly own the stock of the company which owns the coal—which, obviously, comes to exactly the same thing.

The Northern Securities Company owned no railroad. It owned merely the stock of two railroads. The Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil Company effect their combinations mostly by ownership of stock of other companies. Naturally, eminent lawyers are at a loss to know just how the court will apply this fine distinction between ownership of the property of a company and mere ownership of its stock.

Leaving that conundrum to them, we wish to recall that the Hepburn bill was debated for weeks in the Senate with respect to its constitutionality. For weeks the most distinguished legal luminaries in that body learnedly discussed what the Supreme Court would say as to this feature and that; but, so far as we remember, nobody came within a rod of guessing what the court actually did say. In spite of all the erudite forecastings the decision was quite unexpected. This shows the true value of those tremendous constitutional debates in the Upper House.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The House of Oliver

WE HAVE heard from time to time captious cries and yamphus yammerings concerning the necessity of having a few business men inserted in the wilderness of lawyers in the Senate of the United States; said demand being sneered at by the lawyers, but sticking around to a considerable extent with the bulk of the population.

Wherefore, it seems incumbent on the bulky author of this monograph to tell two tales, of which the first shall be called:

THE ADVENTURE OF HANK OLIVER AND THE LEATHER CONTRACT

When the Civil War began there was a harness-maker doing business in Pittsburgh named Henry—for short, Hank—Oliver. He was a harness-maker in a small way, having a shop and a line of customers, but being in competition with many other leather workers who had bigger shops and more customers

The Government had a leather contract which was to be let at the old Allegheny Arsenal, and all the harness-makers and other leather men of Pittsburgh went over to get a bit of it, Oliver among the number. It was a big contract and big men were there. The contract was let and Oliver got a piece, not a very big piece, to be sure, but a piece. The Government was in need of the stuff, wanted quick delivery and did not haggle over the price; and the big harness-makers and other leather workers had a good thing, including Hank Oliver with his little bit

The big fellows drove back to Pittsburgh and went to the Monongahela Hotel for a supper in celebration of the easy money they had in sight—all but Oliver Oliver walked in the two miles from Lawrenceville, thinking about his chunk of the contract. The thought struck him that, inasmuch as this stuff was to be made of leather it would require leather to make it. Thereupon, instead of going down to the Monongahela he padded around to all the leather dealers in Pittsburgh and got options on every foot of leather in that end of Pennsylvania. He tied it all up in the name of H. Oliver, Esquire.

After the celebration at the Monongahela Hotel was over the big leather workers began to send out for the leather they needed. They found that all leather in that part of the country was under option to H. Oliver, Esquire, who, though he didn't have much of a slice of the contract, had a stock of leather options that made him of some class as a factor in the game.

Well, it was simple enough. The leather workers who had had the celebration paid big tribute to the man who walked in and thriftily accumulated the leather instead of riding in and accumulating a jag at the Monongahela; and that leads us to the second tale of the series which may thrillingly be entitled:

THE ADVENTURE OF HANK OLIVER AND THE IRON ORE

Naturally, a citizen with the acumen of H. Oliver, Esquire, saw the possibilities of the steel and iron business as regards Pittsburgh, and went into it. Naturally, also, such a citizen had a series of sons, and the firstborn was called Harry or Hank, as fancy dictated

This Harry, or Hank, came into the steel business and made a great success of it. One day he heard there was an exact geological limit to the iron ore in the Superior district, and he went up there to see if it were true. He found it was. The geological sharps could point out to him just how much ore there was up there and Harry came back, rustled all the money he could get, and bought iron ore land to the extreme end of his resources.

Then he came back and went to Andrew Carnegie, the big steel man of Pittsburgh. "Mr. Carnegie," quoth Harry, "I have laid in quite a stock of iron-ore land up there in the Superior country, and as I have pretty good information that there are exact geological and geographical limits to the ore in that country, I thought you might be interested and want some of my options"

"Pish, Oliver!" pished A. Carnegie, "pish and three long tushes! We have plenty of iron ore in reserve. I cannot see why young men in the iron business will be constantly making these mistakes. Hoot, mon! Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

Time passed on. Presently it was borne in on A. Carnegie that there were certain geographical and geological limits to the iron ore in the Superior region and he made a casual call on Harry Oliver

"Harry, me braw an' bonny boy," said Andy, "I ken ye have muckle iron land up yon, an' I'm thinkin' of takin' some of it at the price ye named some time agone."

A Business Man Has Seeped Into the Senate at Last

"Are you, indeed?" inquired Harry Oliver, who had managed to carry his options, although they had made him pretty short of change for a considerable period. "Are you indeed, Mr. Carnegie? And if you are I regret to inform you that the price of iron-ore land has gone up something scandalous since I talked with you before."

And that set back Mr. Andrew Carnegie for a few tons of money, and, taken in conjunction with the tale of the leather adventure, leads to the conclusion that if George T. Oliver, recently elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, being a son of the original Henry and a brother of the second Henry, runs true to Oliver form, there is a fair chance that a business man has seeped into that august body at last.

The father and the brothers are dead, but George T. Oliver still has the steel business. Likewise, he has a collection of big newspapers in Pittsburgh and a United States Senatorship, to say nothing of a fortune that can be classified by the real Pittsburgh standards. And he came across as a real, always-there Pennsylvania organization man, which makes it seem likely that he will be in the Senate as long as he wants to be, for the people in Pennsylvania—notwithstanding the yells of those who do not vote in the State, but desire to reform it—have a partiality to that organization which, at times, seems almost to be an obsession.

It was this way: The Honorable Philander C. Knox, who resigned a few minutes previous to his assumption of the cares and duties of the office of Secretary of State, had a candidate for his toga in the person of James Francis Burke, aided and abetted thereby by Henry C Frick, who strung along with Knox on Burke. Having mixed in politics for some few years in a purely theoretical manner, Mr. Oliver thought it incumbent on him to go out and sew up the legislators from his section who had votes on the Senatorship, and, suiting the action to the thought, he went out and sewed them up. Inasmuch as Mr. Knox and Mr. Frick and Mr. Burke are all from Pittsburgh this had a rather disconcerting effect on the canvass of Mr. Burke and the boosts of Mr. Knox and Mr. Frick, and when it came time for the Legislature of Pennsylvania to determine who should take the Knox toga, they said: "Why, there's nothing to it. Oliver has the unanimous indorsement of all his people, and where does Burke come in?"

Burke didn't come in. He was left out and Oliver assumed the said toga, which was an economical arrangement at that, for Oliver isn't much bigger than Knox is. Moreover, it was a logical upshot of it, for the other Pennsylvania Senator is the biggest man, physically, in the Senate; and proud old Pennsylvania, thinking to maintain her supremacy, contributed also the smallest man, physically, in Oliver—just, as in the case of Knox, to keep up the proper proportion.

Senator Oliver was born in Ireland when his father and mother were on a visit to that country. He studied law and practiced until 1881, when he went into the steel business, where he still is. In 1900 he bought a Pittsburgh paper. Later he bought a few more and now he has several. He always mixed more or less in politics, and always was with Quay. He stuck to Quay through thick and thin, refusing the Senatorship when Quay made his great fight for reëlection and Oliver might have had the place as a compromise candidate. He is the first organization man to acquire a Senatorship from the western end of Pennsylvania

Oliver is lively, with a sense of humor, and gets a lot of fun out of his newspapers and his politics. He may be depended upon to act with the regulars in the Senate on all propositions, for he is a party man, with no insurgent or other off-the-reservation traits. He has had a long-time ambition to be in the Senate, but his sense of party loyalty was so great that he never would listen to any advances until there was clear sailing. Then he went out and garnered the job

P. S. In addition to James Francis Burke, John Dalzell also ran

The Senatorial Retort Courteous

BOTH men are dead, so the story can be told. When the fight was on for the location of the interoceanic canal, and the late Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was making his last stand for the Nicaragua route, the late Senator Hanna was a member of the committee that was examining witnesses. Senator Morgan was doing the questioning, but it was the habit of Senator Hanna to throw in a question now and then that turned things upside down and utterly destroyed Senator Morgan's line of procedure.

A man named Menocal was on the stand. Senator Morgan was leading him along when Senator Hanna popped in a question that mussed things all up.

"As usual," said Senator Morgan, "the Senator from Ohio, by his method of questioning, is trying to delay the proceedings to the extent that will deprive us of a canal at all."

Senator Hanna grew purple in the face. Leaning over, he hammered on the table with his big fist and shouted: "That is a blank lie."

Menocal, the witness, was alarmed. "Perhaps, gentlemen," he said, "I would better retire."

"Oh, no," replied Morgan, waving his hand, "it is not necessary. This is merely a little interchange of Senatorial courtesies and now, as it is nearing twelve, I suggest we take a recess until tomorrow."

Spoiled by the Pipe

CASEY, becoming wealthy, says Joe Ryan, the Chicago story-teller, invited some of his old friends in to dinner.

After dinner Casey passed around the cigars. They were big, fat, black cigars, that cost him forty cents each.

Hogan, taking his cigar, bit about half of it off and frazzled the other half in lighting it.

"Man, man," said Casey. "What are yez afther doin' t' that seegar? 'Tis a fine seegar, a fine seegar. Have ye no appreciation of a fine seegar?"

"Th' trut' is," replied Hogan, as he chewed off another inch of his cigar, "I've bin smokin' a poipe so long I can't tell th' difference betwixt a five an' a tin."

The Hall of Fame

¶ The local name for Senator Patrick Henry McCarren, of Brooklyn, is Long Pat.

¶ Comptroller Metz, of New York, manufactures chemicals as a means of livelihood.

¶ General Anson Mills (retired), of Washington, laid out the first city plan of El Paso, Texas.

¶ Senator John Kean, of New Jersey, is a big banker in New York City and Elizabeth, New Jersey.

¶ Professor Willis L. Moore, head of the Weather Bureau, dislikes cigarettes so much he will not let any one who smokes them have anything to do with making the weather.

The Working of the

Is it Protecting the

What Eminent Authorities Say:

DR. JAMES C. WILSON, Professor of Clinical Medicine, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.

"There are, in my opinion, latent forms of Bright's disease in which even moderate doses of Benzoate of Soda would be harmful. The use of this drug might easily result in impaired digestion and affected kidneys."

DR. C. H. KIMBERLY, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

"In my work I have found samples of ketchup preserved with Sodium Benzoate, and plainly made of 'trimmings' and refuse of tomatoes."

DR. H. S. BLACKMORE, Washington, D. C.

"The drug (Benzoate of Soda) contains the active principles of carbolic acid, a corrosive poison."

DR. H. W. WILEY, Chief of Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture.

"Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable, and produces a very serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health."

DR. ALBERT P. MATHEWS, Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of Chicago.

"Wise men will continue to regard germicides, such as Sodium Benzoate, as highly suspicious constituents of our foods."

Similar opinions condemning the use of this drug in food products have been publicly expressed by such eminent authorities as

DR. G. HARLAN WELLS, President of the Philadelphia Academy of Medicine.

DR. D. BRONARDEL, Delegate of Legal Society of Medicine of France. International Congress of Medicine, Madrid.

DR. J. N. RHOADS, Philadelphia.

DR. W. D. HALLIBURTON, F. R. S., Prof. of Physiology, King's College, London.

PROF. A. B. PRESCOTT, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

DR. WHARTON SINKLER, President of the Medical Club of Philadelphia; attending physician to the Orthopaedic Hospital, Phila.; consulting physician to the State Hospital for the Chronic Insane, and consulting neurologist to Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Germantown, Phila., Hospitals.

PROFESSOR CHARLES H. LA WALL, chemist of the State Dairy and Food Commission (Pennsylvania).

DR. GEORGE H. MEEKER, Dean of the Department of Chemistry, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

DR. EDWARD MARTIN, Professor of Clinical Surgery, University of Pennsylvania; Former Director of the Department of Health and Charities, Phila.

And many others

THE National Food Law was enacted for the protection of all the people. It made unlawful the use of any harmful materials, adulterants or preservatives in food of any kind. The most widely used of drug preservatives was Benzoate of Soda—a coal tar product—which, when added to Ketchup, for instance, permitted the use of waste and unfit raw material, prepared under the most undesirable conditions. In addition, Government authorities declared this drug dangerous to the health, and therefore illegal.

FURTHERMORE, through exhaustive experiments among the Ketchup makers of the country, carried on by Dr. Bitting, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it was clearly shown that pure ketchup can be prepared without the use of Benzoate of Soda, and that ketchup thus prepared not only keeps better, opened or unopened, but is of finer flavor and contains greater food value than when embalmed with this drug.

IN face of all this, and regardless of the fact that leading food manufacturers declared Benzoate of Soda unnecessary when right materials and sanitary methods are used, the influence of certain interests desiring to use it has been powerful enough to bring about, through the appointment of a commission, a reversal of the Government's first ruling, so that Benzoate of Soda may now be used in all foods.

H. J. HEIN

Members of American Association

ational Food Law-

ealth of the People?

HOWEVER, our Government—although permitting the use of Benzoate of Soda, still makes the acceptance of drugged food a matter of personal choice. Every food containing Benzoate of Soda must have that fact stated on the label. It is very significant that the manufacturers who use this drug print the statement in small type. Still, by careful reading of labels, everyone may avoid this drug so generally condemned by the medical profession.

HEINZ 57 Varieties—Ketchup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, etc.—as well as the products of many other manufacturers, are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or artificial preservatives of any kind. Heinz Ketchup, for example, is the pure product of tomatoes grown on Heinz farms or under Heinz supervision. The spices used are ground in Heinz Kitchens. The sweetening is granulated sugar. The vinegar is of Heinz own make—the purest natural product. The cooking is conducted under rigid conditions of cleanliness. Every utensil is mirror-bright, the ketchup being conveyed to the bottles through silver-lined tubes.

THIS is why Heinz Ketchup needs no Benzoate of Soda—why you can open it on your table, or have it served on a public table, with perfect confidence that it is sweet and pure.

COMPANY

Promotion of Purity in Food Products

What Eminent Authorities Say:

DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Clinical Medicine, Medico-Chirurgical College and Hospital, Phila.

"The continued use of Sodium Benzoate or the Benzoates, even in small quantities, as food preservatives is injurious."

DR. WILLIAM W. KEEN, Emeritus Professor of Principles of Surgery and of Clinical Surgery, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (England and Edinburgh).

"It must be evident that any drug used as a food preservative, eaten constantly, year in and year out, by the community, must affect the general health deleteriously."

DR. DAVID L., EDSALL, Professor of Therapeutics, University of Pennsylvania.

"Sodium Benzoate is an intestinal irritant."

DR. V. C. VAUGHN, Dean Medical Faculty, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

"As a rule their (Preservatives) use is to be condemned, for two reasons. In the first place, like coloring matter, it enables a man to sell a poor grade article in place of a better grade; and in the second place, it enables the manufacturer to be less careful in other means of preservation."

Similar opinions condemning the use of this drug in food products have been publicly expressed by such eminent authorities as

DR. A. GRUNBAUM, Lecturer on Chemical Physiology, University College, Liverpool.

DR. JAMES W. HOLLAND, Professor of Toxicology, Jefferson Medical College, Phila

PROF JOHN URI LLOYD, Ex-President United States Pharmaceutical Association.

DR. ALBERT E. ROUSSELL, Professor of the Practice of Medicine, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

DR. HENRY BEATES, JR., President of the Penna. State Board of Medical Examiners.

DR. J. DIXON MANN, Professor of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology, Owens College, England.

S. A. VASEY, F. C. S., F. R. S., Member S. P. C. A.

DR. LOUIS STARR, Specialist in Children's Diseases.

DR. FRED J. KALTEYER and DR. CARL FRESSE; Eminent Philadelphia Scientists; joint report.

DR. J. SOLIS-COHEN, Honorary Professor of Laryngology, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Emeritus Professor, Diseases of the Throat, Polyclinic Hospital, Phila.

PROCEEDINGS, American Public Health Association, Boston, 1905.

And many others

NONE JUST AS GOOD

Would you deliberately build a house that can burn?

It would be different if you had no alternative. It would be different if other advantages outweighed the disadvantage of fire risk.

But when you get in concrete a house that is not only fireproof, but also more durable, more economical, more sanitary than one built of any other material; a house in any style of architecture, that needs no repairs or painting, and that is cool in summer and warm in winter—then the use of any other material except concrete is a mistake.

We are not builders. Our interest in your interest in concrete is that we make

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

a brand of Portland Cement that makes the best concrete because it is pure, always uniform in quality. When the Government wanted cement for use in building the Panama Canal, it bought Atlas. When builders who know brands want the best, they use Atlas. It is the standard in cements and should, therefore, be the brand you should specify.

We offer four books for your information:

"Concrete Country Residences" (delivery charges 25 cents).

"Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction" (delivery charges 10 cents).

"Concrete Cottages" (sent free).

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm" (sent free).

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Dept. 62 30 Broad Street, New York
Largest Output of any Cement Company in the world—over 40,000 barrels a day

The Senator's Secretary

WE HAVE had but one apostle in the United States Senate, and we tried mighty hard to keep out the one we have; but now that he is in beyond peradventure—the same being Reed Smoot, of Utah, apostle of the Mormon Church—he is being utilized to the fullest extent of his resources—that is, being a willing young worker, he is allowed to work his head off while others more experienced, and thus more conservative with their energies, sit in the background and pull whatever wires are to be pulled—not more, to be exact, than are observed in a flock of grand pianos.

Smoot went on the Finance Committee when the committees were reorganized. The Finance Committee has charge of making the tariff bill for and of the Senate. Jumping impetuously at his task Smoot displayed a knowledge of wool and similar schedules that made it apparent he might be led to a knowledgeous position with regard to other complicated items in the bill—and they led him. They led him, you may be sure of that. Being a glutton for punishment they put Smoot out in front of the whole affair, so far as the devious gentlemen are concerned who want the tariff shoved up on this or shoved down on that. For weeks, whenever one of these infant-industry owners or protected plutocrats came around and endeavored to mix it with Senator Aldrich or Senator Flint or any other who was doing the fine Italian in the background, that person was told: "See Smoot."

Smoot has been the buffer. He has been out in the foreground. No matter what has been wanted on any tariff subject, from false whiskers to silk stockings, it has been always, "See Smoot." He has been the man on whom the hordes of visiting tariffians have fallen, and he has stood out there and fought them all off. Really, it was not much of a joke, although they all said it was one on Smoot, to be the front for that Finance Committee; but Smoot was so eager for work, so much inclined to labor, that they handed it to him, and the whole community is waking up to the fact that this tall, gangling apostle is a good deal of a citizen. He has developed more in the past three months than he did in his first six years in the Senate. They cannot hand him anything he will not do, and they have discovered that he is a genius at the tariff business, a sort of a natural-born tariff sharp, so to speak. Hence, the corridors of the Senate office-building and the Senate end of the Capitol have been echoing for weeks with "See Smoot," and Smoot has been there, the cold, gray rock on which the tariff hordes have dashed and fallen away, broken, or broke, as the ultimate result may be.

A Bill Full of Trading Stock

Smoot has been the outside man. Meantime, the inside man, the genial and considerate Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has been inching along, inching along on his merry way toward the conference committee where the bill will be made in the final analysis, Mr. Aldrich, by the same token, being the coming head of the Senate conferees.

One might think, if one thought about it at all, that when a Finance Committee of so great an institution as the United States Senate presented a tariff bill, after weeks of study and deliberation and work, it would be substantially the bill the Finance Committee had in mind to get through. One might think that, if one did not know the ways of tariff makers. The concern of Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues in making the tariff bill that was presented to the Senate was not to get a bill for which they would have to fight as a hard-and-fast proposition, but to get a bill so full of possible compromises that there could be done a lot of compromising.

In the good old days a merchant or a farmer or a horseman would start out through the countryside on a dollar-gathering expedition, and he would take with him what he called "trading stock"—meaning a lot of stuff which he hoped to trade with the people he ran across—stuff he didn't want and hoped to exchange for stuff he did want. A Senate tariff bill is the greatest exemplification of the old trading-stock plan the world has ever seen. It is full of trading stock, jammed with it, loaded to the guards with it. The effort was not to make a bill that should represent the full knowledge of the committee, the last tariff word so far as those able and experienced men are concerned, but to get a bill that would be filled with items that could be used to drag in the votes of various Senators on various propositions. There are ninety-one men in the Senate at present, the ex-Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, not yet having burst into our midst because of some slight hesitancy on the part of the Illinois Legislature in sending him back, and every one of those ninety-one has a lot of pet things he wants protected or otherwise in the tariff bill that is in the making.

Thus, the list is canvassed and the schedules are made. If one Senator is likely to hang out on an article for a higher duty, say, the duty on that article is put too low, lower than it will be in the completed bill, then he is informed that if he will withhold his opposition to some certain other article his particular prize and favored article will be favored and put at the figure he desires. Trading stock! Items are inserted to keep Senators quiet and to stir up Senators. It is a crafty document, but no more like the bill that will be passed eventually and signed by the President than it is like the Magna Charta

The Strategy of Senator Aldrich

Having carpentered together this bill, Mr. Aldrich slid it into the Senate. It was read, paragraph by paragraph. This gave the Senators the opportunity of voting to include in the bill each paragraph, or to ask that consideration of any paragraph might be reserved, and that paragraph passed over for separate consideration and a separate vote.

Well, the Senate went solemnly to the task. The Senators who did not like the duties in any paragraphs had those paragraphs passed over. Meantime, Mr. Aldrich sat in his seat with a pencil in his hand and a few sheets of paper in front of him. When a schedule was passed at request of a Senator he noted that schedule and that Senator. Then, after it was all over, he had a neat and comprehensive list of some two hundred and thirty-three paragraphs that had been passed, and a neater and more comprehensive list of the Senators who had asked for the delay.

You observe the strategy? After that bill had been read Aldrich and the Republican members of the Finance Committee had every Senator in that place tagged. They knew exactly the special items, paragraphs and schedules the various Senators were interested in, and they had a list showing them exactly what pressure was needed, along what lines, to get these fellows on the job. It was a directory of the United States Senate in so far as tariff preferences, ideas and obligations went. Every Senator was labeled by his own act.

Observing this, Mr. Aldrich allowed the floodgates of oratory to be opened. He let them talk their heads off on any or all schedules, and he and his trusty lieutenants went to work fixing each individual Senator, fixing each individual along the lines of his individual interests. Nobody cared how long any Senator talked. They could spout until they were black in the face. Careful polls were taken. The strength and weaknesses of the bill were determined. It was like a battle where the commanding general sends up a few regiments to take the fire of the enemy and divert attention until the main body of troops is ready.

On May first Mr. Aldrich lacked four votes of enough to pass his bill, but the orators were out in front shouting out their ideas and getting kind applause, and the manipulation was going on apace. When everything was ready, when all the compromises had been made, when everything had been fixed, he began to slide the bill through

The United States Senate is a remarkable institution. It fusses around and spills a lot of language, and, apparently, has no idea of where it is going or what it will do when it gets there; but suddenly it gets into coherent, cohesive action and, first thing anybody knows, it has done what it wants to do. Oceans of time are wasted on preliminaries, on skirmishes or

A Shabby Privilege

The rich have the privilege of dressing shabbily. If you are still working to make a living, your clothes bill is as much a necessity as your coal and your butcher bills.

You must be respectably tailored or competition will defeat you.

Your tailor bill possibly reaches two hundred dollars a year. If expended in the usual retail tailor shop, this covers one suit each season, an overcoat or two, and a raincoat.

You may be doing it for less. But whatever the sum, it is in your power to get *more clothes* and better style, better material and better fit, for the same amount.

Stein-Bloch have placed at your command for summer wear clothes, in style and workmanship the most advanced in America, at a *reasonable, economical* price. To look at these clothes, to try them on, is a duty you owe your bank account.

The decision as to fit and style is left entirely to your verdict. See them at the leading clothier's in your city. Send for "Smartness," full of fashion photographs—free.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

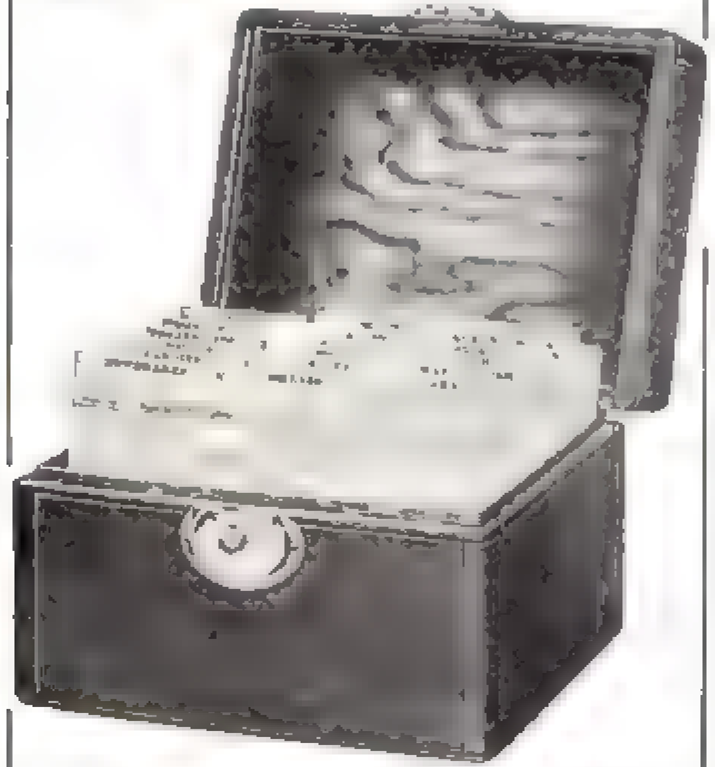
THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men
Offices and Shops, Rochester, N. Y. New York, Fifth Avenue Bldg.
London Agency, SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, Ltd., Oxford Street W.

For June Brides

A handsome, substantial and useful present any housew[illegible]e will cherish al[illegible] her life!

THE DE LUXE Card Index Cooking Recipe Outfit

in handsome Leather Covered Box with silver [illegible] and mussed. [illegible] box. At [illegible] Write for descriptive folder No 4673, and actual sample recipe free



YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. Co.

Executive Offices, Rochester, N. Y.

Filing Equipment Stores

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburg Chicago
New York Washington Cleveland St Louis
Buffalo Los Angeles San Francisco

Largest Makers and Makers of Largest Line of [illegible] Equipment. Catalog N[illegible] 4915 on request.

This free book will prove a revelation to you, if you are not familiar with the pleasures of motorcycling.

The "R-S" Motorcycle

holds out unlimited opportunities for long tours or short-distance spins—the recreation you have been longing for—at a cost easily within reach. "No limit to speed but the law." Safe, comfortable and always dependable.

It will pay you to learn about the machine that stands for motorcycling at its best. The season is here. Every day you delay means pleasure lost.

Write for the "R-S" Book now—to-day.

READING STANDARD COMPANY
River Street, Reading, Pa.
"Built and tested in the mountains"

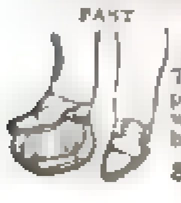
"Devices for Hanging Up the Little Things"

Moore Push-Pins

Moore Push-Points
Moore Push-Tacks
Moore Push-Buttons

[illegible] the celebrated Moore Glass Push-Pins [illegible] walls or woodwork. All sizes and colors [illegible] or 10 cents will bring you full assortment and particul[illegible]

MOORE PUSH PIN CO., 113 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Lame People

The Perfection Extension Shoe for persons with one short limb. Worn with ready made Shoes. Write for booklet. HENRY S. LOTZ
313 Third Ave., New York

decoys; but when that Senate gets into action, gets finally where it wants to begin to do something, it goes through with a rapidity and a celerity that are the constant wonder and admiration of all who watch and understand it.

It seems, at times, that there is more flubdub, more loose talk, more wasted effort in the Senate than anywhere else on earth, but it is all the front. It is the ballyhoo, planned and executed while the leaders are getting things in shape for their final, concerted action. When everything is ready they slide through legislation so fast it makes your eyes pop out. The fight has been largely a sham battle. Even if it is real the leaders never allow anything to come to a test until they are sure of their ground. They will fuss around for a month, with the country sick to death of the oratory of the statesmen, but they will never bring things down to taw until they know what will happen

That is what is being done with the tariff bill. It is being nursed along until the votes are in sight, until the items are all satisfactory, until everybody has been placated, then, bing! and through it will go for the final reconstruction, rehabilitation and rehash in conference, which is the real battle-ground, anyhow. The gentlemen who are putting a tariff bill through the Senate of the United States are not amateurs. They know how. Amateurs are given the noise jobs and the outside work witness Smoot—but the wise old owls get the desired results

And they do it in so many ways. Now, there was that militant leader, LaFollette, of Wisconsin They shunted him aside in the tariff-building and gave him a census bill to manage, showing him up on the floor as entirely unfamiliar with the bill he had to pass as chairman of the Census Committee LaFollette said he wasn't interested in the census, but he was reminded that every Senator is supposed to do his work. He said he wasn't interested in claims when they put him on the Claims Committee, and one day big Penrose, of Pennsylvania, got after him and said a few things about Senators who do not do their fair share of the work merely because they are not interested in it. They made a show of LaFollette on the census bill by asking him the whys and wherefores of various items. He didn't know, hadn't taken the pains to find out. Then they said: "Well, good-by, Mr. LaFollette Go on off to your lecturing tours if you like; but remember, you can't get along here by mere noise."

Knute Nelson on the Warpath

Having scientifically canned LaFollette they reached out and gave young Mr Dixon a good place, and went through the list of a lot of Senators who might be likely to fall in with LaFollette in some of his ideas, fixing them up, and then they turned to observe what the effect was. The effect was what it always has been in such sublimated politics. They dispersed a good deal of the insurgent forces. Simple, too. The people of Brown, of Nebraska, wanted an income tax. They gave Brown a chance to introduce an income-tax amendment; but it carried a constitutional amendment with it, thus putting it far into the future, which Brown, apparently, did not think of when he grabbed the glory of fathering the amendment.

Still, it has not all been so easy. There is Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who has been Knutting around as the wildest kind of an insurgent. Knute is a wily old citizen with a low-tariff record, and he is so strong with his people that it makes little difference what he does. However, Knute was interested in a judgeship appointment in his state. President Roosevelt had appointed Milton Purdy to the place without consulting Knute or his colleague, Senator Clapp, and Knute held it up. Some time after the inauguration Knute went up to the White House and said: "How about that judgeship? Do I get my man and kill off Purdy?" He was told there wasn't much doing that day in the matter of killing off Purdy. Whereupon, Knute charged back to the Senate, left the reservation and began ripping into the crockery schedule—held by President Taft in his East Liverpool, his Trenton and his Boston speeches as being one schedule that needed little revision. Nothing personal about it, so far as Knute was concerned, nor in his rampages against other schedules; but how about that judgeship? And so it goes.

ONOTO

SAFETY SELF-FILLING VACUUM
FOUNTAIN PEN

FILLS ITSELF
IN FIVE SECONDS

CANNOT LEAK
EVEN THOUGH CARRIED POINT DOWNWARD

Look for the name ONOTO on the barrel

The "ONOTO" is a perfect, simply-constructed safety fountain pen in which are eliminated all the disadvantages of the old-style fountain pens, and in which are incorporated all the salient features which modern scientific effort can put into a fountain pen. It takes you from yesterday to TODAY.

It Cannot Leak

When the head of the pen is screwed securely to the barrel it is impossible for the ink in the reservoir to pass the point, thus making it absolutely leak-proof.

It Fills Itself

Farewell to the inconvenient glass-filler! To fill the ONOTO it is but necessary to pull the plunger back and push it forward—a five seconds operation.

It Regulates Itself

By the slightest twist of the regulating device, the ONOTO can be made to write finely or freely, as the owner wishes.

It is Absolutely Guaranteed

There is not a part of the ONOTO Fountain Pen that we do not guarantee as to construction, workmanship and material.

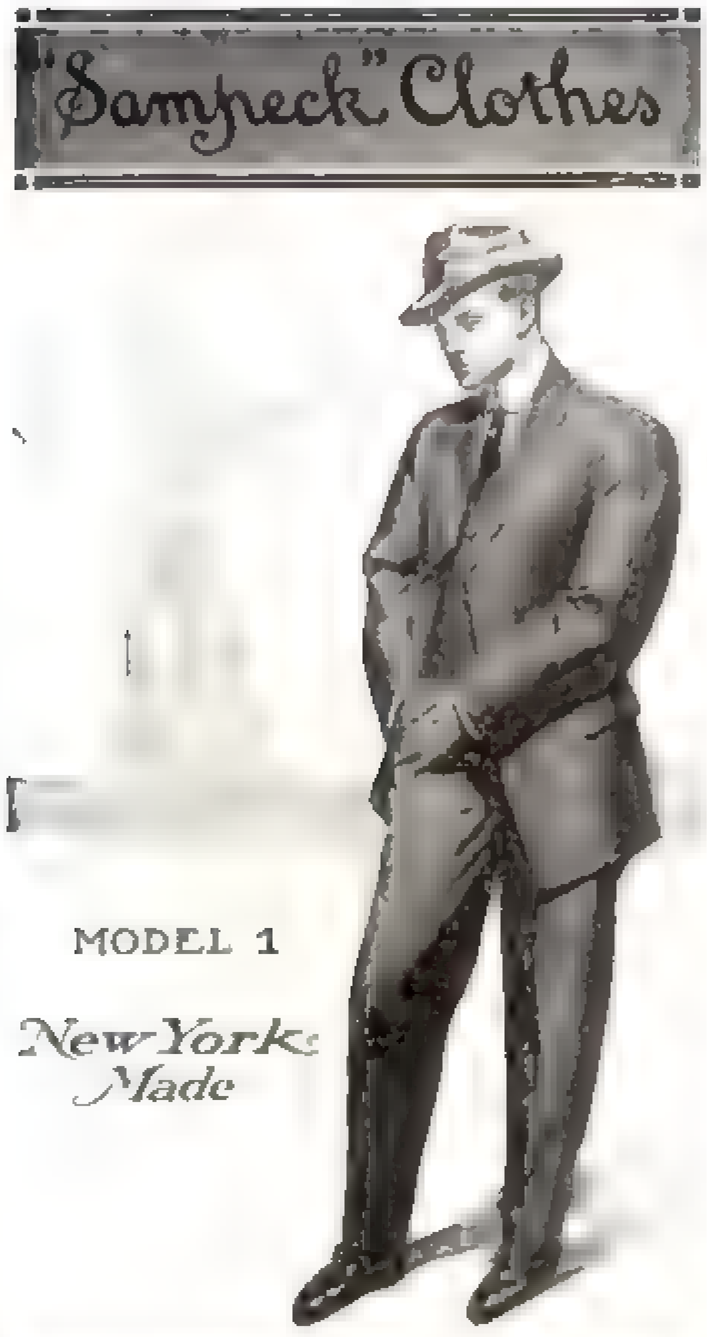
There are three sizes of ONOTO Self-Filling Fountain Pens:

Small Size $2.50 Medium Size $4.00 Large Size $5.00

There is much more to be told about the ONOTO Safety Self-Filling Vacuum Fountain Pen.

Our handsome catalogue "D" will be forwarded on request

ONOTO PEN CO
261 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY



THE emphatic style, assured poise and consummate distinction, which set the well-dressed Young Man apart in every gathering, cannot be obtained in any clothes, *but* those designed and tailored in the *metropolis* by "*Sampeck*."

"*Sampeck*" *Clothes* for Young Men (and them alone) interpret style—authentic style—advanced style. In cut, color and cloth they are precise counterparts of the "creations" of the premier London and Fifth Avenue drapers.

Demand the brand "*Sampeck*", of *your* clothes-shop. The label is in *every* garment. Our fascinating "College Almanac A of Dress and Sports" sent *free* for a post-card.

SAMUEL W PECK & CO.
NEW YORK CITY

Style, Neatness Comfort
The Improved
BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over the World

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

George Frost Co.
Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Insist on Having the Genuine
Refuse All Substitutes

Sense and Nonsense

The Deserters

Somewhere upon the sunny air the Boss imagines he can hear
The cries that rise and swell and bear the cadence of a mighty cheer;
Somewhere afar the bleachers are, the turnstiles and the raucous note
The umpire brings, set on a par with growls from some trapped grizzly's throat.
Somewhere he calls them strikes or balls, somewhere the red-legged runner's stride
From third to home is flattened out into a sweeping, screaming slide.
The fever grows the while he knows the fans are gathering afar—
He grabs his hat and stick and goes—he's just in time to catch a car!

The listless clerk drones o'er his work—far in the distance he can see
The bleachers fill, a bitter pill it is for him that he must be
Bent o'er his books; and now he looks across those miles with hungry eyes
To see, in dreams, the struggling teams go forth to battle for the prize
The music hears he of the spheres, and as the Boss goes down the stair
The fever grows, for well he knows what home-team heroes will be there
With guilty joy the office boy he tells to say he's called away
By urgent press of business and won't be back till late that day.

The click and whirr of typewriter is silent now—she sits and sighs
Upon the letters left for her, a far-off dreaming in her eyes;
What stunts are done by Mathewson! She hears the echoes rise and fall:
She sees the pitcher in the box and hears the umpire cry, "Play ball!"
Oh, that she might see some proud knight drop on his knees—Odsblood and Zounds!—
And hear him say, "Fair lady, pray, I would escort thee to the grounds!"
And then, oh joy! the office boy approaches her and mutters, "Mame,
Get on your lid; the work's all did! Let's go out and see the game!" —J. W. Foley

A Pen Gone Wrong

COLONEL HENRY HALL, president of the Gridiron Club, had an attack of appendicitis in Pittsburgh, which is his home city, and was taken to a hospital.

On the first day he was allowed to sit up he wrote to a friend in Washington about an important matter, and closed: "Please excuse haste and a bad appendix."

Ideals

I don't see 'zactly why my folks
Jes' tease an' tease, an' coax an' coax
Me all th' time to promise them
That I'll be jes' like Uncle Jem
When I grow up, an' own a mine,
An' go to bed at half-pas' nine,
An' brush my clo's, an' learn to pray,
An' take a bath wifout no pay.
An' learn to figger how much coal
Is on th' inside of a hole,
An' wash my teef, an' comb my hair,
An' clean my shoes, an' never swear,
Er shoot a gun, er go to shows,
Er smoke, er swim wifout no clo's,
Er call a darky boy a coon,
Er eat my mince pie wif a spoon.

W'en I grow up to be a man
I want to be like Uncle Dan,
An' wear a big, long rubber coat,
An' rubber boots, an' sail a boat,
An' feed a pig, an' trade off dogs,
An' fish wif little clay bullfrogs,
An' stay up late, an' eat hardtack,
An' build a house wot's called a shack;
An' never have no Sunday suit,
An' learn to whistle on a flute,
An' have a beard an' curly hair,
An' own a circus an' a fair,
An' drive a cart wif yellow wheels,
An' eat ice cream between my meals,
An' camp out in a big white tent,
An' never have to pay no rent.

—*Harrold Skinner.*

Daylight for Dark Stores—Factories—Basements

It has been our business for years to put daylight into dark buildings. If you occupy the ordinary dark store or factory, we can put daylight into every nook and corner of it, and cut your light bills about 60%.

We are experts with years of experience. No other firm in the country does the kind of work we do.

We can easily figure out for you just how we are over 100 times better equipped for the solving of daylighting problems than is any other concern in the world.

Twenty-Seven Thousand Successes

We have successfully put daylight into 27,000 dark buildings, and have saved for the owners and renters thousands of dollars a month in light bills.

Four thousand buildings and stores in Chicago alone use our system. We are now equipping about 200 buildings a month.

In all our experience we have not found more than one problem in every 100 that is beyond our abilities.

If yours is that one we tell you so before you have spent a penny.

We cannot afford to attempt the impossible.

We have a great reputation at stake.

When our experts examine your daylighting difficulties, you can depend on their verdict.

Let Them Examine Your Daylight Problem

It costs you nothing. After these men say what they think, you can decide if you want the work done.

Our system pays for itself many times over and in a very short time.

The Luxfer System of Daylighting Buildings

You burn artificial light, now, every [illegible].

It is *this* light that we *save* you.

After the cost of the system is [illegible], you get sunlight *free* in place of it—*far better light* that costs nothing.

One store owner in Cleveland saved $107 the first month our system was used.

Can you afford to be prejudiced when there are figures like that?

Branches and Experts in Twenty Cities

An expert from one of these branches will call on you, if you wish. You don't have to do business with us at long range.

But first get our free book—"Daylighting." Learn all the facts.

Let us send you letters from business men who have installed our system.

See who they are and what they think.

Cut this out as a memo.

A Reminder

To write to the American Luxfer System (Inquiry Department) for the book, "Daylighting." Address 1608 Heyworth Building, Chicago.

The New 88 Note ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

In purchasing a player-piano or exchanging your old-style piano, for the modern one which every one can play, (as you will soon find it expedient to do) it is to your best interests to secure for yourself the finest and most completely equipped instrument it is possible to have. Month after month, we have been advancing argument after argument in favor of the ANGELUS Player-Piano. We have given you reason after reason why it is better, and why, from every practical view-point, its possession is infinitely more desirable than that of any other instrument of its kind. To these reasons, we now add still another.

The ANGELUS Player-Piano, instead of restricting the user to the incomplete 65-note range, is now built to play the full 88 notes, the entire compass of the piano key-board. This new, and extremely important feature, gives you exactly the same playing range as that of the concert-pianist—the full 88-note range—from the lowest note in the bass, to the highest note in the treble. The new 88-note ANGELUS plays all 88-note and 65-note music rolls. This gives the user a far more comprehensive selection of music than is available for any other player-piano.

The **Phrasing Lever**, the **Melodant**, the **Diaphragm Pneumatics**, **Melody Buttons**, **Artistyle Music-Rolls** and the **Duplex Spool** [illegible] ANGELUS. These comprise the most complete [illegible]

Write for our beautiful new booklet, and name of convenient dealer

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO. *Business Established in 1877* MERIDEN, CONN.
[illegible]

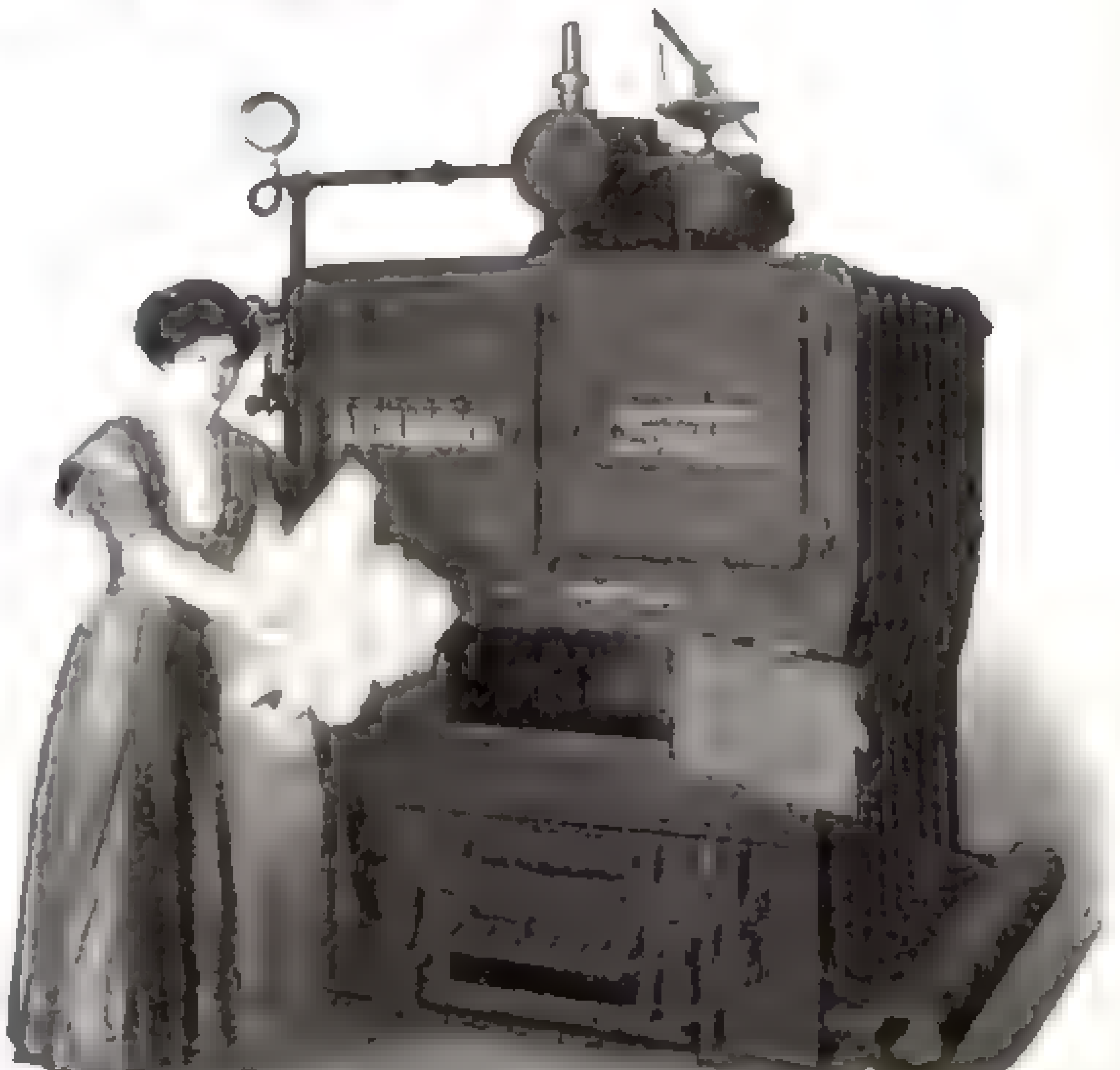
An Armful of Burning Newspapers

We have perfected a heating system so sensitive that the flames from an armful of newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*—on the coldest day of January; and perfect comfort without overheating, on cool evenings in June.

A system so flexible, and so economical of fuel that it pays its own cost and saves its own maintenance.

And its *first* cost is no more than that of common heating systems.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers — Radiators

The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity.

Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water.

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or over 40 per cent more. Think of it!

You will find that instead of the cumbersome, heavy iron castings enclosing the water circulation of common boilers, there is no waste metal in the Richmond to absorb costly heat.

Strong, Even Castings

The castings commonly used in boilers are too thick in some places—too thin in others. The castings used in Richmond boilers are uniform. They are stronger than common castings, but because of their evenness, waste no heat.

The flues used in common heaters deliver the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before they are half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat-giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot, burning line of flame.

There are countless other points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found only in Richmond systems. Points of superiority to be found in the ash pit, in the fire box, in the water circulation, in the regulation devices and in the radiators and their control.

Find Out For Yourself

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

Write Us

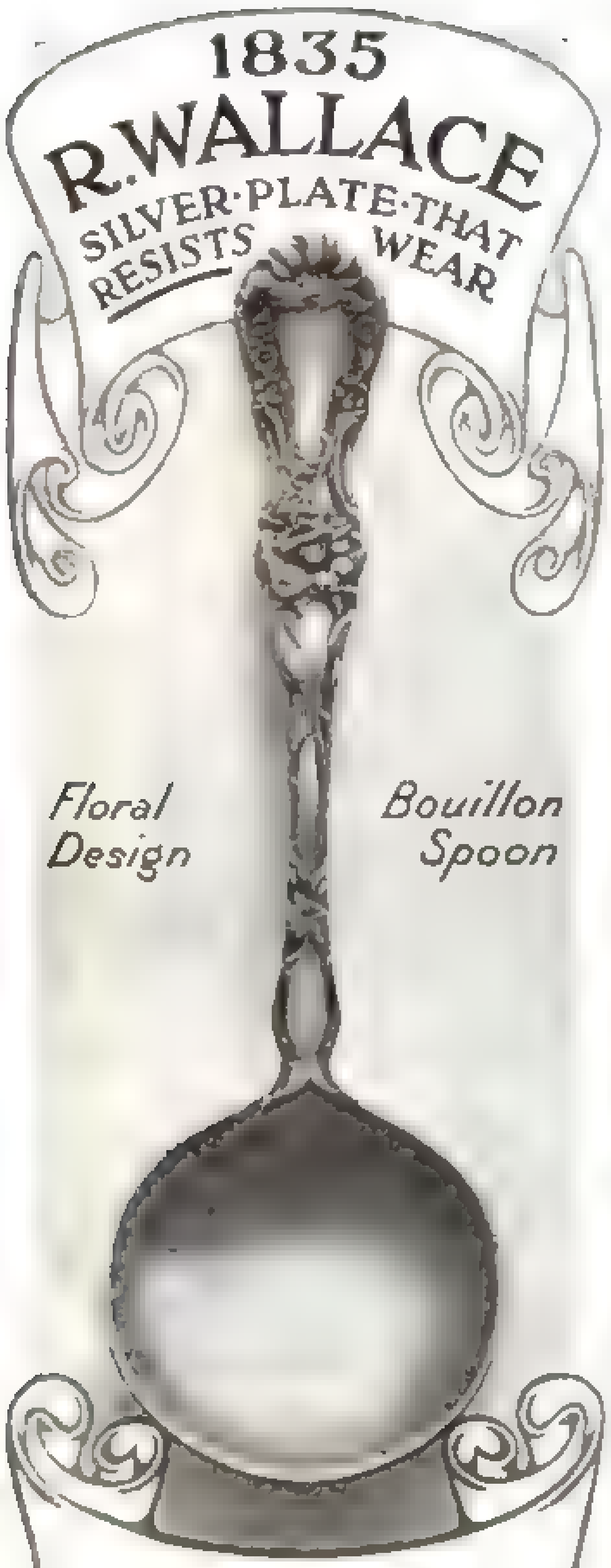
If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

Address in the West
Cameron, Schroth, Cameron Co.
Western Distributors for
Richmond Boilers and Radiators
190 Michigan Street, Chicago

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs and Enameled Ware

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the Richmond line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks to bath tubs, which bears the name, "RICHMOND" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. 50 East 20th Street, New York City
New Address after June 15th, Park Avenue and 41st Street



NO matter what wedding gift you may think of, you always come back to silverware as the most welcome and appropriate. And when the barrier of high-price is removed, there is no further hesitation. 1835 R. Wallace, the silver-plate that *resists* wear, presents actual Sterling style and worth at but half the price of solid silver. Ask your dealer.

Send a postal today for Mrs. Rorer's book, "How to Set the Table."

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Box 31, Wallingford, Conn.

KING MANTELS

are artistic in appearance, [illegible] construction, distinctive in style and sold at reasonable prices

A 50c Book for Postage

Write for our Challenge Catalog "De Luxe" [illegible] pages [illegible] "Colonial Beauties" [illegible] 50c [illegible], but we send it to interested persons who state number of mantels needed, and send 12 cents to pay expense of mailing.

FREE [illegible]

Write today.

King Mantel Company
547-549 W. Jackson Avenue
Knoxville, Tenn.

5% Interest allowed on every Dollar you deposit with us

You may withdraw at moment's notice. (6 percent allowed $100 time deposits.) Germania Bank as your Trustee holds over $2,000,000 approved first mortgages as security as required by State Laws. Not a dollar loss to depositors in 18 years. "Sulky Dollar" booklet explains methods.

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York St., Savannah, Ga.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOWN

(Continued from Page 9)

started for the ring, reeling as he went, and at the same time carrying on a running talk with the ringmaster. Of course, the whole show halted; everybody was keenly interested, for they thought it was the real thing

Approaching the ringmaster the man again upbraided him. Then the ringmaster said:

"You seem to be so smart, I suppose *you* think you can ride."

"You bet I can," was the reply. He started toward the horse.

"I warn you," continued the ringmaster, "you will get hurt." But the man ignored the warning and took off his coat Then he laboriously climbed on the back of the horse, while the interest of the crowd became intense. Nearly every person who goes to a circus expects to see some one hurt. There is the same feeling among those who watch a man go into a den of wild beasts. I suppose it is human nature.

At any rate, the drunken man finally got on the horse, pulled a bottle from his pocket, took a farewell swig and then proceeded to take off more of his clothes. Meanwhile, the horse had started. As the animal walked around the ring the man's clothes fell to the ground. In a moment he stood revealed, clad in tights and spangles, while the horse, feeling his master on his back, began to gallop Then the crowd saw that it had been fooled by a clever trick, but it was so well done that there was always great applause. It took a first-class clown to do this act, because he had to be a good actor and rider. I was the second clown in this act many times. I fell under and around the horse while the dialogue was going on.

The Clown's Mule January

There was another successful clown trick in those days. It was called the January act From the beginning of the American circus the mule driven by the clown in the circus was called January. I never knew why the beast got this name, save that he looked like the dead of winter and always got his tail tied up in the reins. The trick was this: the clown drove into the ring in a red cart drawn by the mule. He drew up with a clatter, saying:

"Whoa, January!"

There was curious magic in that expression. No matter where it was spoken, in town or in country, it drew great laughter After his noisy entrance the clown got into an argument with the ringmaster, who had a horse by his side. They agreed to make a trade. But as soon as the ringmaster got the mule the animal got balky and would not budge. Meanwhile, the clown started to drive off in triumph, but the ringmaster called him back and implored him to trade back. The clown refused. The ringmaster then offered a cash bonus which the clown accepted and then drove off with January, waving the money and saying: "It's easy when you know how." This always caught the crowd, for everybody is interested in a horse-trade, and especially in one in which one of the parties gets badly done.

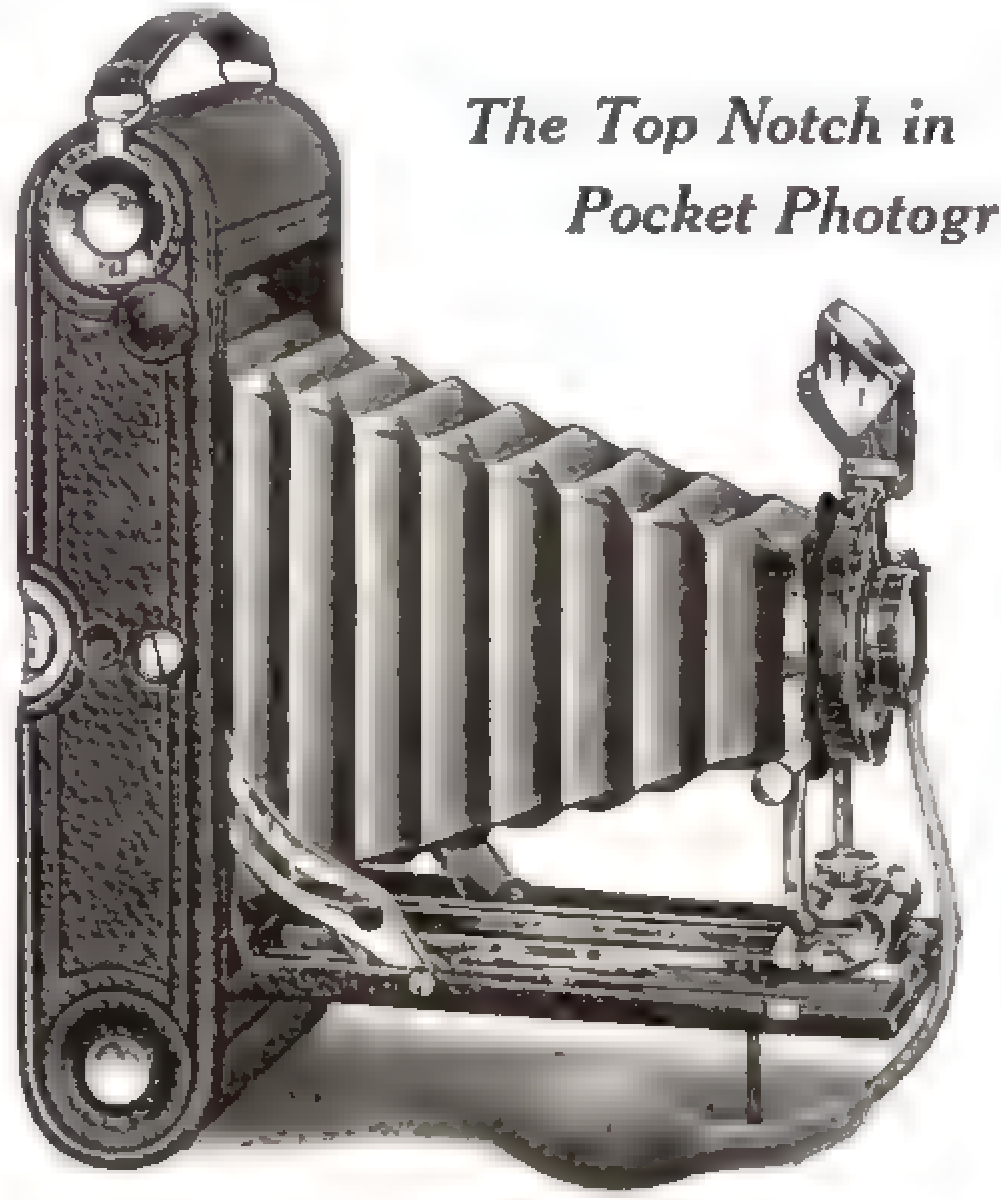
In 1889 I went with the Ringling show and have been with it ever since. It was their last year as a wagon show, for the next year it traveled by railroad. Somehow, I did not like the change at first. I loved the free life of the wagon shows. It was hard traveling, but it was always interesting. It kept you in the open and everybody was sound and healthy. The women thrived as much as the men.

There was one satisfaction about the change to the railroad. The show remained under canvas. You can work better under canvas than in any other place. Ask anybody connected with the show, from the highest-priced "kinker," as the performers are known, down to the stake-driver, and he will tell you that he likes the "big canvas top" best of all. It's like being in the open; you can be with the horses and you get the smell of sawdust, shavings and earth, which is like the breath of life to the showman. I'd rather be soaked to the skin under the tent in Kansas than be dry under a roof at Madison Square Garden in New York.

As the circus grew bigger the talking clown ceased to exist. The tents grew so large and the acts of the show became so

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK.

The Top Notch in Pocket Photography



3A Folding Pocket Kodak

Every detail of design, material and workmanship has been worked out with the utmost care to produce a camera of the widest capabilities, yet it retains the Kodak simplicity — and "Kodak" you know, means photography with the bother left out.

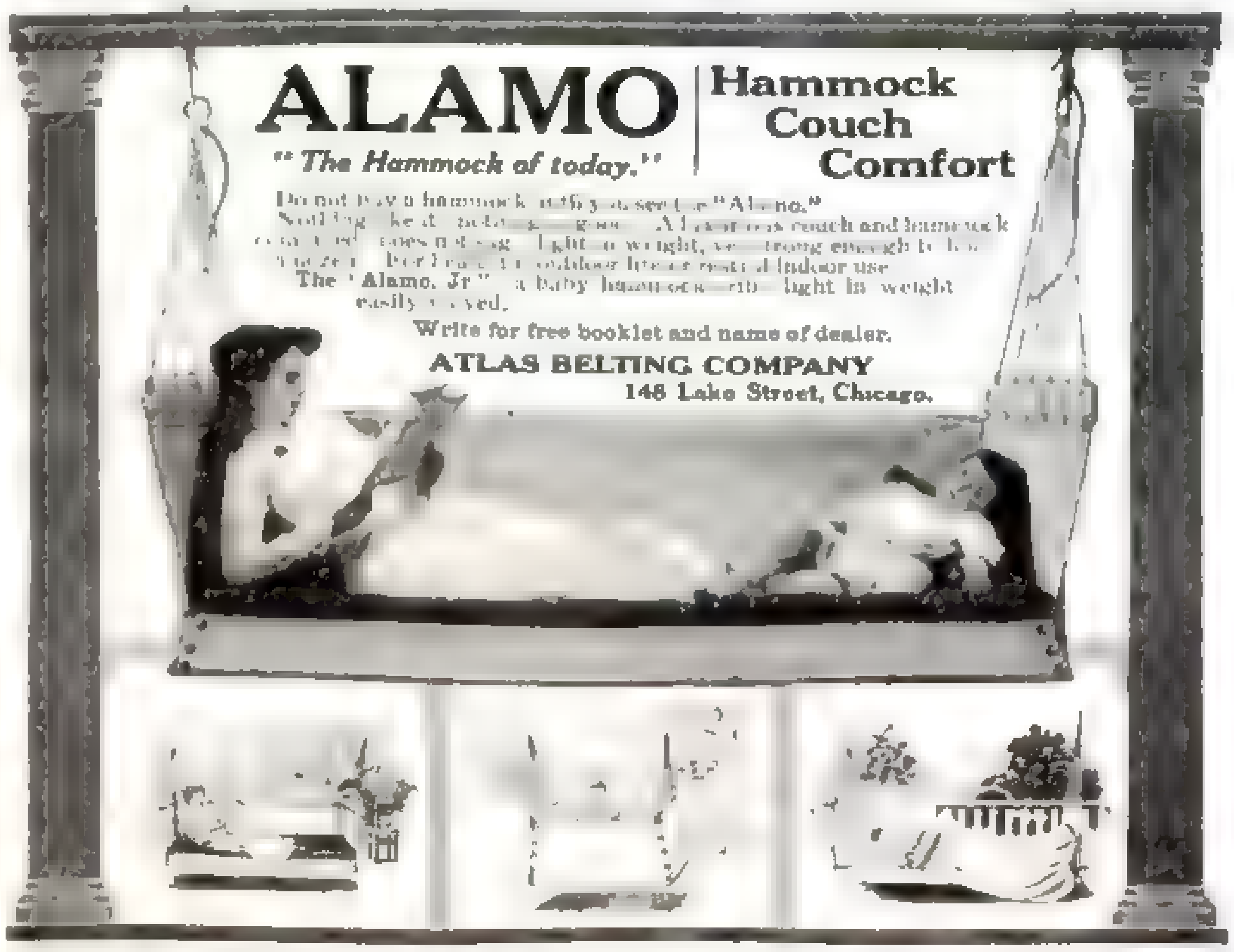
A feature of the 1909 model is the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, in which we have embodied a new principle in shutter construction. The leaves are in five segments, mounted entirely on ball bearings and open in the form of a star, thus admitting a much greater amount of light in a given time than any other between the lens type of shutter. Practically frictionless and with a precision and smoothness that are a mechanical delight.

No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½. $20.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Kodak Catalogue free at [illegible]

ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

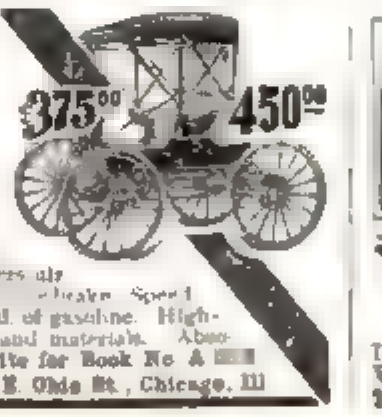


ALAMO Hammock Couch Comfort
"The Hammock of today."

Do not buy a hammock until you see the "Alamo."
Nothing like it [illegible]. A luxurious couch and hammock [illegible] does not sag; light in weight, yet strong enough to [illegible]. Perfect for outdoor life or restful indoor use.
The "Alamo, Jr." a baby hammock [illegible] light in weight easily moved.

Write for free booklet and name of dealer.

ATLAS BELTING COMPANY
148 Lake Street, Chicago.



"Get There" at a price to suit you direct for a **BLACK MOTOR BUGGY**

Built for [illegible] roads, hills and [illegible] Engine [illegible] chain drive rear wheels [illegible] brake. Speed 2 to 25 m. per hr. — 30 miles on 1 gal. of gasoline. Highest quality finish, workmanship and materials. Absolutely safe [illegible]. Write for Book No. A [illegible]

BLACK MFG. COMPANY, 124 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill

Two-Flat House Plans
Complete working plans $2.
SKETCH SENT FREE
EDW. S. DUNN
5th National Bank Bldg., New York City

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.00
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere. Visiting Cards, 100 50c; with case 75c. Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S. Tremont St., Boston, Mass

SALADS

All salads need that piquancy given by

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use.

Refuse Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y

A Genuine Red Cedar

Window Seat Chest

This chest is a beautiful [illegible] natural finish, heavily bound with wide copper bands [illegible] old-fashioned copper rivets. It is [illegible] ever attained in [illegible] furniture. A [illegible] treasure, and a certain protection for furs and woolens against moths and dampness. Precisely the proper thing for a wedding or birthday gift. We prepay freight [illegible] factory to home, returning piece and paying return freight if not satisfactory. Send for catalog of different styles and prices. Sold DIRECT from factory.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. G, Statesville, N. C.

"Twin Grip"

PAPER FASTENER

It's just that double grip and the turn-down lips at the tip that make this fastener ideal for your office. Neither top, bottom nor middle paper can become loose — the twin prongs hold them all.

The De Long Hook and Eye Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Send for free samples in four sizes.

Dessert Book Free

I want every housekeeper in the land to send for my new dessert book. It has been greatly enlarged and improved, contains many new recipes and is handsomely illustrated in colors. The book is full of the daintiest and most delicious desserts imaginable, suitable for any and all occasions at every season of the year. For the name and address of your grocer I will send you the book free. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, for 2c. in stamps and his name I will send a full pint sample or for 15c a two quart package.

CHARLES B. KNOX, 23 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

A Genuine
PANAMA
Fit for a King
Express prepaid $4

[illegible] This Panama, closely woven, light and porous, blocked and trimmed, all sizes. $10 value; prepaid for $4

We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day, stating size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HOUSTON HAT CO.
Panama Hat Kings
World's Largest Panama Hat Importers HOUSTON, TEXAS

The Celebrated Hungarian and English Partridges and Pheasants rabbits, deer, etc., for stocking purposes. Fancy pheasants, peafowl, cranes, storks, swans, ornamental geese and ducks, all kinds of birds and animals. WENZ & MACKENSEN, Dept. X, Pheasantry and Game Park, Yardley, Pa.

varied and many that it became difficult to hold the attention of the crowd for a talking act. Yet with all its three rings, its "dip of death" by the daring lady in the auto, and the whole host of new and sensational features, the circus would not be a circus without the clowns.

Just as the circus has developed in every way, so has the clown had to put new wrinkles into his work. The clown's work involves much thought and preparation. Every act that he does is carefully studied out and rehearsed. I have practiced a fall for a month. You may have noticed that clowns act in pairs or trios. This is due to the fact that every clown act, no matter how ludicrous or how simple, must tell a story. It is really a small drama or comedy. If the clowns, for example, wear soldiers' uniforms, they give an idea of a camp, a battlefield or some definite picture. Like everything else the clowning must be timely. The clown plays on a vogue. It may be Salome, or The Merry Widow, or the peach-basket hat, or the sheath gown. He must make his act a perfect piece of mimicry. Next, he must first look funny and then act funny. It is not always easy.

When people ask me what underlies the business of clowning I always say, "Mimicry." That is the first requirement. This is why so many good clowns are such good pantomime artists. We must first see ourselves as others see us.

Many wonder why the clown keeps the whiteface make-up. This is the traditional clown face. Both the costume and the face of the clown have undergone little change in a hundred years. It is, perhaps, the only amusement act that has kept its integrity all these years. Take the slapstick, the bladder and the funny fall and you have the original clown's stock in trade. It remains today. Unless I am mistaken it will remain for another hundred years.

Sad Hearts Under the Clown's Garb

Some successful clown acts are quite accidental. You start to do a stunt, perhaps stump your toe. Then the crowd laughs. Every time afterward that you do this act you stump your toe. Some men work at clowning for years and never become real clowns for the reason that clowns are born and not made.

The clown's costume requires great study. I make three complete changes twice a day. We have to buy our own costumes, and by reason of the rough-and-tumble character of our work they need renewing very often. In the old days there was always a boss clown, but now the clown acts are run by the general director of the show.

The clown make-up requires the utmost care and study. It is just as elaborate and requires as much time as the make-up of a character actor on the stage. Noses have to be built up, heads built out and every line drawn in the face must indicate something. Some clowns now use grease-paint, but formerly they only used white powder.

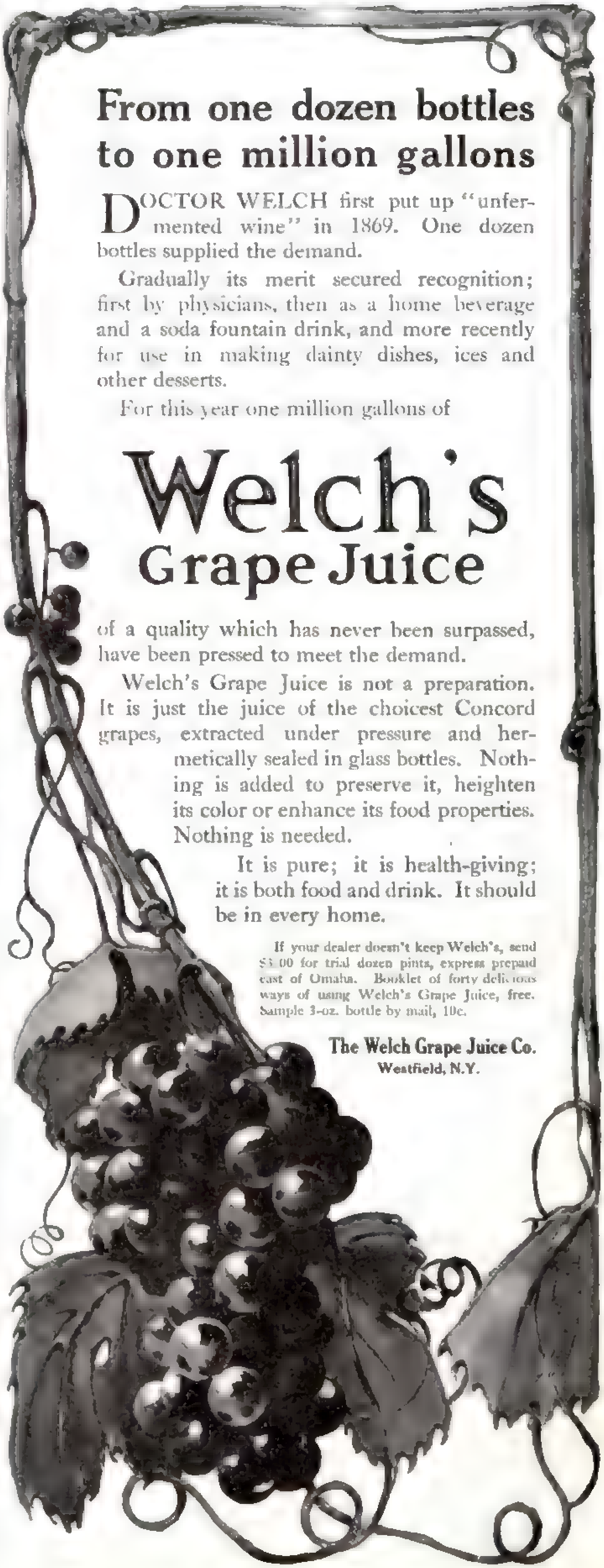
Nothing gives a clown more pleasure, perhaps, than to amuse the very young and the very old. The applause of children is the sweetest music in the world. I never see the little ones banked high up on the seats without thinking of my own.

They say the clown is a jester and has no soul or heart. I will tell you of an incident in my own life. I married after I came to this country, and I had a little boy. All summer I had to be away from him, but in the winters, when the show was in winter quarters and I went back to New York, I spent hours and hours with that little chap.

One year the show opened early and it was still cold. We were playing in a small Wisconsin town. It was a one-night stand and the tent was full. I had an unusually funny act and brand-new. In it I carried a baby around in my arms. I was supposed to be taking it away from the nurse. After I had been on a little while I was told that I was wanted in the pad-room. When I got there some one gave me a telegram from my wife which said: "Frank is dying." That was my boy. He was in New York; I was hundreds of miles away and I could not get to him. Outside in the big tent the band was playing, whips were cracking in the rings, people were laughing and shouting — the whole circus fun was on. There I stood in my clown's garb with the tears streaming down my white make-up. I heard a voice say merrily:

"Come, Jules; we are waiting for you."

So I had to go out into that crowded arena with a breaking heart, to laugh and



From one dozen bottles to one million gallons

DOCTOR WELCH first put up "unfermented wine" in 1869. One dozen bottles supplied the demand.

Gradually its merit secured recognition; first by physicians, then as a home beverage and a soda fountain drink, and more recently for use in making dainty dishes, ices and other desserts.

For this year one million gallons of

Welch's Grape Juice

of a quality which has never been surpassed, have been pressed to meet the demand.

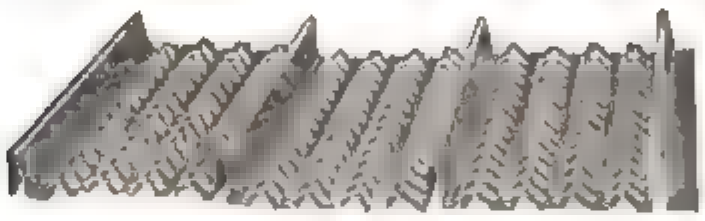
Welch's Grape Juice is not a preparation. It is just the juice of the choicest Concord grapes, extracted under pressure and hermetically sealed in glass bottles. Nothing is added to preserve it, heighten its color or enhance its food properties. Nothing is needed.

It is pure; it is health-giving; it is both food and drink. It should be in every home.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N.Y.

Hy-Rib



A steel lath with deep stiffening ribs. Does away with studs in walls and partitions, and with centering in concrete floors and roofs. **HY-RIB** is one of the products of the

Kahn System Reinforced Concrete

[illegible] successful use for over 2500 important structures in all parts of the world. It will pay you to write us about any building that you are planning.

Set up the sheets of **HY-RIB**, apply plaster, the work is complete. Local builders or your own men can erect it. No chance for mistakes.

For all Buildings

HY RIB plastered with cement is the best way to build Sidings, Walls, Partitions, Floors, Roofs and Ceilings. **HY RIB** makes low cost fireproof buildings. No expense for repairs or maintenance. Use **HY RIB** in place of inflammable wood sheathing and short-lived leaky corrugated iron.

Write for free **HY RIB** Catalogue — full of valuable building information

Trussed Concrete Steel Company
581 Trussed Concrete Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.
Offices in principal cities

KAHN SYSTEM

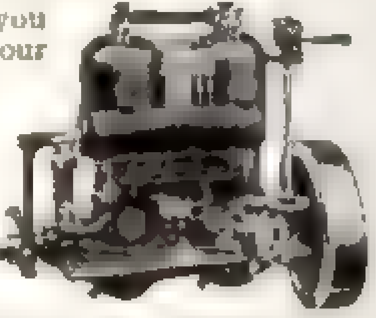
All Records Broken

By Br'er Fox II in Her Long Distance Speed and Great Endurance Race Just Run from Cincinnati to New Orleans — Distance 1,554 Miles — Running Time, 54 Hours, 21 Minutes and 58 Seconds. Every

Fox Motor

is built for service — both heavy duty and high speed — for commercial and pleasure boats; also cup-winning racers. Fox Motors are made in 18 sizes, from 2½ to 50 H. P. We will ship to you any size **without asking you one cent of** your money, not even for freight, and will give you **30 days' free trial** in your own boat.

Write to-day for a Fox Catalog with our Sales Propositions. We will also send you "Fox Facts" and an Authentic Account of the Greatest Endurance Race in the History of Motor Boating.



The Fox Reversible Gasoline Engine Co.
203 Front Street, South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

Represent recognized superiority for every kind of fishing. Are the favorites of professionals and amateurs. No other rod so convenient, reliable or satisfactory. "BRISTOL" Rods are beautiful to look at, light, flexible, strong. GUARANTEED THREE YEARS. Demand the genuine "BRISTOL." [illegible]

THE HORTON MFG. CO.,
91 Horton St.,
Bristol Conn.

jest and play with a dummy child while my own lay dying. So you see that behind the mask and motley of my calling there is real tragedy.

I have many chances to look into the heart of the circus, because I am the postman and receive and distribute every letter that comes to the performers. I know them all by name. I go to the post-office in the town as soon as the parade is over. Then I go back to the lot with the mailbag. Sometimes I make four trips a day to the post-office. Many eager hopes hang on those trips. The dashing ladies who ride bareback often look for letters that never come.

I am the special friend and guide of the foreign performers, because I speak half a dozen languages. Every Saturday many of them come to me with their wages and say: "Jules, send this home." I know all the addresses, and when I go after the mail I get postal orders for them.

I add to my income by selling copies of the route. This is a privilege that the owners have given me in view of my long service with them. They have it printed for me each month, and I sell it to the employees for five cents apiece. I get no salary for being postman, but at the end of the season a purse is made up for me.

There is much intermarrying among circus people. It is a curious fact, but clowns often marry bareback riders or aerialists. Then the couples get engagements with the same show and can remain together.

This leads me to another interesting fact about the circus clown. Many people think he is a buffoon all the time. They are much mistaken. Like the professional humorist he takes his calling very seriously.

I once met a man who asked me what my line of business was. When I told him I was a circus clown he thought I was jesting with him. I asked him what he thought I was and he said I looked like a preacher. Perhaps the white string tie that I always wear fooled him.

The Clown of a Dream

There are traditions of real greatness in our profession. There was Grimaldi, king of clowns. He lived in England in the early days of the nineteenth century. He was the greatest pantomimist the world ever saw, and real pantomime died with him. Charles Dickens wrote about him. He appeared as Squire Bugle in the spectacle of Mother Goose at Covent Garden.

There is a story about him that has been handed down from clown to clown these many years. It goes on to say that Grimaldi was once very sick and despondent and he went to see a famous doctor. The great man looked him over and then said:

"Go to see Grimaldi and laugh yourself well."

The clown looked at him sadly and said:

"I am Grimaldi."

There is great difference of opinion about the origin of the circus clown. My friend Miacco thinks he developed from the harlequin. But I don't agree with him. When I was with a small French circus many years ago an old French clown told me this legend: The little daughter of a mountebank once dreamed that she saw her father with white face, white pantaloons and peaked hat, performing before a crowd, and that they were laughing. It was such a vivid dream that she told her father. He was impressed and dressed himself up as she described and became the first circus clown.

Since I have just spoken of the origin of the clown it might be fitting for me to say something of his end. When you are once a circus clown you are always a circus clown. Many die with the show. The white that we put on our faces is like the grease-paint the actors use. It never comes off. Miacco is nearly seventy and he is still spry and can twist his foot around his neck. I am moving on toward sixty and I seldom miss a performance.

For years I have made from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week, and I have saved my money. I own a farm in South Dakota. It is a claim that I staked out ten years ago. A man operates it for me. I also own a house in Independence, Missouri, and it is paid for. I have enjoyed my clowning, and to be content in one's work is a great satisfaction. I know at least that I have caused many persons to forget their troubles, and I have made countless children laugh and clap their little hands with joy. It is good to be a clown.

For comfort's sake, wear knitted underwear.

YOU can get it *now* in the new style undergarments — knee length, short sleeves, coat-shirt and all. This good old-fashioned balbriggan absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling. Your size will fit you in ROXFORD garments. They are ample and easy in crotch and seat and arm-hole. *There is a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

FOR MEN AND BOYS. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth sending for.*

Long-sleeve shirts
Short-sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Ba[illegible] shirts (no buttons)
Coat-shirts (short or long sleeves)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle-length drawers
Knee-length drawers
Short-stout drawers
Long-slim drawers

Any style, any weight, for any climate. 50c., 75c., $1.00 per garment. Send your name for the Book and please yourself.

Roxford Knitting Co., Dept. K, Philadelphia

RADFORD'S PLANS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BUNGALOWS — Our Big Book of Bungalows shows 200 designs to be built in any climate. It illustrates complete floor plans and gives the estimated cost of construction. [illegible] **Radford's** latest and best designs of Bungalows. The Bungalow you want [illegible] Book. Price postpaid $1.00

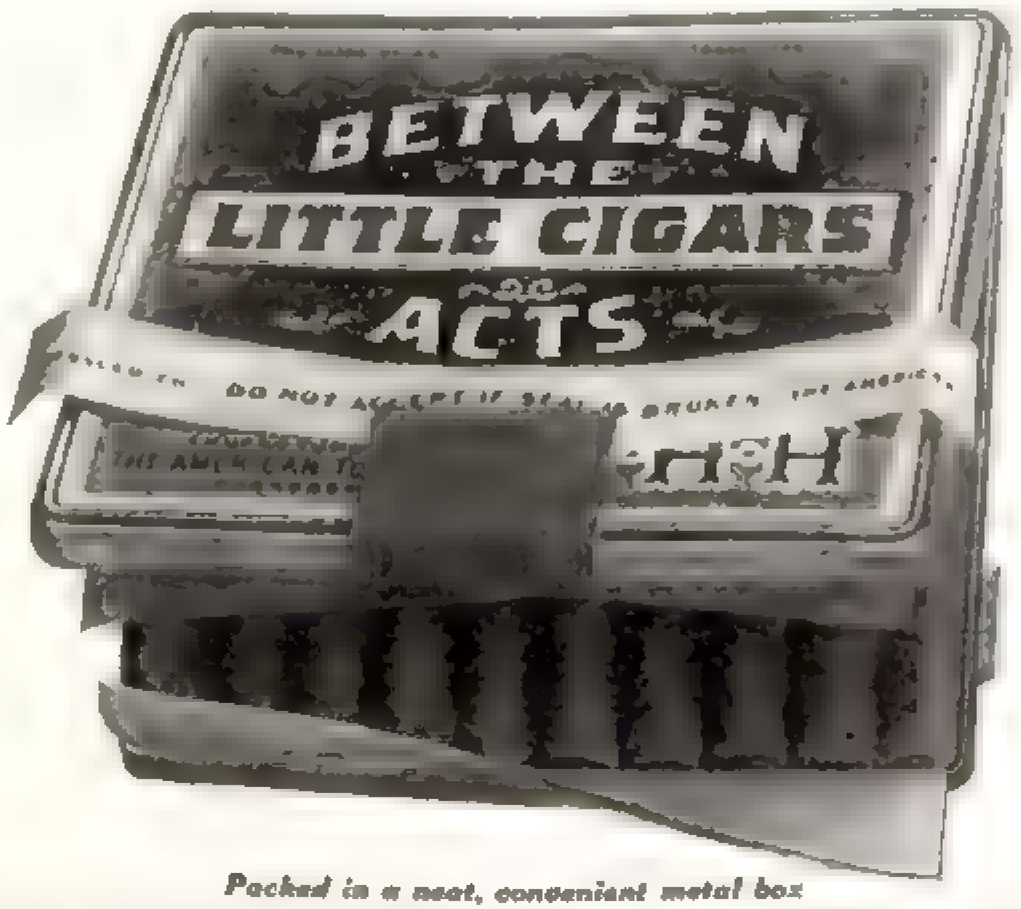
COTTAGES — This new book of **Radford's Artistic Homes.** [illegible] Price, postpaid $1.00

CEMENT HOUSES And How to Build Them — This valuable book [illegible] Price, postpaid $1.00

185 E Jackson Blvd. Chicago Ill., RADFORD ARCHITECTURAL CO., 178 Fulton St. N. Y.

—Why Between the Acts Little Cigars are the favorite.

The big cigar looks like more tobacco — but it is *not* more. At 15c the big cigar *sounds like* better tobacco. It is *not.*



Packed in a neat, convenient metal box

These 10 Between the Acts Little Cigars have the same amount — same weight — same *quality* of tobacco as the big cigar. The 10 little cigars cost 10c. The one big cigar costs 15c. If it cost only 10c the big cigar would not be *as good* a smoke as the little cigars.

It's time for you to put aside what you have guessed about it. Thousands of professional men and business men — at work or at leisure — have proved to their own satisfaction that Between the Acts Little Cigar is the better smoke. Isn't it time for *you* to find out whether the smoke you're smoking now is really better than the smoke these other men prefer? For your own good make the comparison. *Today,* get one box of Between the Acts, or *send us the coupon.*

Little Cigar Department, The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

COUPON

Name________________

Address________________

In order to make you acquainted with this best of all short smokes, we will mail you a complimentary box (the regular 10c size). Send only 4c in stamps, to partially cover cost of mailing, to Little Cigar Dept., The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York.

Ten Free For the Coupon **and 4c to partially cover cost of mailing.**

All tobacco — No paper — *Not a cigarette.*

Join the Prosper Colony

Here is a Tract of Splendid Florida Land, Opened Up by Men Who are Reliable and Well-Known, at a Price that Makes it a Wonderful Investment, and on Terms that are Fair and Liberal

Who is Interested?

You farmers of the North who are [illegible] ... [illegible] ... climate ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... proposition.

How About Florida?

Make no mistake on this point, our State is advancing with wonderful strides. For years it was kept back by [illegible] railroads, by lack of ambition, by lack of scientific [illegible], by lack of business methods. Now, things are different. [illegible] are coming [illegible] ... here are being [illegible] ... are [illegible] ... Florida is going into its destiny, which is to be one of earth's garden spots, [illegible] source of our country's fruit and vegetables. Think of our climate — an average temperature of 78 degrees in summer, 60 in winter. Think of our transportation facilities. Florida is only one-third as far from New York as California is, and we have [illegible] of railroads or steamers. Freight rates are much lower. With the population of the United States constantly increasing and agricultural land becoming scarcer, Florida is bound to show increased activity.

What is the Prosper Colony?

The tract on which the Prosper Colony is being located is right in the midst of the [illegible] between the thriving towns of Orlando and Kissimmee, in the famous Kissimmee Valley. [illegible] ... a sort of wooded, rolling [illegible] ... railroads are directly at hand ... the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad [illegible] through the property, so there is no waiting for ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... orange, grape fruit, celery and vegetable ... [illegible]

What is Our Proposition?

We have acquired 60,000 acres of land in this desirable section. As a first step in the development of this [illegible], we propose to [illegible] ... this tract, or about 15,000 acres. It will be divided into farms of 5 acres each. Let us say right here that a farm of 5 acres in Florida [illegible] ... is one much larger up North. 5 acres, in fact, is all [illegible] ... cultivated ... if properly worked, will afford a [illegible] income. We [illegible] ... We will furnish a guarantee that every [illegible] of our 5 acre farms will be suitable for cultivation. All the land which is not good for cultivation we are going to throw out entirely, and not offer for sale, so you can be certain of getting a real [illegible] farm.

What is Taft?

Taft is a town which we are going to [illegible] in the midst of our tract. [illegible] ... development, but [illegible] ... there ... [illegible] ... We are [illegible] to [illegible] ... Instead of selling property here we are going to give, absolutely free, one building lot, 50x100, with every [illegible] 5 acre farm in the Prosper Colony. [illegible] ... their farms, or in [illegible] ... Bear in mind that this building lot [illegible] costs you nothing.

A Profit-Sharing Enterprise

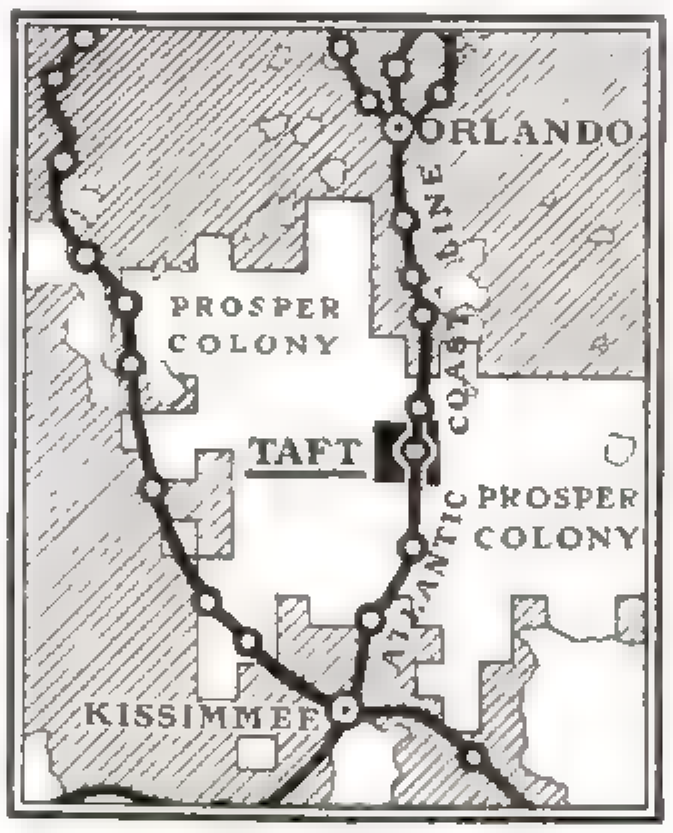
People who own the Prosper Colony will share in the profits of the enterprise [illegible]. That is to say, after the Prosper Colony has been settled we will, from time to time, offer to [illegible] the remaining 45,000 acres of our tract, and the owners of the Prosper Colony farms will receive, as a dividend from us, 10% of our net profits, resulting from the sale of these 45,000 acres.

What This Land Will Do

This land [illegible] such a [illegible] tract, properly [illegible], will yield, per acre, on the average, the following crops:

Celery — 800 crates [illegible] $1,000.00 or
Strawberries — 400 [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Of course, the cost of [illegible] ... and remember that [illegible] ... basis of one acre, while our farms consist of 5 acres each. Understand that these figures are on the basis of really cultivating your farms. Nobody can get rich in Florida just by sitting on the veranda.



Look Up Orlando on a Map of Florida and Note the Location of this Tract.

About the Timber

Most of the land has at present [illegible] standing on it. We reserve the right to cut the timber, [illegible] ... before you want to take possession of your farm. If, however, you [illegible] ... before the timber has been cut off, you can have it. We will not stand in your way.

What is the Price?

The price of each of these 5 acre farms, with the building lot thrown in, is $100 — that makes the farm cost you only $20 an acre. Do you know of any land in your vicinity where a farm can be bought for $100 [illegible] ... [illegible] ... we want good, reliable people to [illegible] ... and let the increase in land values ... [illegible] ... as sure as the [illegible].

Terms

You need not send any money at all to us direct. The Orlando Bank & Trust Company, of Orlando, Florida, [illegible] ... treasurer for this proposition. As soon as you decide to take up a farm, send to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company $25, paying the remaining $75 to them in three monthly installments of $25 each. As soon as your money [illegible] ... they will send to you a warranty deed to your land, with title guaranteed. [illegible] ... They will protect your interests. You can buy more than one farm, if you want, and [illegible] the [illegible] building lots will be given as a bonus with each farm. A first payment of $25 should be sent to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company for each farm desired.

Who We Are

The arrangement under which you send your money to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company makes you safe, but if you wish further assurance or want to know more about us personally, write to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company, of Orlando, Florida, [illegible] ... or any county official of Orange [illegible] ... [illegible] ... We want good people to [illegible] ...

Summary

Here is a tract of good farm land [illegible] ... [illegible] started right on the ground. And we offer you a real adequate farm in this spot for $100, [illegible] ... [illegible] ... land, and let it increase in value while you sleep.

Land values [illegible] are bound to rise. If you will get there, they will lift you up.

Allotment

These farms will be numbered consecutively and [illegible] ... received, you will get [illegible] ... at Taft to correspond.

What We Cannot Do

We cannot accept the responsibility of cultivating your land for you. If you can, come yourself, but if you cannot [illegible] ... [illegible] ... the land and [illegible] ...

Now, It's Up To You

We have tried to explain our proposition. If there is any point [illegible] ... [illegible] ... write at once to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company, [illegible] ... Here is Florida coming along with grand strides, people coming in; land values going up; the country flourishing with oranges, grape fruit and truck gardens, and you now have the opportunity to get [illegible] ... who pay for it today. Send all letters of inquiries to us,

Beacham & Van Duzor, Orlando, Fla.

Send all money to

Orlando Bank & Trust Company, Orlando, Florida

N. B. [illegible]

Varnishes

M. P. Durable Exterior Varnish

(GREEN LABEL BRAND)

is a wonderful varnish for outside or inside exposed woodwork. Especially adapted for front doors, window sash and sills. Is very elastic and flows out with a beautiful deep lustre. Is for use upon exposed parts of residences, buildings, yachts, etc., or wherever an exterior or spar varnish is required.

Price, $4.00 per gallon
Quarts $1.00 each

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.
Full descriptive price list on application.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY
Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes
2589 Rockefeller Building, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Glidden

Seattle
Tacoma
Portland
Everett

$62

Vancouver
Victoria
Bellingham
New Westminster

Round Trip

Every day this Summer from Chicago to the Pacific Northwest. Only $50 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior via Great Northern Railway to

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle

The Portland Rose Festival, National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, Epworth League Convention, Seattle, and many other meetings in the Northwest.

Through daily train Chicago and St. Paul to Seattle, Tacoma and Pacific Coast. For literature and information, address

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.

C. W. PITTS
Gen'l Ag't Passenger Dept.
220 So. Clark St.,
Chicago, Ill.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

W. M. LOWRIE
Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agt.
379 Broadway
New York

MAXIM SILENCER

"The Invention of the Age"

Gunsmiths can fit it to any rifle.

Can be attached or detached in 4 seconds.

Prevents all explosion noise.

Does not interfere with balance, sighting, velocity or accuracy.

Reduces the recoil (kick) over 50 per cent.

Can be carried in vest pocket.

Demonstrations given daily.

Write for

Free Catalogue

Maxim Silent Firearms Co.
Room 812
38 Park Row, New York
Branch Office
717 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

Why a Round China Tank is better than a square wooden one in your bath room — send for the reasons

ELJER Co
CAMERON
W. VA.

Infinitely better than electricity, gas, acetylene or kerosene and the most economical of all. Each lamp is a self contained miniature light works

THE BEST LIGHT

Fully guaranteed. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Catalog Free. Write today.

THE BEST LIGHT CO
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio

Autograph Letters

of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price list.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Pub. "The Collector," $1 a yr.

THE CHARMER

(Continued from Page 17)

fluttering bird, then dropped in his chair like a limp dishrag. "'Tain't no use; it's got to be did." Cooter moved quickly now as a man who had made up his mind. He flung the door open and searched the sky. A waning moon silvered the bare fields and filled the forest with long, keen lances. "Blowin' up cloudy; dat's good."

His preparations were not elaborate, but they were efficient—a sack, some strips of cloth, and the hoodoo charm.

Then he pulled his cap down over his eyes and dived into the night.

Bulger, the watch-dog, would have barked at anybody else who laid hands upon Hoss-fly's henhouse door. A snap of the finger and a pat on the head made it all right. Bulger wagged his tail in the friendliest fashion, while Cooter lifted those precious chickens, one by one, from the roost. He saw Cooter take each hen and tuck her head under her wing, and give each one a hypnotic swing before transferring her to the sack. This was a new wrinkle, and Bulger wanted to know what it was for.

"Dat puts 'em to sleep," Cooter explained. Then Bulger looked wise and kept his mouth shut.

Cooter closed the door very softly and shouldered his bag. Bulger trotted on behind, speeding his parting guest to the edge of the woods, and then stood wagging his tail until his visitor had gone. Cooter chose a sinuous path through the woods, lonely and silent as a serpent, with here and there a patch of moonlight that rested upon it like a shining scale. Once he stopped and listened to a crackling sound. "Mule in de canebrake," and went on. The crackling came again over the swish of a bough; Cooter stopped and saw something, something big and black and ungainly, coming straight toward him. It was not a mule, nor a cow, nor a man. Nothing that human eyes had ever seen before—it was a Thing.

Cooter clutched his conju'-bag, halted in a dense shadow and waited. The moving Thing passed through a patch of moonlight—a huge, awkward, shambling creature that moved on silently. Cooter dropped his sack to one side. Breathless, he crouched beside a tree and watched. "Lord A'mighty," he muttered, and turned to run. But his charm failed him; he fell over a log, and floundered among the dry leaves. When the terror-stricken negro sprang to his feet he had lost all sense of direction. He dodged around a big tree and ran into a pair of muscular arms which seized and throttled him. Together they fell to the ground. They fought and scuffled through a blackberry thicket, then rolled over and over into a patch of moonlight.

"Lord a mussy! Lord a mussy!" Cooter shouted and the Thing turned him loose.

"Huh!" exclaimed a disgusted voice. "'Tain't nobody but Cooter."

"Dat you, Hoss-fly?"

"Yas! What you mean, nigger, grabbin' me dat away? Don't you know I'se got er high temper an' liable to bus' you open? Come a-prankin' wid me when I warn't studyin' 'bout you."

Hoss-fly burst out indignantly, but he kept looking behind him, down the path. When Cooter caught his breath he remarked, "You didn't look lak no man—looked lak a debbil's hearse."

Suddenly they heard another shuffling and a flopping in the thicket. "Oh, Lawd!" yelled Cooter, jerking off his hat to make a good run. The scare had got on his nerves. Hoss-fly did not stir. "'Tain't nuffin'," he said.

His composure reassured the other. Cooter listened more critically to the noise; it sounded as if some crippled animal were thrashing among the leaves.

Cooter smiled and stepped forward in the darkness; Hoss-fly attempted to catch his arm, but the other negro broke loose. Hoss-fly waited uncertainly until Cooter called: "Hoss-fly, what you doin' wid dese yaller chickens o' mine? You'se been to my house whilst I war gone." Hoss-fly promptly explained:

"You see, Cooter, it war dis way; my ole 'ooman gin me de debbil fer swappin' off her chickens—she set a heap o' sto' by dem yaller hens. 'Twarn't no sleepin' in my house till dat 'ooman got pac'fied. She jes' 'sputed an' argued till I had to

This advertisement is copyrighted Feb. 27, 1909, by HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN, Lowell, Mass.

People in Every Walk of Life of all Ages and Both Sexes

Should Wear Heels of Live Rubber on Their Shoes

This Article is Supplementary to Editorial in

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

The Multitudes of Young and Old People

Suffering From Weak Insteps and Flat Foot Acquired the Trouble Wearing Leather Heel Shoes That Run Down at the Side.

Prevention of diseases is the sublimest function of present-day medicine. Then put heels made of Live Rubber and of correct shape on your children's shoes.

It is good medical opinion that heels of Live Rubber prevent falling of the keystone of the instep arch and relieve the thousand and one symptoms, some of them most obscure, that are to-day known to be caused by the giving away of that little keystone.

Consult an exact drawing or an X-ray photograph of the foot, showing the normal arch and the keystone. The arch is supported and the keystone kept in place by the strong muscles on the back and front of the leg. The moment these muscles commence to suffer from fatigue and lose their tone the first stage of trouble begins. People whose occupations are such as to cause them to become fatigued are almost sure to develop some degree of falling of the arch, unless they properly support the keystone by some substance that is springy and elastic and thus prevent overfatigue of the leg muscles.

This is all accomplished by using the heels of Live Rubber. The formation of this heel is such that it exactly supports the keystone, and by making walking easy prevents fatigue of the leg muscles.

When you cannot walk as far as you used without a feeling of fatigue, or your back aches, or you have an ache at the base of your brain; or a pain in your knees, ankles, or across the top of your feet, don't commence buying some patent medicine for rheumatism, but buy a good, substantial shoe that is straight on the inside and wide enough at the toes—that comes well up into the arch of the foot—then have a pair of Live Rubber Heels put on and save yourself all the pain and trouble that are bound to accompany a case of advanced falling of the arch of the foot.

On account of piracy in advertising, this short talk applies to the heels of Live Rubber made by O'Sullivan Rubber Company of Lowell, Mass., Orthopedic Dept.

The first heeled shoes your children wear should be equipped with long, low heels of Live Rubber instead of leather, because they are better than leather in every way.

1st, they make the child's play noiseless.

2d, they help to support the inner or weaker side of the foot.

3d, they cause the child or adult to step straight and normally.

4th, they prevent toeing out in walking, which is abnormal.

Leather heels won't do this. If they did, young people would not be afflicted with weak insteps as they are. Hospital statistics prove that the percentage of weak ankles is greater among young people than among middle-aged people and old people.

On the first heeled shoes that children wear a No. 2 thickness of heel, which is 11/32 in. thick, should be used. For people of mature age the one-half inch heel of Live Rubber should be used because it has more wear and more elasticity.

The value of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels to people in active life is now an admitted fact; and the reason why the great leading magazines recommend them is because they eliminate the jar in walking and give a noiseless, easy stride.

The great value of Heels of Live Rubber is more than this—**They encourage walking, making it healthful, fascinating and delightful.**

The name "O'SULLIVAN" on rubber is like "STERLING" on silver

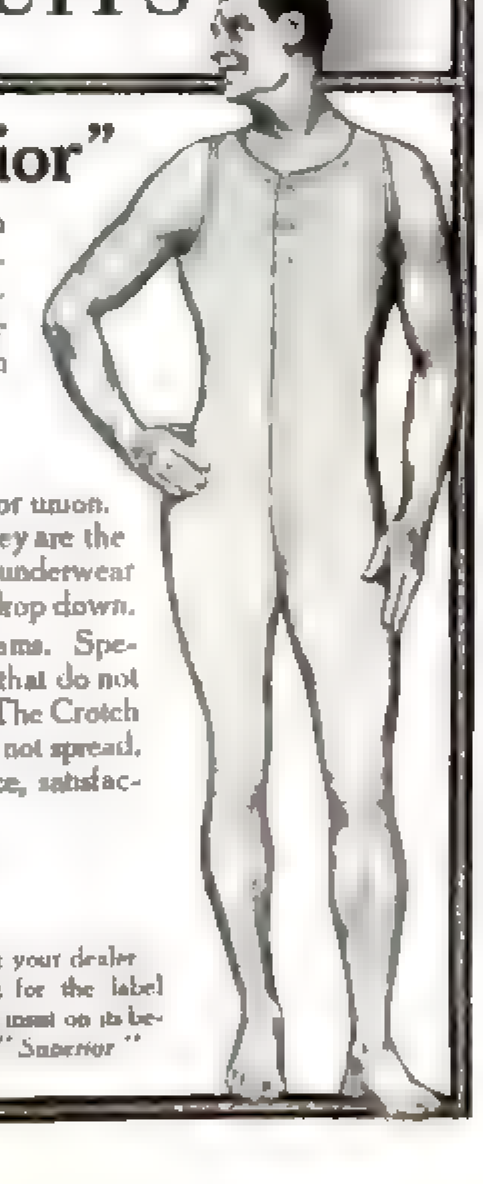
If your dealer can't supply you, send diagram of heel and 35c. to the makers, O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL CO., Lowell, Mass.

If you have not worn rubber heels, invest 50 cents in a pair, but be sure that you get "O'Sullivan's;" they are the only kind made of **Live Rubber.** Substitutes are not made of Live Rubber, they are partly old ground-up rubber and partly rags. Heels of Live Rubber have the endorsement of all thoughtful people; they fit in anywhere where noise is a nuisance, where people are afflicted with weak insteps, where one has a disinclination to walk, and where the daily grind is a thing to be met and overcome.

If every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock absorbers, and such like to lessen the wear and tear, why should mankind place a piece of hard leather paved with iron nails beneath his heel and stamp his way along rough walks with never a thought for his own well balanced self? To be consistent, if you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.

When you order Rubber Heels insist upon getting "O'Sullivan's," as they are the only heels made of Live Rubber. The price of O'Sullivan's heels is 50 cents of all dealers. Substitutes cost the same but give the dealer 8 cents more profit—that's why he tells you they are just as good.

Superior UNION SUITS



"Fill it in with Superior"

Take your choice, the distressed look that comes from "too much knowledge" of the aggravation of two-piece underwear and a consequent lack of determination of what to wear—or the expression of the *satisfied* man who is properly clothed in a union suit of the right kind.

Superior Union Suits

are different from all other underwear two-piece or union. They give comfort, fit and service unsurpassed. They are the most reasonably priced and altogether satisfactory underwear ever offered. No shirt to crawl up—no drawers to drop down. Among Superior *special* features are: Never-rip seams. Specially knitted elastic fabric. Shaped neck. Cuffs that do not become bell shaped. "The Lap without the gap." "The Crotch that covers." Buttons the best. Buttonholes that will not spread. Sloping Shoulders that do not sag. Comfort, service, satisfaction. All sizes; all styles; for all men.

SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
238 River St., Piqua, Ohio.

Write us for a handsome illustrated booklet

The Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Ask your dealer look for the label and insist on its being "Superior"

The Tire That Won't Come Off

When a Goodyear Quick Detachable Auto Tire is used on the Goodyear Universal Rim you have a combination which is absolutely SAFE.

No force which would not wreck the wheel can remove the tire from the rim.

This has been proved by the severest tests imaginable. We have induced dozens of people to purposely skid around turns on rough roads with the tire in all stages of inflation, from fully pumped up to absolutely "flat," in the attempt to force it off the rim. There were rewards in store for the man who could succeed. All failed.

The tires invariably stayed on. Yet the side strain under such conditions was so severe that it must have amounted to tons.

* * *

Yet when the time comes that you wish to remove a tire, the detachable flange which holds the tire in place can be unlocked by

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO.

loosening a nut with an ordinary wrench, when the flange can be snapped off with your fingers and a screwdriver. **No Special Tools** of any nature are required.

Anyone—no matter how inexperienced—can remove or replace a Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire in 60 seconds by the watch when used on the Goodyear Universal Rim.

This is only one of the dozens of superior features, all well worth a full page of description.

Taken together, these features solve all tire problems and eliminate all tire worries.

To know them all, write for our helpful book, "How to Select an Auto Tire." Every motorist who has had tire troubles should have it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

[illegible] and Agencies: Boston, Mass., 261 Dartmouth St. [illegible] Los Angeles [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible] Chicago [illegible] Ave. [illegible] Cleveland, Ohio [illegible] Milwaukee [illegible] Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible] Washington [illegible] New Orleans [illegible] Memphis, Tenn. [illegible] Madison St. [illegible] Kansas City, Mo. [illegible] Providence, R. I. [illegible]

BE A CHAUFFEUR

Big Demand for Trained Men

The automobile industry will soon be one of the largest in the country. There are unlimited opportunities for men in this new business. You can learn without interfering with your present occupation. If you are ambitious and want to get ahead ask for our Booklet **"The New Profession for Men"**

New York School of Automobile Engineers, Inc.
140 West 56th Street, New York

The ROCKAWAY COASTER and Safety Wagon

Write for Free Booklet
"Snowless Coasting"

The Rockaway Coaster Co.
66 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Fortunes in Fruit

Have you ever thought of owning an orchard out West? There's not one fruit farm in the famous ROGUE RIVER VALLEY, OREGON that does not pay. Write for free literature, illustrated with actual photos, describing this wonderful country. WRITE TODAY—the literature is free. Address

THE 401 ORCHARD CO.,
Room 9 977 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal

When this invention is used one pound of tea goes as far as three pounds. Agents make a lot of money selling it. Send 10c for 25c sample, postpaid

Agents: send for my **Acorn T-Maker**

DR. LYONS, 1029 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

swap back, 'n ez you warn't at home I fotch 'em along jes' to save a trip in de mornin'."

"Is dat so? Is dat so?" Cooter ruminated a while, then he slapped his leg and laughed. "Well, ef dat don't beat de Jews, an' de Jews beat de debbil. Speerits must ha' been totin' messages twixt me an' you. I was settin' at a gal's house on Redbone Plantation an' sumpin' kep' a-whisperin' to me: 'Hoss-fly ain't satisfied; Hoss-fly ain't satisfied.' I could hear it same as I hears you. An' it kep' a-whisperin': 'Go to Hoss-fly's house an' tell 'im you wants to swap back.' So I goes to yo' house, an' hatin' to wake you up I brung dem black chickens along wid me ——"

"What! You ain't tuk my black chickens 'dout sayin' nuthin' to me?" But Hoss-fly lived in a glass house, so he cooled down, and inquired, "Whar dey?"

"Right dar in my sack."

Each negro reclaimed his own chickens and asked no awkward questions. They sat side by side on a log, buried the dead past, and planned a new future. Presently Cooter arose: "Come on; we'se got to hurry ef we specks to git dese chickens to Vicksburg by mornin'." Hoss-fly followed, far from the road, in the very depths of the swamp.

"Here's a good place," said Cooter finally, dropping an iron pot with a thud, and easing down his bag of chickens. Hoss-fly deposited his burden and looked around him. The place was happily chosen, close to the bayou and surrounded by dense cane. They could boil their water and pick their chickens, burn the feathers and throw the offal into the creek. No one would be wiser except the garfish.

Scraping some dry leaves together Cooter made a fire, got water from the bayou and swung his pot. There was no experimenting and no awkwardness, for he knew just how to do it. Hoss-fly killed the chickens; a whirl and a swing and a jerk—all was over except the picking.

They worked skillfully, talking in low tones, but incessantly, for the swamp was full of creeping and crawling things which they hated to think about. Once a dog bayed, the long cry of the chase. Cooter started nervously and dropped a handful of feathers on the fire. "Hear dat?"

Hoss-fly nodded. "Dat's nuffin' but Bill Martin's 'possum dog."

Cooter went on stripping off feathers until the clean skin of his fowl glistened in the firelight. He tied the legs together and laid it on a bed of leaves. As he took up another he paused:

"Hoss-fly, did de dogs ebber git atter you—not dese common house dogs. I mean convict dogs—*nigger dogs?*"

Hoss-fly shook his head, but refrained from alluding to certain embarrassing gossip that he had heard concerning Cooter. Cooter dipped his hen in the pot and began: "One time dey had me on de convict farm. Scused me wrongful. Didn't make no difference what I said, jedge said, 'Ninety days.' I never would ha' stayed dar 'ceptin' fer dem nigger dogs—couldn't make friends wid 'em no kind o' way. Dere wuz a nigger in dere what had been in de Missouri pentencherry an' de Arkansaw an' de Tennessee—he sho' war a knowledgy nigger. He tuk a likin' to me, an' one night he say, 'Cooter, I'm gwine to hit de big road. Wanter go wid me?'

"'What 'bout dem dogs?' sez I.

"'Huh!' sezzee, 'jes' watch my smoke. Dogs don't 'mount to hill o' beans ef you knows how to throw 'em off de scent.'

"Dat nigger saved every bit o' red pepper he could lay hands on. He dried it an' powdered it. Dat night when we left camp we sot down in de aige o' de woods, an' tied our feet up in sacks, sprinkled wid red pepper. Den we lit out to walkin'. Atter while we heerd dem dogs come bulging outen de stockade. An', listen to me, Hoss-fly, dat sho' do make a nigger feel curyus. I war p'intedly skeered, but dat udder nigger he jes' laffed. 'Wait,' sezzee, 'till dey git to sniffin' dat pepper.' Sho' nuff, we could hear 'em runnin' an' bayin' till dey got to whar dey smelt pepper. Den dey change dey chune, an' set up a kind o' sneezin' an' a whinin' like a litter o' pups. 'Run now,' said the udder nigger; den we tuk our foot in hand an' hit de big road."

When the fowls had been picked and dressed Cooter drew his dugout from its hiding-place and got the paddle ready. They stowed their cargo on some fresh moss. Their paddles made no stir in the

"Entertaining a Crowd"

Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in AMBEROL RECORDS for

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

MUCH of the world's best music has heretofore been too long for any record of any sound-reproducing instrument. If used, it had to be cut or hurried. Such music, executed as the composer intended it, is now offered in Edison Amberol Records.

Amberol Records play twice as long as standard Edison Records and longer than any other records of any kind.

Thus Amberol Records bring to Edison Phonograph owners an exclusive and unusual list of songs and musical selections.

The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison Phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense by asking your dealer.

No instrument, except the Edison Phonograph, plays Amberol Records; so if you want the music that Amberols have made possible, your instrument must be an Edison Phonograph.

Any Edison dealer will play these new Amberol Records
for you and supply you with both Phonograph and Records.

These people are among the greatest entertainers in their lines in the country

Marshall P. Wilder

Harry Lauder

You know them, at least by reputation. They have spent the best part of their lives in perfecting themselves for the sole purpose of entertaining others.

They represent a few of the artists now contributing to the monthly programs offered in the form of Edison Records. The owner of an Edison Phonograph commands the services of this array of talent; not for himself alone, but for his family and friends; not on occasions, but all of the time.

If all of the artists who have contributed to the June list of Edison Records were billed to appear at a single performance, neither distance nor price could keep you away. There are forty June Records (twenty of them Amberols). Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Ada Jones

Billy Murray

Mabel McKinley

Grace Cameron

Anthony & Harrison

Manuel Romain

Will Oakland

water and their slick craft glided along the bayou like the floating shadow of a cloud. They paddled steadily along the bayou, then skimmed like a winged gull down the swift-flowing Mississippi. Just at dawn the grim, gray crests of Vicksburg loomed up before them, and they pulled their canoe ashore.

"Remember, yo' name is Jerry Smith, an' we comes from Loozanny. Don't open yo' head; lemme do de talkin'."

They climbed the steep hill and Cooter talked so effectively that the market man paid twenty cents a pound for their chickens. Eleven dollars and sixty cents apiece, in cold cash, seemed quite a bunch of money. Hoss-fly began to celebrate by investing in a long cigar, then a drink. Then another drink and several more. After that he wanted to ramble and see the sights.

"Wait a minute," suggested Cooter. "Lemme drap in dis barber-shop an' pay a man."

"How much you owe him?"

"Twelve dollars."

"Den you won't hab no money fer a little fun?"

"Can't he'p it. Debts come fust; I likes to be honest."

Hoss-fly swaggered around on the outside, and didn't see Cooter in earnest consultation with Flashy Joe. As the pair separated Cooter remarked: "Dat nigger ain't got sense enough to take keer ob eleven dollars—he'll sho' git into trouble."

Flashy Joe winked. "All right," he said; "you jes steer 'im past de stairway ob de Sons o' Charity Hall—we'll sep'rate 'im."

Cooter stuffed his money deep in his hip-pocket, and wadded it down with his handkerchief so it wouldn't rattle. Then he came out and caught Hoss-fly by the arm. "Come on; less go."

It seemed very accidental, that happening at the stairway. Just as Cooter and Hoss-fly came opposite, a country negro started up the steps and something dropped from his pocket. Quicker than thought a negro darted from the edge of the sidewalk and snatched it up. "Look dar!" said Cooter; "see dat nigger pick up a pocketbook."

Before the other negro could run Cooter grabbed his hand. "What's dat you found?"

"Sh! it's a pocketbook. Less see what's in it?"

The three stepped into a passageway and examined the purse. It had one bill in it—fifty dollars. "Hit's mine," said Cooter; "I seen it fust."

"Naw, suh," protested the stranger; "hit's mine; I got it fust."

"Less divide it," suggested Cooter.

"Got to gimme some of it," demanded Hoss-fly. "Ef you don't I'll tell."

"All right," agreed the stranger; "is you got any change?"

"I got thirty cents." Cooter held it out.

Hoss-fly dug deep in his pocket and produced his wad—eleven dollars and ten cents. The stranger took it promptly. "Dat ain't enuff—I'll git change in de bank." Then he turned the corner and disappeared.

After waiting a while Hoss-fly grew suspicious.

"Whar dat nigger gone wid dat money? Less go find 'im."

But the negro was gone, no mistake about that.

"Dar's a police," said Hoss-fly; "I'm gwine to tell 'im."

"Let sleepin' dogs lie—dat police ain't pesterin' you," Cooter warned him; then he whispered: "Here comes de man what lost de money—he's tellin' de police. Hold still, nigger, don't run; jes' walk away nachul an' unconcerned. Meet me at de boat."

Hoss-fly and Cooter parted, and made for the river by different routes. On the way Cooter stopped to settle with Flashy Joe.

"We sep'rated 'im all right; he's easy," said Flashy Joe, and gave Cooter half the spoil.

Down by the riverside Cooter found Hoss-fly cowering in the dugout. "Hurry up, Cooter; less go," he said, and shoved out into the stream. "Ain't it a good thing we don't have no fare to pay?"

Get This Kind

You'll make no mistake. The covered CONGDON tip is the correct thing. It looks much better than a tin tip or brass tip; and it's neater and more satisfactory. Give your shoes a chance to look neat this summer. Wear with your oxford ties

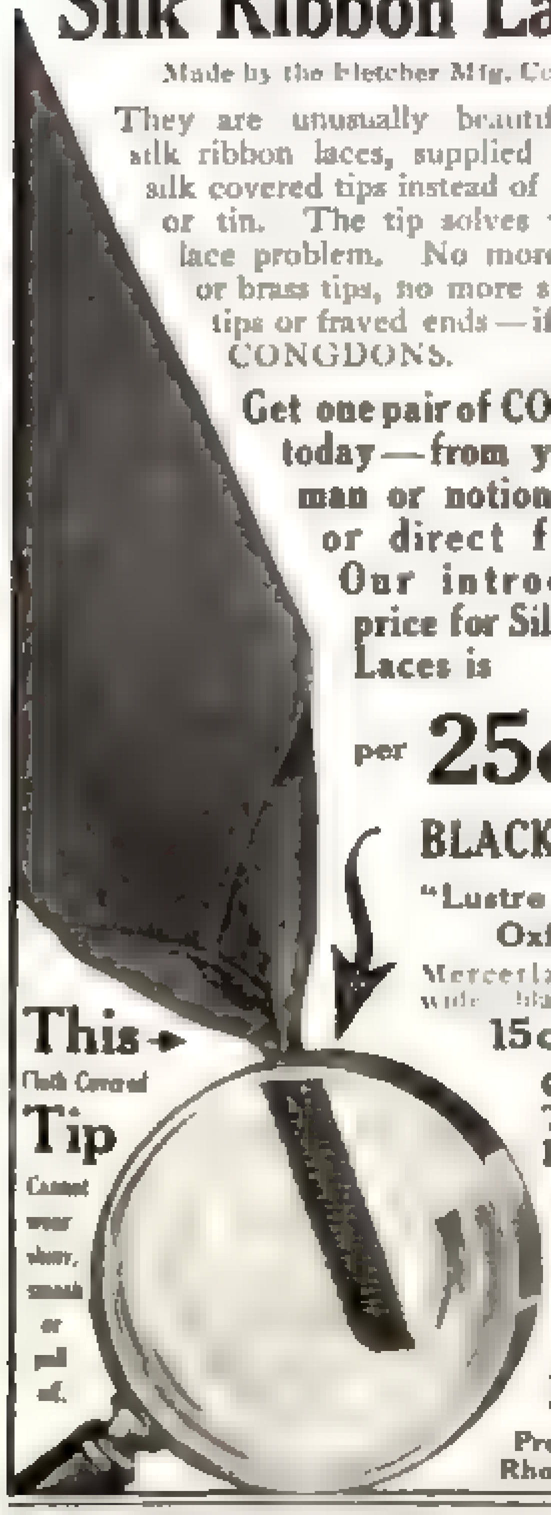
Congdon Patent
CLOTH COVERED TIP
Silk Ribbon Laces
Made by the Fletcher Mfg. Co.

They are unusually beautiful, strong silk ribbon laces, supplied with neat, silk covered tips instead of shiny brass or tin. The tip solves the oxford lace problem. No more shiny tin or brass tips, no more smashed off tips or frayed ends—if you wear CONGDONS.

Get one pair of CONGDONS today—from your shoe man or notions dealer, or direct from us. Our introductory price for Silk Ribbon Laces is

per 25c. Pair

BLACK or TAN
"Lustre Ribbon" Oxfords
Mercerized, 1¼ in. wide—black or tan—
15c. pair


This → Cloth Covered Tip
Cannot wear shiny, smash or pull off.

Congdon Tubular Laces
black or tan—for high shoes
5c. pair

Fletcher Mfg. Co.
Providence
Rhode Island

(A GIFT A MAN APPRECIATES)
7 SCARF PINS IN 1

Change the Stone to Fit the Occasion and to Harmonize with the Shade of Your Scarf

A set of SEVEN beautiful Scarf Pins in ONE and [illegible] Set A, [illegible] stones, all different, $1. Set B, with [illegible] stones 60c. [illegible] Set E [illegible] $1. Set K [illegible] stones set in [illegible] $1. Each set postpaid in a classy plush box and guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Catalogue FREE. Agents and Dealers write,

PAUL P. LEHMAN CO., 10-12 E. 23d Street, New York

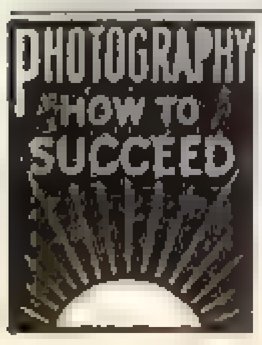
STATESMAN
FENCE SIGNS
These Salesmen work 2 to 5 years for 1½ cents each

A Statesman Weatherproof Fence Sign 10 x 14 inches in two colors will advertise your business 2 to 5 years at a cost of less than 1½ cents per sign. These are the only signs that can be used on wire fences because of our

Exclusive Wire Fence Clasp

Our new "wax process" makes Statesman signs withstand all weather conditions. Any size and variety of colors. Printed in permanent oil and alkali colors on heavy board. We prepay freight. Write today on your letter head for free samples, prices and more about these business boomers. Ask for book "Do you believe in signs?" *High Class Salesmen Wanted.*

THE STATESMAN COMPANY
33 Jefferson Avenue Marshall, Mich.



WELLCOME'S
Photographic Exposure Record
AND DIARY, 1909
MAKES EVERY AMATEUR EXPERT IN EXPOSURE [illegible]

[illegible] from your Dealer or mailed free on receipt of [illegible]
[illegible] & CO.
P O Box No. 133, New York City

The bride's wise choice

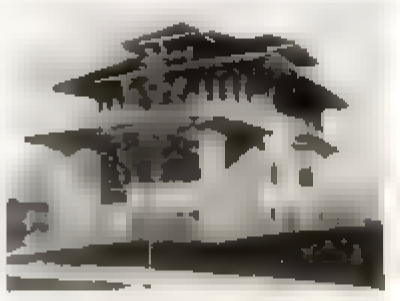
"From our new cottage home I shall omit the useless inner doors, mantels, extra chimneys, fancy lamps that are never lighted, books which are never read, vases which contain no flowers, etc. Let us first purchase an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

"because they save much coal, need no repairs, keep all ashes, smoke, and soot out of the living-rooms, are safe, and will last as long as the cottage shall stand. These savings and economies will help in time to pay for the finer furnishings."

"The cottage will be kept cozily warm all over, and the family health thus protected. If we prosper and move to a larger house, we will get our full money back, or 10% to 15% higher rental to cover cost, as IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do not rust out or wear out."

Those who know that happiness depends so much upon the comfort and healthfulness of the home, whether newlyweds or longweds, are urged to write us at once.


A No. [illegible] IDEAL Boiler and [illegible] ft. of [illegible] AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $240, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. 2-[illegible] IDEAL Boiler and [illegible] ft. of [illegible] AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $110, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

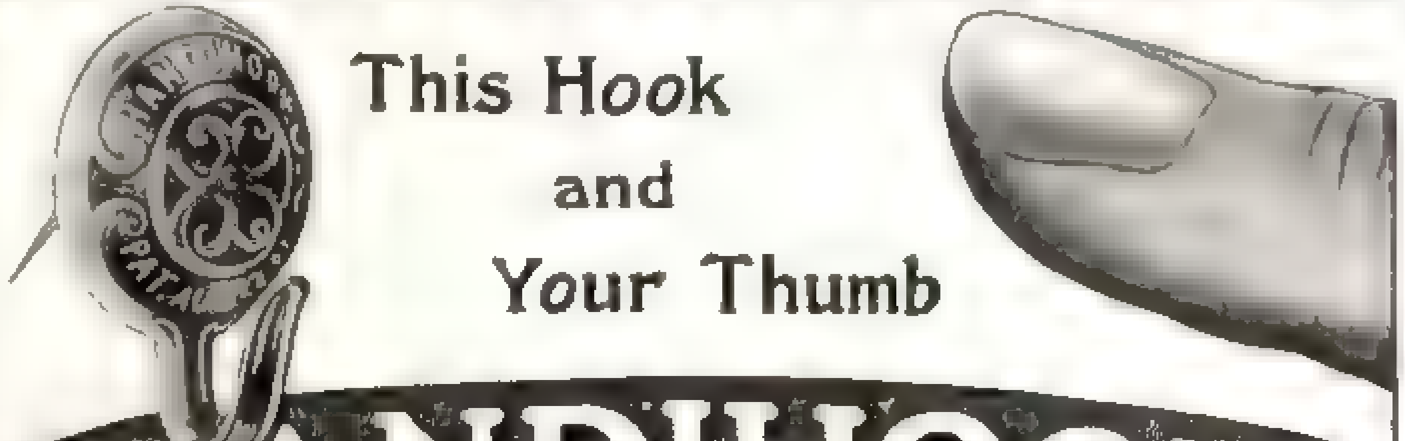
At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Our outfits are as quickly put into OLD buildings as in new—farm or city—and this is just the season to get the services of the most skillful Fitters.

Prices are now most favorable.

IDEAL Water Boiler

Showrooms in all large cities
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Dept. 28, CHICAGO


This Hook and Your Thumb

'HANDIHOOK'
TRADE MARK

The Handihook, as the name implies, is a *hammerless* and *screwless* hook. It doesn't require a tool of any kind. Just take a Handihook in one hand—give it a push with your thumb—and it's ready.

You can hang anything on a Handihook up to 10 pounds in weight and it won't budge. The scientific angle of the strong steel pin does it all. And wherever you put a Handihook, in wall or woodwork, it leaves no ugly marks.

When you hang anything, in your home, office, store, factory, etc., hang it the *improved* way—the Handihook way. The handiest, safest and neatest hanger for pictures, signs, cards, calendars, coats, waists, skirts, whisks, towels, reference books, utensils, etc. Get some. You'll like the way they work.

Brass, 25c dozen. Gun Metal, Nickel and Antique Copper, 30c dozen.

SEND 10c and Dealer's name for sample package

Actual Size

AUGUST GOERTZ & CO., 282 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

OUR BUILDING

Our system of Banking by Mail enables you to take advantage of the facilities offered by this old established bank, which pays 4% interest on savings deposits and assures the principal against depreciation or loss.

Send to-day for a copy of free booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. THE CITY OF BANKS.
RESOURCES OVER 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE

(Continued from Page 4)

Another kind of fraud with which the Collector must deal is undervaluation. This is strongly akin to smuggling, and even more subtle. Among such cases there occurred, in February and March, 1908, frauds perpetrated by seven firms of dressmakers in which the Government collected penalties amounting to twenty thousand dollars. These cases were principally important for the reason that they broke up a systematic scheme of undervaluation and prompted other dressmakers and importing firms to enter their goods at true value.

Up to date certain sugar companies have paid to the Government, on re-liquidation under protest, one million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars. In addition to this, the Government obtained judgment against the American Sugar Refining Company for one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars as penalties. The Government also claims that there is still a million dollars due: five hundred thousand for frauds in weighing sugar at the Jersey City refineries, and five hundred thousand for frauds perpetrated at the Havemeyer & Elder refinery prior to 1901. The re-liquidated entries are for frauds committed from 1901 up to their discovery.

The frauds perpetrated at the Havemeyer & Elder refinery resulted in the indictment of certain United States assistant weighers. The Collector's attention was directed to the difference in the weights of the sugar weighed by the Government weighers and the weights of the same sugar made by the city weighers, who represented the purchaser, and the conclusion at once followed that the importing company had failed to pay full duties. It was discovered that the short weights returned by the Government weighers were due to the fraudulent manipulation of the scales by means of a concealed mechanical device, which was discovered some months before by Richard Parr, a special employee of the Treasury Department. Expert accountants were detailed on the case and discovered that, in one year, the Government had been defrauded of one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars' duty. The exhibits were laid before Secretary Cortelyou, who directed that the matter be placed in the hands of the District Attorney of the Southern District of New York, and so energetically did that officer prosecute the case that a verdict of one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars was rendered a few days before the Collector was retired from office by the new Administration.

The Right Way to Treat Seagoers

It remained for Secretary Cortelyou temporarily to take the Collectorship out of politics and place it on a business basis. Mr. Cortelyou was led to this step by the many complaints brought to the attention of the President through the business interests of New York.

Many changes should be made for the betterment of the service—most notably in the landing of incoming passengers on the arriving steamers. The fact that a vessel which reaches the Lower Bay or Quarantine early in the evening is obliged to lie at anchor all night, where the anxious home-coming passenger sees the lights in his window and yet must content himself for hours, until after sunrise the next day, before he is permitted to go ashore, is, in my judgment, wrong. The antiquated customs laws and the red tape of the Treasury Department should be done away with in this particular and more modern legislation be enacted to keep pace with the progress of the age. When an incoming vessel is anchored for the night within the jurisdiction of the Collector, there is no reason why the passengers should not be permitted to take their hand baggage with them and be transferred to a landing stage which could bring them direct to the steamship company's wharf. There, a properly-organized night force of inspectors and appraisers could forthwith examine and pass the hand baggage, thus permitting the travelers and homecomers to go to their homes at once. The next day the vessel could proceed to her pier, land the passengers who had not availed themselves of this privilege, and the customs officials could then examine the baggage. If, for any reason, the passenger or his

Since stropping improves an edge why throw away your blades?

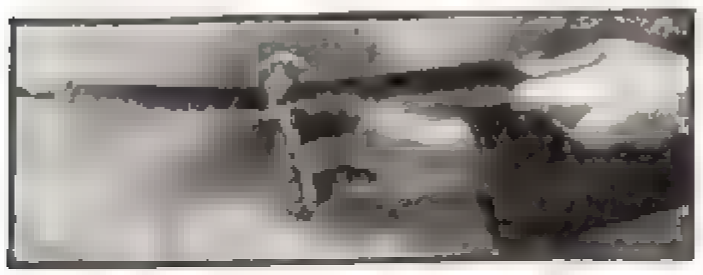
AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

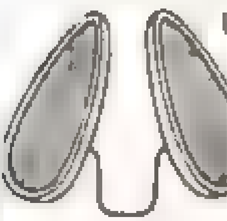
Send for our Free booklet "Shaving Sense."

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Dept. J, 345 Fifth Avenue, New York City
61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard Outfit Self-stropping, Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop contained in Leather case, $5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

Breathe Clean Air



Under any conditions, in any employment, you need not breathe a particle of dust that cannot be blown through fine damp linen, if you wear a **NASALFILTER**. Dust irritates the sensitive lining of the nasal cavities and aggravates any tendency towards catarrh or asthma. If dust hurts you, write for our **Free Book** and learn how the **NASALFILTER** will help you.

Made of Sterling Silver. Is as durable and easily put on and off as spectacles. Thousands worn in dusty trades, in dusty climates, by automobilists and those having asthma or catarrh.

Price $2.00

If your druggist can't supply you, we will. Write for descriptive book and testimonials from satisfied wearers.

Universal Supply Company, 428 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with
—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 26-529, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

This $6.00 Panama for $3.79

My personal offer to introduce

my native weaver-to-customer prices in hand woven summer hats, saving you two profits. Let me send you this fine [illegible] Panama Hat, regular price $6.00, for only $3.79 prepaid. [illegible] ally warrant it absolutely genuine hand woven. A grade Panama [illegible] [illegible] hand blocked and bleached [illegible] for $2.98 prepaid. Only one hat of a kind to same customer. State size. Money back if not [illegible] [illegible] **Free** [illegible] FRANCIS E. LESTER, President, The Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. F 55, Mesilla Park, New Mex.

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed 20c. 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd. 50 per ct. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5942 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

EXTENDED & FOLDED

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Benjamin Clothes

Made in New York by Alfred Benjamin & Co.

The Benjamin Outing Clothes are to be had at one Good Clothes Shop in every city where the best dressed men insist upon wearing *real* New York Style.

Book of New York Fashions for the asking.

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO., New York

The Chronograph

"THE CLOCK KEEPS THE TIME THE CHRONOGRAPH RECORDS IT"

For Time Recording in Every Field

Gives Absolute Satisfaction

A Master-Clock will run "one-or-100" with the aid of an electric current. And all will record the same time—to-a-minute.

Time Cost Keeping—a necessity for the manufacturer to insure a profit—is a certainty with a CHRONOGRAPH.

Put the time imprint with a CHRONOGRAPH on everything reaching the office—worry and dispute are avoided.

Registering Employees' In-and-Out with a CHRONOGRAPH assures an absolutely correct record—a pay roll in itself.

Get conclusive facts of its usage. Mail us the attached coupon checked, and the information you receive will show you how to save time and money.

Stromberg Electric Mfg. Co.
23 Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Stromberg Electric Mfg. Company
23 Jefferson St. Chicago, Ill

Please send me information regarding use of the Stromberg Electric Chronograph for:
☐ Employees' In-and-Out.
☐ Factory Time Cost Keeping.
☐ General Office Purposes.
☐ (Give on this line any other use desired)

Write Name and Address on Margin

Don't Throw Away Your Dull Safety Razor Blades Have them sterilized, Resharpened made good as new for 30c doz. Save 70c. We have 40,000 satisfied customers making this saving. Your own blades returned. Stamps taken in payment. Send today for convenient mailing package free. KEENEDGE CO., 800 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago

representative should fail to be present when the vessel reached her pier, the baggage would at once be sent to the Appraiser's warehouse for examination and delivery. This policy, if adopted, would do away with a large amount of attempted smuggling by means of the "sleeper" trunk with which the customs officers are acquainted. It would accommodate the traveling public and please those who lack the necessary influence to be taken from the vessel in advance of others—a proceeding that gives rise to just criticism of our customs laws. Other reforms in the administration of the customs are practical, but will meet with opposition so long as the Collectorship and the Custom House are conducted in the interests of political ambition, and not in the interests of business and good administration, pure and simple.

With the collections amounting to one hundred and ninety million dollars a year and possibly more of the people's money to be collected and accounted for, why should political aspirants have anything more to do in the appointing or displacing of a competent Collector of Customs, with his vast responsibility and his required knowledge of the law and regulations, than they have in the selection of a president for the Park Bank or the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York City? If such an encroachment were made upon the rights of depositors and stockholders a cry would be raised such as never had been heard before in the business community. Why, then, should the Collectorship of the Port of New York, one of the greatest known business offices in the world, be regarded as a reward for political fealty? Has the time not arrived when the office should be entirely divorced from the influence of the spoilsman, when the people's rights should be considered and their interests safeguarded as carefully as they would be in a well-organized bank or trust company?

THE LAST PASSENGER

(Continued from Page 7)

expec' not much of anything from us, no? You laugh, you English, no, at our little world?"

Cranborne shrugged his shoulders. "It's taken the best years of my life—your little world."

Still twisting the corners of her scarf she raised her eyes and looked at him a little defiantly.

"You think our world is four walls with a *patio* in the center and a little fountain, maybe. And every day the sun shine down the same and the shadows move slow—slow—across. And the nex' day and the nex' day the same. And the little *niñas* go to church—and sometimes a peek-neek, or a ball when the warships stop in the harbor—and the carnival and always church and—and then we are married, maybe, and go away. And then there are no more peek-neeks or balls, and there is another four walls and another *patio* with the sun shining always and the shadows moving across it slow ——" She spread out her hands and went on mockingly as if taking the words from his mouth. "We play the piano a leetle—and paint—a leetle—and espik a leetle French, but ——"

"Oh, I say," interposed the Englishman seriously. "Not a bit—not a bit. I——"

"No? And why not? For that is quite right!"

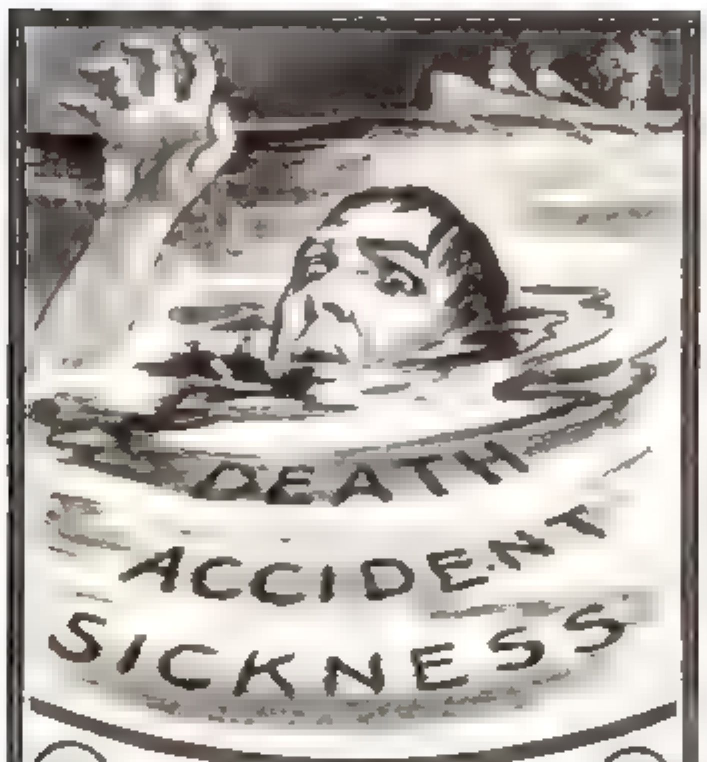
And Olympia McGrath shrugged her shoulders and laughed a little bitterly.

"And now, *señor*, will you say what you are sent to say? Your *capitan* have give' you some insult to bring, no doubt, because he dare not bring it himself. And you are silent? Be brave, *señor!* Espik it out! I ahm only one woman—Olympia McGrath—who have been laughed at and insult' many times. I ahm—what you say? The joke of the West Coast, *señor*. Tell me—I shall be imprison' here for the voyage, no?"

Cranborne blushed and stirred uneasily. "You are to be put off at Cerro Blanco tomorrow morning," he said.

"Ah!" The girl's fists clenched and she half rose, then sank back again, lifted and dropped her shoulders wearily.

"You did not wish to say that, *señor*. I know that. And do you know why? It is because you are a gentleman. You are Ingles, but you are not like this monster



A Sea of Troubles
is safely sailed
by having our
Income Insurance

One of our Popular Premium Policies takes away the worry when laid up by sickness. It helps the family in case of death by accident. No physical examination necessary and the payments come to your door by mail.

Agents wanted in all cities of 5,000 and over

Fill out and return coupon below for further particulars

Empire State Surety Company
84 William Street, New York
Offices in all Important Cities

Name
Address
Saturday Evening Post

Listen—about this Power Plant

Here's something NEW—a gasoline engine which makes a power pumping plant out of any common pump in a few minutes. Beats a windmill all hollow. Will pump water from a well of any depth 500 to 800 gallons per hour, according to size of pump cylinder. Needs no special foundation. Any well platform is sufficient. Needs no belts, jacks or fixings of any kind. Is ready for instant use when you get it.

Runs out of doors or inside without overheating or freezing, winter or summer. No smoke, flame, sparks or odor.

This Wonderful Power Pumping Plant costs less than a Windmill and is ALWAYS READY for Work

The Fuller & Johnson FARM PUMP ENGINE

[illegible] **FIRE PROTECTION** [illegible] **any machine which can be run by hand** [illegible] **built like an automobile** [illegible] **years**

Ask for our big catalog today and learn all about this wonderful invention

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
210 Randolph St., Madison, Wis.

Patent Applied for

PATENT SENSE

PATENTS THAT PROTECT [illegible]

R. S. & A. B. LACEY Dept 36 Washington, D. C.
[illegible] 1869

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc. 5c. Agts. wtd. 50% Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Stamp Co. St. Louis, Mo.

THERE is a Cake-Baking Secret known to good cooks that should interest every housewife.

¶ It's the use of Kingsford's Corn Starch—not only in the *filling*, but in the *cake itself*—one part Corn Starch to three parts flour. It makes the daintiest smooth, light cake imaginable.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

is absolutely necessary for the best Angel Cake, White Mountain and other *white cakes*. Use one-half cup corn starch mixed with the flour.

¶ KINGSFORD'S has a hundred uses. The good cook reaches for the familiar yellow package a dozen times a day. It's on her grocery list *every week*.

¶ *A Word to Kingsford Friends*—Send us the name of any young housewife who thinks that Corn Starch is used only for puddings or desserts; we will send her our new little Book (*R*), "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." We will gladly mail you without cost a copy too if you like.

T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH CO., Successors

ACCURACY is Everything! The Savage .22 Repeater gets more game than most big rifles, gets it easier than any other .22. Not only most accurate, but SAFEST, because Hammerless and has box magazine. Closed top; side ejection; shot gun safety. SUREST, because repeating mechanism is absolutely positive; cannot jam or cause misfire. BEST, because it shoots the best, lasts the best and looks the best.

Vacation!

You will make this vacation *the* one of your whole life if you take the accurate Savage .22 Repeater along.

SAVAGE
.22 Cal. Hammerless Repeating Rifle

Shoots short, long, and long rifle cartridges from the same magazine. Only 5¼ pounds; takes down quickly without tools; 24-inch octagon browned barrel and rifle buttplate. Price with two magazines $12.00. Extra magazine 25c. Catalogue for your name and address on a postal.

Savage Arms Co., 75 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K
Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe Derbies and Soft Hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars — everywhere.
Write for THE HATMAN
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

6%
EVERY DOLLAR
deposited with this company is amply secured by first mortgages on improved real estate Our
Certificates of Deposit
issued in amounts of $100 or more, run for 2 years and bear 6 per cent. interest. They are safe, convenient, profitable
On Savings Accounts, withdrawable on demand, we pay 5 per cent. interest
Write today for the booklet telling about this Company and its methods.
Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

Boys who play baseball, and you who want to learn, be sure to subscribe for this [illegible]
The American Boy
250,000 boys read it and won't be without it
Send $1.00 to-day for a whole year.
On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents.
SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 95 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

25c Introduction Price
Old Time Song Hits
During the [illegible] we shall issue a volume of twenty of the [illegible] be sold at the low price [illegible]
[illegible] we will accept orders, to be sent when ready, at 25c [illegible] postpaid, cash with order.
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Box 5097, BOSTON

25% to 75% Saved On Any Make of Typewriter
Factory Rebuilt, Unexcelled in Construction, Finish and Durability
Particulars on request.
American Writing Machine Company
345 Broadway, New York
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

KARBO POST CARDS FOR Matt or Gloss $1.00 per Gross EXPRESS PAID
Make your pictures on the best Post Card made. Sample [illegible]
Mailed for 15c.
EARLE PHOTO PAPER CO.
6615 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago. 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; [illegible] Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

MacFechan. I saw that when I have come on board. You have receive' me — what shall I say — it was not much, and yet — and yet I know you have not always been what you are. In England you have know' another life than this. Estrange things happen on this coast and estrange people come here — but a gentleman is a gentleman, no? Do not be afraid, *señor*. I shall make no trouble."

"Miss McGrath — I would give everything I have in the world to ——"

"Ah! You are Castellano, too! Just an Englishman would not have say that! But — but yet you are English too. I have say that you are a gentleman, *señor*, and for that and because you are Ingles I talk to you. I cannot talk as I like to our own men. In some ways they are old when you English are but boys and in some things they are never grown. They would not understan'.

"You think it estrange I travel up and down this coast alone — here, there — always in the way. It is estrange. But what would you, *señor*? You thought it was estrange to hear that song, *no?*" She threw out her arm vehemently. "You think that is estrange! But what if you yourself were like that song — out of place — part of this and part of that. Your body here, your soul far away!" She flung out her arm vaguely. "Wanting to do this, always ending by doing that. Wanting to do and ending by doing nothing. My life is like that, *señor*.

"Up there," and she threw her arm toward the North, "ees my father's world and your world, *señor* — the real world, *no?* Ah, you need not shake your head! Do I not know it — have I not read? Sometimes at night when the ship is still and I walk on deck alone — when the mountains are like they are now, *señor* — a black wall shutting out the East — it seem' to me I can see the glow from the lights of those far-away cities shining overhead in our sky. And sometimes it seem' I can hear a — a *zumbido*, *señor*, coming up over the round shoulder of the earth — the low hum of those great cities and those oceans of people sweeping always across the North, rolling and breaking and rolling onward again — just as you can hear the surf thundering, day and night, from the little hotel at Mollendo."

"And rolling over you and burying you sometimes," said Cranborne. "It's what I've spent my life running away from."

"Ah — us, perhaps! But not you — for you are English. And the English bury others, but are not bury themselves. And am I not my father's daughter? Sometime' it come' over me like — like a *ventarron* — a hurricane, as you say, and it pulls me up by the very roots and would whirl me away — away up there! And yet, in the end, nothing happens, and I do not go because onderneath I am still my mother's daughter and the daughter of all those women who have live' between four walls, back and back and back to the days of the viceroys. The hurricane blows, but my feet are tied and I bend like a reed in the wind. That's the way with us women, *señor*."

"I know," said Cranborne. But the girl only shrugged her shoulders.

"I think you do not know much of hurricanes, you English!" she said. "It's more the money with you."

Cranborne looked at her intently for a moment and said nothing.

"Money makes a good bit of difference in our lives," he said slowly. "God knows it's made enough in mine." And then he laughed, a short, rather contemptuous laugh, and looked at her again, shaking his head and saying nothing.

"It isn't much of a blower, you know — my hurricane. I can't say that. You get it first out of a book, like enough. But it catches you very neatly and nicely about the twentieth parallel as you're steaming southward — along there where the flying-fish begin and the gray water turns blue — indigo water full of seaweed. And it creeps into you like fever or hunger or —— Hurricanes? Bah! One of those sunshiny mornings with that breeze — like velvet — coming off the Caribbean and the dawns that sweep up and blind you while you're sipping a thimbleful of coffee. Or a Cordillera town on a frosty night with the water racing down the drains and the moon so near you can touch it almost. Or the west wall of the Andes blazing in the sunset — from the canefields to the snow-line, wrinkled brass — I mean that's the kind of a *ventarron* that blows you after twenty years into a

Ralston
Shoes $4.
satisfy people who formerly bought only the high priced models of the fashionable custom makers.
They find in Ralstons the same style — the correctness of outline — the grace and becomingness.
And besides, a comfort that no other shoes can have, because Ralstons are made over the exclusive Ralston anatomical lasts that duplicate every curve of the foot — top and bottom. They are comfortable from the first and need no "breaking in."
The model shown here is our
Stock No. 96
Sterling Patent Colt, Tokio Last.

"For Commencement Days"
Its narrow toe gives a look of trimness to any foot — *with comfort.*
SEND FOR OUR STYLE BOOK — FREE
Shows the proper foot dress for men and women for all occasions. Explains why Ralstons wear so well and keep their shape indefinitely.
On request, we will send name of nearest agent, or will mail shoes direct at $4.00, plus 25 cents for carriage; fit guaranteed or money refunded. Union Made.
Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., (Campello) Brockton, Mass.

Fifty Draknel Specials for $1.15
Or 2 for 5c at your dealer's

HERE'S a [illegible] of its very high quality and low price. The Drakoel Special is [illegible] then rolled in a Connecticut wrapper of finest quality. It [illegible] under the most hygienic conditions — by highest paid union workmen.
We guarantee every Draknel Stogie to be just [illegible] flavor or adulterant [illegible] dirt, dust or scraps. It is made for the [illegible] smoker.
Be sure to ask your dealer for
The Draknel Special Stogie
Try them once, and you will know absolute stogie perfection. Your dealer will stock Draknel Specials if you ask him and [illegible] when you know their [illegible] We simply ask you to buy 2 for 5c [illegible] Get them from your dealer — or $1.15 a box of 50 — or $[illegible] from us — prepaid.
Draknel Stogies are made in Wheeling — the home of the stogie — and the Draknel is the leader of them all. No other stogie will satisfy you [illegible] smoke a Draknel. You will easily recognize its superiority. Don't forget to ask your dealer. If he hasn't them — he can easily get them by writing to us. Tell him so.
The Draknel Co.
111 Draknel Bldg. Wheeling, W. Va.
William A. Stickney Cigar Co., St. Louis, Distributors
Best & Russell Co., Chicago, Distributors
Best & Russell Cigar Co., Memphis, Tenn., Distributors

We recommend for the investment of savings or surplus funds

6 per cent.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds

of the

Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Company

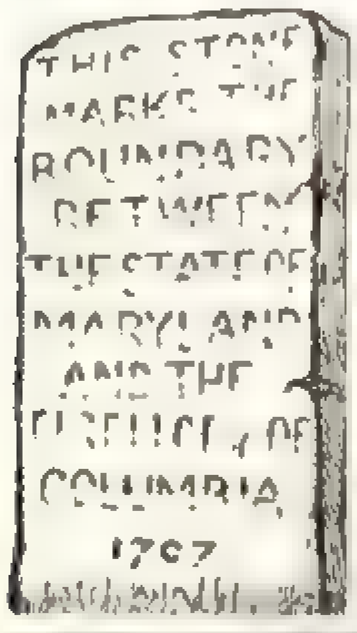
Denominations $100, $500 and $1000. The mortgage upon which these bonds is based is sanctioned by the United States Government and the State of Idaho—

The bonds are further secured by deposit of purchase money mortgages of individual owners, and are **absolutely guaranteed** as to both principal and interest by **The American Water Works & Guarantee Company** of Pittsburgh, owning and controlling 40 waterworks plants and having a capital and surplus of $4,000,000.

We do not know of any safer, more satisfactory investment for the man or woman with $100 or more to invest.

Write for circular, and illustrated book on "Irrigation." Address Dept. H.

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis.


THIS STONE MARKS THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE STATE OF MARYLAND AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA 1792

$100.00 Reward

[illegible] $100 [illegible]

PATHFINDER Box 101 Washington D C

Let Us

Show you how to make money in New York City Real Estate. Our "WEEKLY REAL ESTATE LETTER" is full of Money Making Opportunities within the reach of men of moderate means.

Free upon request.

Rickert-Finlay Realty Co.,
45 West 34th St., New York

Ever Drive a Horse?

Next time you need a whip, whether for business or pleasure, it will pay you to Ask your dealer for BEALS' "New Bone Rawhide Whip" rubber lined from tip to butt. Warranted to outwear bone and keep its shape. Best Whip in the Country for a Dollar. If your dealer doesn't have it, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Trade-Mark The L. H. BEALS & SON CO., Westfield, Mass.

PATENTS THAT PAY Protect Your Idea! [illegible] in Patents—What and How to Invent" and 61-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1186 F, Washington, D. C.

greasy little West Coast boat with a cabin alongside the rotten pineapples and a little book to make marks in." The Englishman snapped his fingers, spread out his hand and then slapped it on the window-sill. "Oh I know it all right that other side of the horizon. I've chased it for twenty years. I've made money in the nitrate fields and lost it in the mines, and won at the Jockey Club at Buenos Aires and lost in the banana-bush, and had 'em measure me for my coffin and set it down beside my bed. I've seen all they had to show me, and a precious fine mess I've made of it."

The Señorita McGrath watched him from her piano-stool with almost frightened eyes, her pallor gone, more and more nervously twisting the ends of the lace scarf. "*Señor!*" she said breathlessly, "I I do not know many men—you are brave—you have seen many dangers. I wish I were a man. What shall I say? You have lived, *señor*."

"Lived!" sniffed Cranborne; "like a turtle on a rock in the sun."

"Ah—no! You have fight your way alone in strange places—like my father. If I have been a man, and you, I would have cling to my family while there was a crumb to eat, so that I might still be a gentleman. But you have give' up everything—I do not ask why, but I know you have—and make your own way and are still a gentleman. And that is not so easy, *señor*."

"Miss McGrath," said the Englishman slowly, "I hope you realize what you are saying. Nobody in twenty years has talked to me like that. And it doesn't make any difference to me that it isn't true. As a matter of fact, I've never done anything. The worst thing I ever fought was mosquitoes. I didn't even run away because I'd shot my rival or cheated at cards or the lady wouldn't have me ——"

"Oh!" cried Olympia McGrath

"There never was any lady. I went away because I liked it because I didn't want to be what you've been kind enough to—because I was lazy —— And I didn't go back because I was too lazy to go back—and now I couldn't go back. I'd get homesick at home." Cranborne smiled and shook his head.

"*I'm* the joke of the West Coast," he said

Olympia McGrath drew in her breath quickly and for a moment their eyes met.

"Suppose," said Cranborne slowly, "suppose that you were a little *niña* with a piano lesson to get and I was the dashing young man on the street corner looking up at your balcony and listening to you play. It might be a long, long time before you'd ever come to the window and show that you knew I was there ——"

"I don't know what you mean, *señor!*" whispered Olympia McGrath, half rising and watching him with wide-open eyes.

"I mean that we aren't children any more, you and I. I mean that this deck is the street and that I've been waiting outside your window for twenty years—that all the *ventarrons* and far horizons are gathered up and alive and standing right in front of me now, Miss McGrath; that's what I mean." He suddenly leaned through the window and seized her hands. "I'll follow you and wait below for twenty years more if you say so, but I want you and—will you marry me?—that's what I mean!"

Olympia McGrath drew her hands away and pressed them across her breast.

"*Señor!*" she gasped, "this is not the way such things are done! Here—alone—on a stimboat. *Mia*—my—my family!"

"But *I've* got a family, too," faltered Cranborne; "they're quite —— That is, they've lived in the same county for four centuries and—if it makes any difference—the library wing was built three years before Pizarro saw Peru. They mightn't like to see me, but they're quite nice people, and if —— Bother the family—we'll have a family of our own!"

Captain MacFechan was in the act of raking in a heap of chips when he paused to analyze the unusual sounds which echoed within the ventilator shaft from the music-room directly underneath.

"What in Heaven's name is that?" demanded the phonograph drummer, stopping as he was about to deal, with his hands on the cards. The captain leaned over and put his ear to the shaft.

"God help us!" he gasped. "It's that fool purser and Olympia McGrath. They're singin' Home, Sweet Home!"

ROYAL

$65.00

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Designed and built by the master minds of the typewriter world—those who have "grown up" with typewriter making since its inception—those who have studied the whys of every success, the reasons for every failure, and have *profited* by their experience. That is *why* the Royal Typewriter is meeting with such phenomenal success, that is *why*

You can *PAY* more
But you cannot *BUY* more

A demonstration will convince you

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-6 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCHES IN EVERY PRINCIPAL CITY

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00
Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats [illegible] By [illegible] quantities we can sell [illegible] to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted **Genuine All-Hand Woven**, [illegible] can be worn [illegible] in any shape or style. Just as serviceable as the [illegible] kind, the difference [illegible] in fineness of weave. Assorted sizes. Weight only 2 oz. Sent prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Supply Limited.**

PANAMA HAT CO., 181-A William St., New York City

A New $1 Offer—"Keith's"

100 PLANS
Bungalows. Cottages
$400. to $3,000.

[illegible]

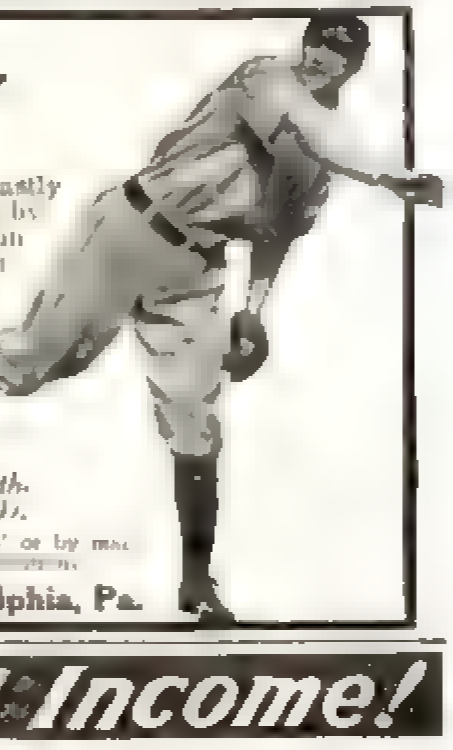
No 29 $3000

My other books for home builders are
100 designs for Attractive Homes [illegible] $1.00
100 designs for Cement and English [illegible] 1.00
[illegible] 1.00
[illegible] 1.00
Any one of these books and Keith's one year 2.00
MAX L KEITH 452 Lumber Ex, Minneapolis Minn

Brenau College and Conservatory
GAINESVILLE GA. [illegible] campus of 75 acres. Ideal climate. Summer School June 24th. Chautauqua July 4th to 31st. Special courses for music teachers. Address Post Office Box 119 for Catalogue

CAMP UTOPIA NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

A Summer Camp for Boys. Fishing, Canoeing and Water Sports, Baseball, Football, Tennis and Golf, Tutoring if desired. Councilors are
BEN S WALLIS of Yale University
E F VERWIEBE of Harvard University
EDDY HART of Princeton University
J B BRINE Supt, Care A G Spalding & Bros New York, N Y



Reach Quality

The fact that Reach Base Balls and Reach Base Ball Goods are vastly superior in quality to those of any other make is demonstrated forcibly by the fact that the Reach Base Ball is the *Official Ball* of the great American League and is *standard* with all Leagues; also by the fact that Reach Mitts and Gloves are used by the World's Champions and American League Champions exclusively. The quality of Reach Base Ball Goods is insured by

The Reach Guarantee

The Reach Trade Mark guarantees perfect goods. Should defects appear, we will replace any article absolutely without cost (except Base Balls and Bats retailing under $1.00).

TRADE REACH MARK

The Reach Official Base Ball Guide for 1909—now ready—10c at dealers' or by mail. Get the Reach Base Ball Catalogue for [illegible]

A. J. REACH CO., 1705 Tulip St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Make a Good Income!

operating a Daydark Photo Post Card Machine. 3 Photo Postal Cards of any object made and delivered on the spot in 10 minutes. No experience required—no dark room necessary. All work done in the machine in open day. Establish a profitable business at home by opening a Daydark Postal Parlor and big money maker on the street, at fairs, etc. **Make Good Money.** Send at once for free catalog and sample post card showing fine work the machine does.

DAYDARK SPECIALTY COMPANY, 1009 St. Ange Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

University of Michigan 16th Summer Session, 1909
June 28–August 20

Regular session of the University—offering more than 275 Courses in Arts, Engineering, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, and Library Methods. Increased facilities for graduate work. Delightful location. Expenses low. For particulars address, EDWARD H. KRAUS, Secretary, 822 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

YOU may wonder why, in our advertising, we talk so much about "all-wool," and the all-wool standards of quality which we are so earnestly advocating.

One thing we'd like to have you know; we are persistent in the matter, not so much for the purpose of increasing the sale of our clothes as for the purpose of stimulating a higher standard of merchandise-quality in the clothing business. We are not greatly in need of more business, but the makers of clothing in general are greatly in need of a better idea of quality in the business.

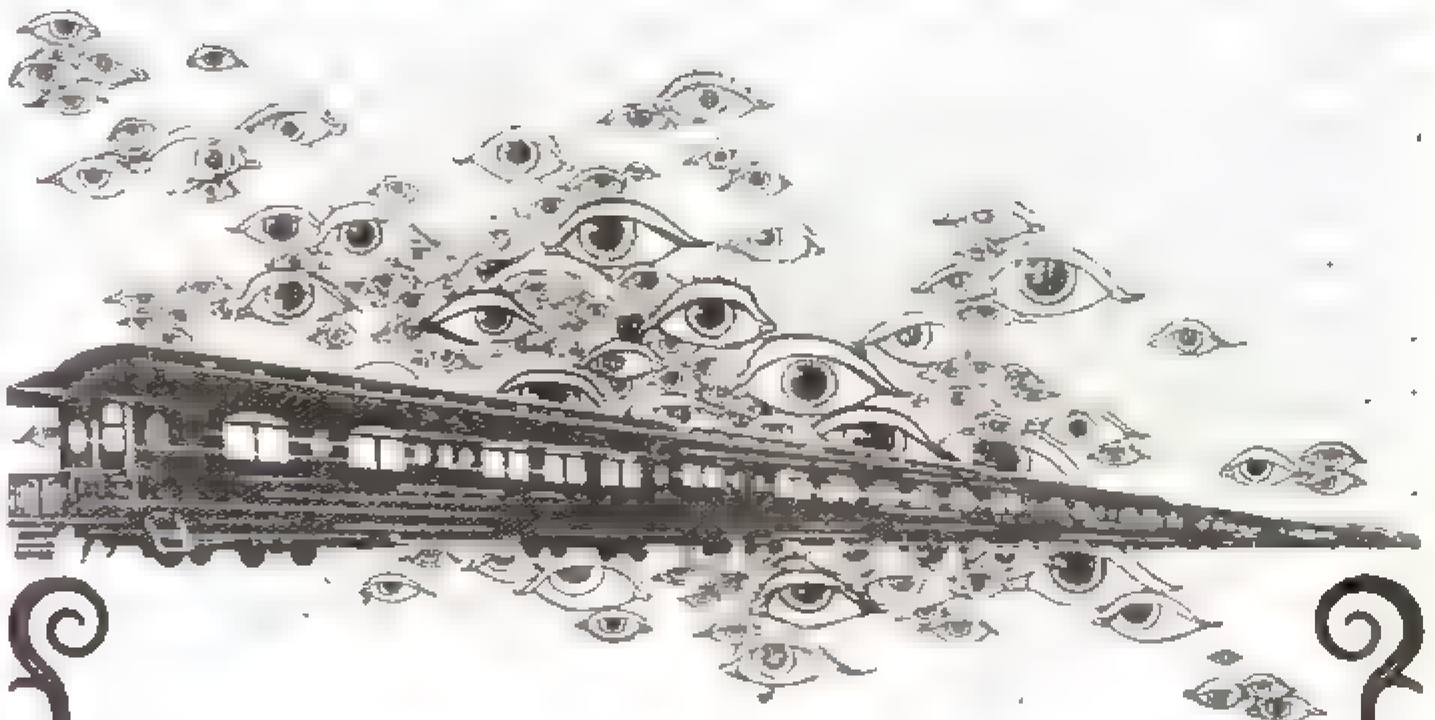
And the best way to create such a better idea in the business, is to arouse it in the minds of the public. When you men who wear clothes decide that you will insist on all-wool fabrics and will accept no other; when you decide that the maker or seller of your clothes must give you a positive assurance on this point, then cheap cotton mixtures will take their proper place.

We're willing to do our part of this educational work for the common good.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

The Road of a Thousand Eyes



The way is watched. On The Rocky Mountain Limited

—Chicago to Colorado—a thousand eyes insure your safety. Every mile of track is scanned every day. The road-bed is sound and firm. You can leave care behind you from the time you start until you stop. The Limited of limitless comfort for folks of limited time.

Several other splendid trains daily from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham. "Under The Turquoise Sky," with its wealth of information, will convince you that Colorado is *the* place. "Thro' Scenic Colorado and Yellowstone Park to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition" tells how to make an ideal extended tour at very slight expense. Let me send them to you.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
9 La Salle Street Station,
Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island-Frisco Lines

From Now Until JULY 1st—NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These Bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

[illegible] **now** [illegible] waiting until fall [illegible] get a superior quality of [illegible] country, and have [illegible] varieties to select from.

[illegible] Holland and are shipped [illegible] packages [illegible] and perfectly free, and in the best [illegible]

[illegible] take advantage of our very **low prices**, we [illegible] **not later than July 1st**, as [illegible] They need not be paid for until after [illegible] of a catalog [illegible] Bulbs [illegible] and may be had for the asking.

A Few of the Prices

	Per 100	Per 1000
[illegible]	$ [illegible]	$[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Tulips	1 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Empress	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 [illegible]
[illegible] Splendid [illegible] Free Flowering	3.00	27.50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	20	1.25

ELLIOTT NURSERY CO. Pittsburgh Pa.

GRAY MOTORS

6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE
1, 2, and 3 Cylinders 3 to 30 H. P.

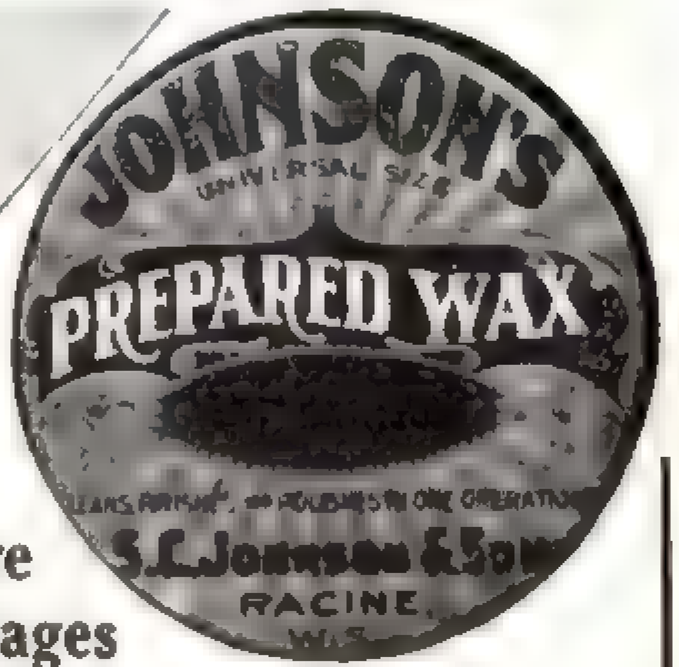
$89.50 Immediate Delivery

Price $60 and upwards. Write for color catalog today [illegible] Gray Motor Co. 12 Leib St. Detroit, Mich.

Arizona RUBY FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We send FREE, prepaid, a Genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Gem Catalogue. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine diamonds, stand acid tests, are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Brilliancy guaranteed permanent. Best people wear them. **SPECIAL OFFER**—½ or 1 carat Mexican Diamond sent on approval at special price for 50c. [illegible] good faith. Money back if desired. Write to-day. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., Dept. S 53, Las Cruces, N. M.

JOHNSON'S
RESTORER
OR
KLEEN
FLOOR



Here Are Two Packages We Want to Send You Free to Use on Your Floors

TEST, at our expense, this bottle of Johnson's Restorer or Kleen-Floor—the greatest preparation ever invented for keeping in condition all kinds of wood floors, stairs, etc. Every woman is delighted to know there is such a preparation. All you have to do is to dampen a cloth with the Restorer and rub over the floor—it removes instantly all discolorations and stains without injury to the finish.

Johnson's KLEEN-FLOOR **rejuvenates** the finish—bringing back its original beauty. It will greatly improve the appearance of all floors, whether finished with shellac, varnish, or wax. Best of all, it's quickly used—two hours' time sufficient to thoroughly clean the floor, have it waxed, and the rugs back in place.

We want to Send You FREE a Bottle of KLEEN-FLOOR and Package of Wax to Be Used After Kleen-Floor Has Been Applied.

This gives your floors that soft lustrous subdued polish which does not catch the dust like highly varnished surfaces or show heel marks or scratches. Once you've tried Johnson's KLEEN-FLOOR you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. It's the finest preparation in the world for preparing floors for a new finish, and keeping them always in perfect condition. All we ask is that you use it once—we are sure you'll want it in your home all the time. That's why we want to send you both packages FREE. Be good enough to send us 10 cents to partially pay postage, and shipment will be made immediately. Use coupon in answering.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis.
"Wood Finishing Authorities"

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
I accept your offer and enclose ten cents to partially pay postage and packing on one Sample Bottle of Johnson's [illegible] a Sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax [illegible] illustrated booklet [illegible]
Name
Address

Eastwood Sandal

Children's

[illegible]

$1.00

An Ideal "Play Shoe"

All the fun of "going barefoot" without the [illegible] and bruises.

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet [illegible] [illegible]

The **Eastwood** [illegible]

MADE OVER THE FAMOUS EASTWOOD LAST

FOR SALE AT YOUR DEALERS

[illegible] $1.00 [illegible] $1.35 [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] $2.50.

TRADE W. E. & S. MARK ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Look for imprint on sole of sandal

In [illegible] and children on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 220 Main Street Rochester, N.Y.

Ask Your Haberdasher for the

"Presto" Buckle Belt

The "PRESTO" costs no more than the old style [illegible] ARMY and NAVY [illegible] Government [illegible]

Acme Leather Goods Co.
560 Broadway, New York

MEMORY THE BASIS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE

Stop Forgetting

The Key to [illegible]

My book FREE "HOW TO REMEMBER" Write to-day

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking.

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

BEST BOAT BARGAIN EVER

BOAT BUYERS, ATTENTION!

Length 15 ft. Beam 4 ft. 4 inches. 2 H.P. Reversing Engine. Boat and Engine fully guaranteed. Write for full details. [illegible]

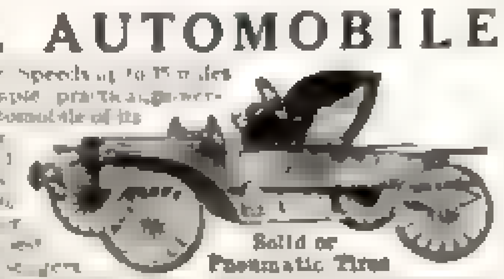
RACINE BOAT COMPANY, Box 108, Racine, Wis.

Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will learn to know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly [illegible] clean and wholesome smoke

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

cases instantly, and satisfies continuously. Fragrant, rich, mellow and never bites tongue. Not [illegible] Send 10c [illegible] for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.

French Tobacco Co. Dept. 99, Statesville, N.C.



A. B. C. AUTOMOBILE

A [illegible] Speeds up to 25 miles an hour. Most simple, practical, powerful and durable Automobile of its [illegible]

Solid or Pneumatic Tires

A B C Motor Vehicle Mfg. Co., 3921 Morgan St., St. Louis Mo.

CAN'T YOU WRITE WELL?

Then fill out ($1.00) worth of my Patent Pen Practice Sheets and if not materially benefited, return all to me and get YOUR MONEY BACK

Walter Thomson
P.O. Box 55, Fargo, N.D.

State whether you wish slant (60°), medial (75°), or vertical

THE BLUE TEAPOT

(Concluded from Page 15)

his roof, heard the sharpening of a knife. His eyes were closed, but he was so fearfully sure of the act, nevertheless, that his breath almost left his body. "We'll pick out the chickens," said the giant, and then the room was quiet.

The clock had ticked off five solemn minutes before Thomas emerged from under the bed. He walked to the shelf and from the tiptoes of his patent-leather pumps reached the blue teapot. It chinked in the same merry way that it had under its master's hand. He threw open the door and sped blindly down the path. In a whirl of sky and cabbage he saw the giant spring up from the ground in instant pursuit. He heard his excited cries and loud, awful words. In another whirl of water, sky and impending precipice he saw Calista, the faithful mother, awaiting his return. His red legs shot into the air and in a moment the blue teapot was safe in Calista's arms.

"You needn't run," said Calista bravely, but pale with excitement, nevertheless. "The giant has broken his neck."

Thomas looked, and there, at the foot of the eight-foot precipice, where he had taken his angry leap, lay Giant O'Halleran.

. . . .

Doctor Jayne was very late for dinner that night at the hotel and ate with some abstraction. Later he joined a couple on the moonlit veranda who were not a little surprised at the intrusion.

"You'll pardon me," he began, "but I want to talk to you about a strange case that has just come under my attention. It's old O'Halleran, who furnishes the hotel with garden stuff. He is suffering with a broken leg."

"Oh, I remember him," said Aunt Clotilde with immediate sympathy. "Do sit down, Doctor. Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, possibly," said the doctor dryly. "I've just come from the hospital. It's a Munchausen tale, but I suppose it ought to be told. Shall I go on?"

Aunt Clotilde's companion, who was Mr. Harry Woodbury, of Kansas City, offered the doctor a cigar and bit off the end of his own before he replied. "I don't see your trend, Doctor," he said, "and my train leaves in an hour, but if it's relevant go ahead."

"The old man broke his leg under strange circumstances, it seems," went on the doctor evenly. "A thief entered his house some time today, he says, and carried off his earnings which were concealed in a pitcher or something of that kind. It was in the pursuit O'Halleran's leg was broken. He says the thief was a small boy and declares he knows him. It's going to be an ugly story."

Mr. Harry Woodbury removed his cigar and looked keenly at the narrator. "If you'll excuse me, Clotilde," he said, "I'll speak alone with the doctor."

"No, she'll be interested," interfered the doctor quietly. "The old fellow says that just before he fell he saw the thief give the money into the possession of a little girl. He thinks he knows her, too. Of course, I'm not vouching for this tale, but O'Halleran is mentioning names—I'd see him as soon as possible if I were you."

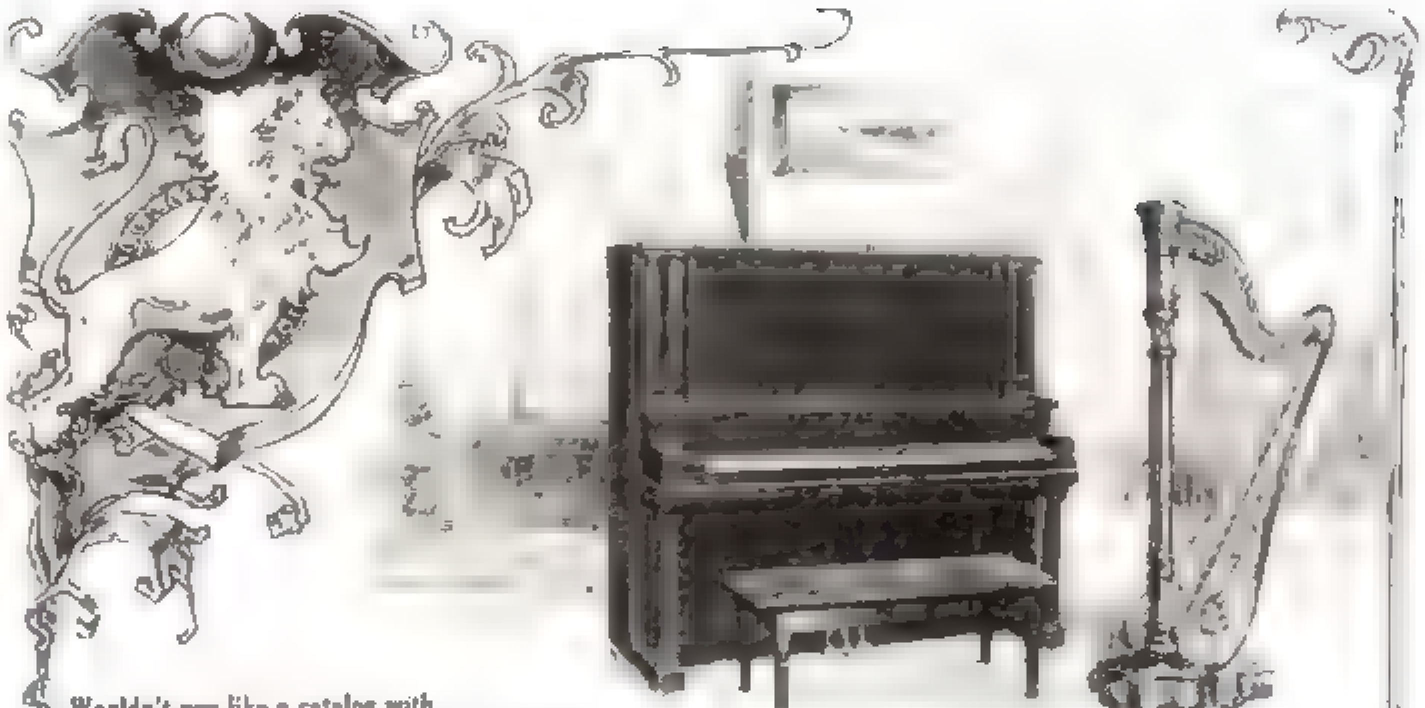
Aunt Clotilde rose with decision. "Pardon me," she said, "but, knowing Calista, I think I see in this what my respected and indulgent sister would call 'a manifestation of the blood.' If you will wait a few moments I think I can prove that neither Thomas nor Calista was really involved—that what really happened was that a certain ancestor poet who lived one hundred and fifty years ago, aided and abetted by a certain ancestor actor of the same time, made off with the money and thereby caused Mr. O'Halleran to break his leg."

Aunt Clotilde went directly to her room. Calista was sleeping. Her bright hair strewed the pillow and on her face was the softly tender expression of tired childhood. Aunt Clotilde shook her vigorously by the arm. "Calista," she said sternly, "where did you put that money?"

"What money?" answered Calista drowsily. "I don't know. Stop shaking me. Oh, if you mean the giant's money, we buried it under our house in the sand."

. . . .

And this is the story of The Blue Teapot, or how Patrick O'Halleran acquired the title to a house and three acres of land.



Wouldn't you like a catalog with detachable easel-back illustrations? By setting up the illustrations on your table you can examine various styles simultaneously.

The new scale Lyon & Healy Piano reaches a certain Standard of Perfection—*What Standard?*

Every piano meets the standard of its maker. To ascertain calmly and judiciously what that standard must be in the case of the Lyon & Healy Piano, let us look at the standing of Lyon & Healy—stating only facts beyond argument or dispute.

Since 1864 Lyon & Healy have conducted the world's largest music house.

They have sold *at retail, direct to homes*

100,000 Pianos

of leading makes

What do you say off-hand of a piano that represents in concrete form the ideals and experience of such an organization?

The Lyon & Healy Piano Catalog, which is a work of art, but absolutely free from technical language or misleading statements, will be sent free upon request.

Manufactured in Our Union Park Factories

Lyon & Healy, *Makers*, 38-48 Adams Street, Chicago

MILLER ShoeTrees

(VENTILATED)

Will Keep Your Shoes Looking New Until Worn Out

Experienced users of shoe trees say this is the best shoe tree ever invented. It ventilates every part of the shoe, allowing it to dry out quickly. See the illustration below. It can be extended to any desired degree, after it is in the shoe, by simply turning the handle.

If you are a regular user of shoe trees, these very desirable patented features cannot fail to appeal to you, and no other shoe trees have them. If you have never tried them, order them of your shoe dealer at once—you will never regret it. Health, comfort and appearance are all conserved by Miller Shoe Trees. Ask your shoe dealer for a pair of Miller (Bete Type) Ventilated Shoe Trees.

Leading shoe dealers everywhere sell them. If yours does not have them, write for our handsomely illustrated book on "Shoes and Their Care" and full information regarding them—free for the asking.

Note the Miller Trade-Mark

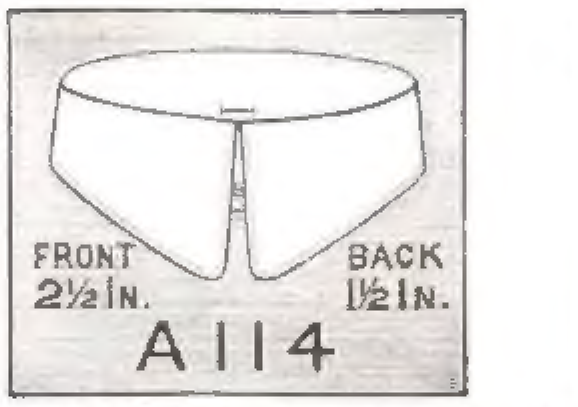
It is burnt into every pair of genuine Miller Shoe Trees. By it you can distinguish the genuine from inferior imitations.

O. A. Miller Treeing Machine Co., 140 Cherry St., Brockton, Mass.

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

One box ball alleys costing $150 took in $514 the [illegible] Two other alleys costing $[illegible] took in $1,372.[illegible] Four [illegible] costing $[illegible] took in $1,845.20 [illegible] [illegible] this [illegible] Both men and women [illegible] with [illegible] friends, form clubs and play for hours. [illegible] no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken [illegible] Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 1303 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana



MEN'S COLLARS

Made by hand (not machine made) the kind that wear better, look better and will launder without blistering, shrinking or stretching; the kind of collars you used to get when collars were made in the old fashion way.

I have made collars for 25 years for dealers and have made my collars so good that the dealers have made large profits out of them.

I now sell collars direct to the wearer—putting the dealer's profit into the quality of my collars—that's why they wear longer and give you better satisfaction

The above style collar, No. A 114, is the latest thing out. I will send you eight of them upon receipt of $1.00, postage prepaid. If they are not satisfactory, return the collars and your money will be cheerfully refunded to you. Mention size when ordering.

I want to send you my booklet free. It will interest you because it tells how you can buy collars, handkerchiefs and neckwear, all of the latest styles and quality guaranteed, at a saving.

Write for it to-day while you think of it.

C. G. CLEMINSHAW, 295 River St., Troy, N.Y.
"The Home of Good Collars"

KANTLEEK
INNER TUBES
ALWAYS FRESH
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Made from pure Para Rubber by our perfect process. Remarkable resiliency and long life. Furnished to fit any size and any make of outer casing. No old stock deteriorated by storage. Every tube shipped new and fresh direct from the factory to the user. *Send for descriptive folders and price list.*

Agents Wanted in every city and town. Write for our proposition.

SEAMLESS RUBBER CO.
(Makers of Kantleek Hot Water Bottles.)
New Haven, Conn.

The "SIMPLO" Automobile

Solid or pneumatic tires. High or low wheels. An Automobile at a **Low Price** that is always ready to run. Handsome, Stylish, Simple, Reliable; Economical to Operate. Safe and Sure. A Hill Climber. One of the **Biggest Automobile Values** in America.

1909 Catalog FREE.

COOK MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 1050 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS!—A GREAT OFFER

We give a $1.50 Damascus Steel Razor free with every one of our wonderful, self-honing walrus-hide "Carbonite" Razor Strops at $1.00. You can sell a dozen strops a day if you are a hustler, and make a handsome profit. They sell at sight. We send you a free outfit, and allot you exclusive territory.

Write *today* for the agency in your town.

E B Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

6%

The small depositor is placed upon the same basis as the larger patron, as we pay 6% upon our Certificates of Deposit with ample security for the money. **Please write for booklet "S."**

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT.

5½%: INVESTMENTS: 6%

Conservative people residing in all parts of the country invest their money in our first farm mortgages—the safest security.

Please write for booklet "*E*." 25 years' experience.

E. J. LANDER & CO.
Grand Forks, N. D. Minneapolis, Minn.

FENCE For lawns, divisions, schools, cemeteries, etc. Write us your needs, asking for Booklet C. Best goods. Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

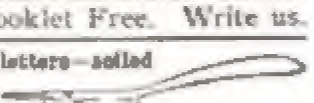
BROOK & SEAMAN, 253 Broadway, New York City

REMINGTON, $18.75

One rebuilt machine only in new localities to secure desirable agent. Special agents' prices supplied on all makes of typewriters.

Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, New York

PATENTS **Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C.** Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.



STENOGRAPHERS **No blurred letters—soiled hands—or picking of type.** "CINCY" typewriter cleaner does the work *perfectly*. Send 25c for one. Agents wanted

E. Herstam Ribbon and Carbon Co., Dayton, O.

Coonrod Sprengel's Weather Book

(Continued from Page 11)

blithely, the maples and elms were in bloom, and a languorous south wind was kissing from the earth the last traces of old Winter's white camps. But the almanac, alas, read: "Cold wave. A very severe storm. Temperature as low as ten above."

This cold wave was already three days overdue, and for three days Coonrod Sprengel had sat in his office with feet as cold as if the blizzard had actually arrived and caught him with his stove down. This egregious blunder on the part of Doctor Philo had brought him for the first time to a realization of the depth of his plunge into the sea of speculation; and the sum total of his contracts, viewed in the possibility of rain, gave him a strangely hollow feeling somewhere inside. Hence Grimm's appeal to be released from his engagement had fallen on the justice's ears like sweet music.

After the farmer had gone Coony sat by the window for an hour, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke—a sure sign that his thought-factory was at work. What his thoughts were Hans Dietz, of course, had no means of knowing; but two days later a thing happened which astonished and rather worried Hans. Wouter van Schaick, another hay contractor, appeared at the office and asked to be released. Stranger still, Coonrod released him. Now, Hans had not breathed the secret of the almanac to a living soul except Otto Grimm, and he would have staked the last cent of his precious savings that Grimm had not breathed it to any one else. Yet, unless he had received some assurance about haying weather for this year, why should Wouter want to be let off?

Nor was this the end of the matter. The next day after Wouter's call Peter Pier appeared on the same errand. The next day still another contractor appeared; and from this time on there was a pretty constant flow of farmers into the office. Some cheerfully paid the price of their release, others haggled and squirmed and whined; but in the end the result was the same. And when Fritz Grimmelshauser, the first to contract, the last to be released, signed his check for eighty dollars it brought Coonrod's balance on his speculation to forty-eight hundred dollars.

It was the most money he had ever made in one year and it was by all odds the easiest money he had ever made. His satisfaction, it would seem, should have been unalloyed. Yet when the timothy began to green the slopes and levels of Cherry Valley, Coonrod was conscious of a kind of unrest. The truth was, making money without work was not especially agreeable to him. He liked work and he enjoyed that money most for which he had worked the hardest. Hence, for even a dollar an acre more—could he only have been sure of getting it—he would gladly have held on to his contracts and assumed the work of marketing the hay.

When July first arrived, and the valley was covered with as fine a stand of grass as the oldest inhabitant had ever seen, Coonrod positively began to suffer. Forsaking his office, he spent the beautiful days in jogging about the countryside behind old Roan. But this return to his old habits brought him no amelioration. The perfect weather was only a tantalization. Every lush meadow on which he had once held a lien seemed to break into impish, mirthful ripples when he passed. Every acquaintance who sang out "Fine wedder for hay, Coonrod!" seemed to have his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle of ridicule in his eye. So Coonrod, from being one of the most indefatigable debaters of the weather, now came to hate its very name.

His contracts had become an open secret in the valley and rumor naturally quadrupled their amount. The fame of the weather book, too, had reached the ears of the humblest murderer of the King's English in that fair domain. As a consequence the hay crop was watched with an almost breathless interest, and when the fine weather passed what was considered the critical point everybody was in fine fettle. Otto Grimm, who had a spark of humor stored away somewhere behind his solemn, leathern exterior, dropped into the justice's office every day now to report progress.

"I do belief, Coony," he would observe with a sly wink at Hans, "that the seasons

$100.00 Prize Contest

(Use Coupon below)

BELOW are the 103 prize winners in the Pompeian Massage Cream contest announced in this magazine March 20th. The prizes were to be awarded for the best lines describing the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream, the most popular face cream made. Lines were to be of 10 words or less. The several thousand answers submitted form a tremendous tribute to the intelligence, cleverness and analytical powers of the American people. The judges had a most difficult task.

Many will naturally believe that their lines were better than those of prize winners. Your own line, for instance, was very likely more clever, but did not have the compelling elements to attract, interest and persuade people to recognize the merits of Pompeian. But while we regret that all can not receive prizes, still we realize that Americans are "good losers." In fact, if we should announce another contest to-morrow, 95% of these contestants would be ready and eager for another try.

Prize Winners

Awarded First Prize: $25.00.

"Don't envy a clear complexion; use Pompeian and have one." C. F. ALM, P. O. Box 2559, Denver, Colo.

Second Prize: $15.00.

"Clears the skin like a month in the mountains." D. R. FRARY, 2040 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Third Prize: $10.00.

"Pompeian introduces you to your handsomer self." LYNN L. GEARHART, 54 Ketchum Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fourth Prize (added): $5.00.

"Pompeian makes December look like May." MRS. J. R. THORN, Toronto, Ohio.

100 others. Each receives a 50c. Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Mrs. A. S. LeBaron Gurney, Hilo, Hawaii, Territory of Hawaii; Edw. C. Barrell, St. Louis, Mo.; A. S. Bryan, 79 Fifth Ave., New York City; Miss E. Helena Rivet, Lowell, Mass.; Sue Coe, Pana, Ill.; David C. Reid, Montreal, Can.; E. H. Bell, Charlotte, N. C.; Stella E. Mehchist, New York, N. Y.; Carl Adams, Quincy, Ill.; Wilbur Hill, East Orange, N. J.; R. F. Peyton, Chicago, Ill.; Walter Stanley, Boston, Mass.; Charles Fitzgerald, Whiting, Ind.; Mrs. A. S. Greene, Port Jefferson, L. I., N. Y.; Reece T. Freeman, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Thomas Berger, Westmont, N. J.; M. J. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Harry C. Lieber, Denver, Colo.; Chas. G. Rubleth, Chicago, Ill.; M. E. Whitehead, New Orleans, La.; Anna Kintry, Beloit, Kans.; Mrs. John S. West, Saint Paris, O.; Mrs. Ray C. Tapert, Detroit, Mich.; C. F. Mason, Berkeley, Calif.; H. L. Dieck, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. LeClear, South London, Ont., Can.; Blanche Hamilton, Atwood, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Monkman, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Margaret Fregory, New York City; Julia Latimer, Topeka, Kans.; Mrs. Harry Egolf, Philadelphia, Pa.; Webster K. Edwards, Cumberland, Md.; Edward Kittell, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. D. H. Kremer, Webster Grove, Mo.; Michael F. O'Hara, Lowell, Mass.; Michael T. Alexander, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. G. R. Edmondson, Atlanta, Ga.; A. M. Dailey, Valentine, Nebr.; Mr. W. A. Montgomery, Camden, N. J.; Florence Hill, Newark, N. J.; E. L. Roy, Chicago, Ill.; W. P. Ashcraft, Charlotte, N. C.; Josephine L. Dietz, Terre Haute, Ind.; Hester Merritt, Atwood, Ill.; Mrs. Geo. S. Taylor, Haddonfield, N. J.; J. K. Brady, Wheaton, Minn.; B. E. Miller, Montgomery, Ala.; D. A. Maloney, Boston, Mass.; J. E. Williams, Terre Haute, Ind.; George Moxey, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. J. Gallagher, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. H. L. Bruner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Jacob H. Appelbaum, New York City; G. A. Crittenden, Boston, Mass.; D. Brown, New Brighton, N. Y.; Mamie M. Marlett, Anderson, Ind.; Geo. R. Pritchett, Terre Haute, Ind.; Marcia Hoyt, Cresson, Pa.; Ralph D. Howell, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Mabel Minklere, San Bernardino, Calif.; E. V. Hanes, Indianapolis, Ind.; Chas. H. Warden, Belmont, Mass.; W. M. Minkler, Jericho, Tex.; Mrs. D. Goldsmith, St. Louis, Mo.; C. R. Stewart, Portland, Ore.; A. Knapp, Brookfield, Mo.; Miss L. Mohr, Seattle, Wash.; Theodore Irion, Oshkosh, Wis.; H. H. Sanderson, Omaha, Nebr.; B. O. Gore, Corning, N. Y.; Geo. Lewis, Kingston, Ont., Can.; Miss Maude Bevan, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Ernest Russell, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. H. Colglough, Deposit, N. Y.; Z. R. Seymour, Columbus, O.; B. W. Dougherty, Independence, Kans.; Josie G. Henderson, Lake Arthur, N. Mex.; M. J. Curran, South Boston, Mass.; F. C. Reinold, Erie, Pa.; Richard S. Herlihy, New York City; Rae Ladensohn, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Jessup, Md.; Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.; Richard F. Walters, Beverly, Mass.; C. M. Williams, Woodsfield, O.; M. E. Button, Schenectady, N. Y.; Chas. A. Baugh, Kansas City, Mo.; Walter G. Christie, Mt. Vernon, Ia.; Mrs. A. C. Wieland, Montreal, Can.; Delia E. Sweeney, Oshkosh, Wis.; Helen M. Edwards, Kansas City, Mo.; Helen Everett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clyde R. Sprinkle, Villa Grove, Ill.; Sophie M. Bryan, Redlands, Calif.; Mrs. J. K. Brady, Wheaton, Minn.; H. Dillon Short, Charleston, Mo.; F. H. Mayer, New York City; Mrs. Jennie C. Lippmann, Overbrook, Phila., Pa.; W. F. Kearns, Chicago, Ill., and A. G. Schmidt, Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUR FACE

Will it Bear Close Inspection?

MEN

That clean, well-groomed look that everyone admires in a man means a clear, healthy skin. There is nothing to keep a man's skin in condition like Pompeian Massage Cream, and used after shaving it prevents soreness.

WOMEN

A sallow, rough complexion may be concealed out-of-doors by a veil; a stage "make-up" may pass at stage distance, but in the close, personal association of indoor society, only a complexion that is good can look good.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

"Don't envy a clear complexion; use Pompeian and have one"

A Pompeian complexion looks better the more closely it is inspected, for then the more its genuineness is evident; by "a Pompeian complexion" we do not mean any sort of a "patent" or artificial complexion—we mean simply a natural, healthy skin,—Pompeian Massage Cream is the *natural* means in aiding and restoring natural conditions in nature's own way.

Pompeian Massage Cream works wonders in removing the results of neglect and in restoring and maintaining a clear, fresh, soft skin.

Pompeian's mission is the removal of wrinkles and "crows-feet" and the reduction of flabbiness and double chins by making the flesh firmer and more plastic.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

Get Trial Jar and Book

Cut off Coupon NOW Before Magazine is Lost

You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon to-day and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter-ounce trial jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. When writing enclose 6 cents in coin or stamps.

All dealers, 50c and $1.00

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Cut out along this line, fill in and mail to-day.

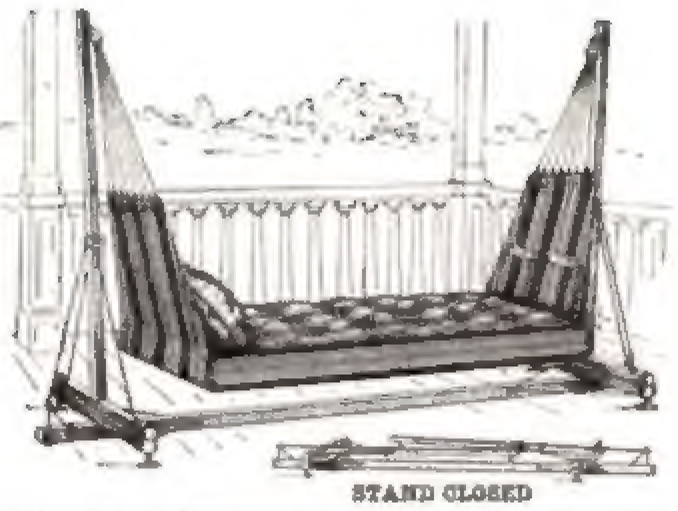
Pompeian Mfg. Co.,
49 Prospect St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6c. Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name ....

Address ....

....



STAND CLOSED

Cool—like a Hammock **Restful—like a Bed**
Healthful—keeps you Out-Doors

An Ideal Place for Reading and Lounging, Children's nap or Baby's sleep—Family Headquarters for Summer Comfort, Open Air Repose and Sociability.

NARRAGANSETT
Swinging Couch Hammock

The Patent Folding Movable Stand permits use of hammock anywhere desired—porch, lawn or under trees.

Won't spill out, can't sag, instantly adjustable, lasts a lifetime. Room for two to lie—four to sit—2½ x 6 feet. Handy end pockets for books and papers.

Reversible tufted and buttoned mattress, padded both sides, in red or green denim. Supported on strong wooden frame on highest grade galvanized springs fastened to steel head and foot plates riveted to frame. Hammocks from our own exclusive fabrics in striped effects of green and white, red and white, khaki and red duck, also in solid white and solid khaki. Suspended by best quality braided rope attached at eight points.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT AS REPRESENTED

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a hammock direct, charges prepaid. Write for Booklet.

D. W. SHOYER & CO., Dept. P, 394 Broadway, New York
Manufacturers of the Acme High Art Hammocks

PARIS GARTERS
Pat'd Dec., 1906

No Metal can touch you

You need them especially with Knee-Drawers

The only garters that fit so perfectly you wear them unconsciously.

25 and 50c

at dealers, or direct if you don't find them.

A. STEIN & CO.
159 Center Avenue, Chicago

Copyrighted 1908 by A. Stein & Co.

Allen's Foot=Ease

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain help for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE Trial Package sent by mail.

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Will You Accept **$5 a Day** for your services? Read my full column advt. in The Saturday Evening Post of May 22, telling how I start you in business with

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

Write for my "Pay from Profit Plan" today. Big money for you.

J. W. DUNTLEY, Prest.
400 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago

Breeders of Pure Shetland Ponies

SUNNYSIDE
SHETLAND PONY FARM

Beautiful and intelligent little pets for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to

MILNE BROS.
633 Eighth Street, Monmouth, Ill.

PATENT$ *FOR YOUR* IDEA$ *Send for FREE Book*
H. S. HILL, 32-34 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D. C.

haf change back again and we be going to raise some hay in Cherry Walley once more again alreaty."

Then, one afternoon Heine Pillersdorfer, whose meadow lay on a southern slope and always ripened before anybody else's, dropped in and announced that he expected to begin mowing the next day. He thought his crop would run two and a half tons to the acre, which ought to be worth twenty-eight dollars. The difference between this amount and the amount for which Coonrod might have had this very hay was an easy problem in mental arithmetic; and the justice, with a long face, slipped away from the office earlier than usual on the pretext of having some extra chores to do at home. As he milked the cow the setting sun painted the fleecy, fair-weather clouds a fiery red; and when he knocked out the ashes of the extra pipe he had smoked in order that he might sit up a little later and watch the sky, the stars quivered and burned almost as brilliantly as on a winter night. Coonrod sighed.

About two o'clock in the morning Louise Sprengel was wakened by a noise of some kind. Rising to her elbow she made out the tall, white-robed figure of her husband standing at the window in the act of thrusting up the shade.

"What iss't, Coonrod?" she asked.

"By chinks, dere ain't a shtar to be seen!" he exclaimed. "I do belief it's going to some rain give us."

A puff of damp wind confirmed his words. Even while he watched, the murk in the heavens grew darker; and as he reluctantly returned to bed at Louise's command, there came a low growl of thunder. An hour later the rain was coming down in torrents.

It was still pouring when the cheerless, belated dawn arrived, and Sprengel had fairly to wade to the cowshed. Yet his humor was strangely good—better, in fact, than it had been for a month, and as he dried himself by the kitchen stove he whistled a few bars of Wacht am Rhein.

"I fear me we again have no hay," observed Louise as she broke three eggs—one for herself, two for her husband—into the skillet.

"I fear me, too," said Coonrod, shutting off his whistle.

He reached the office half an hour earlier than usual. Hans Dietz reached it half an hour late, a most unusual lapse for him; and as he turned down his collar and shook the water from his long, bony fingers he presented a most abject appearance.

"Hans, why so cloomy?" queried Coony. "You haf no hay. Your fadder-in-law-to-be hass, to be sure, but it iss not hurt yet. It may clear up in an hour."

It did not, though. As a matter of fact, it was five days before it cleared up definitely, and then it was a sad sight that the freshly-washed sun looked down upon. The grass in the half-submerged meadows was as prostrate as if it had been bedded on by a herd of elephants. Fully two-thirds of it was out of the reach of the best cutter-blade ever devised.

On this first fair day Coonrod drove out to Otto Grimm's. But he did not go in, for Grimm, when he spied his old friend approaching, had deliberately turned his back to the road and stalked into the barn! Plainly the time was not yet ripe for Coony to renew his weather chat, and he returned to town.

"Hans," he observed on reaching the office, "beginning next veek your salary will be eight tollars instead of six."

The astounded Hans, whose last promotion dated five years back, could scarcely stammer out his thanks.

"You haf been a good poy," continued Coonrod benevolently. "You vork hardt and you haf always been to me faithful."

"Not so, Mr. Sprengel!" exclaimed the conscientious Dietz with a burst of tears. "I haf deceived you once. One day I found your wedder book on the desk and that night I took it oudt to Mr. Grimm."

"Yes," observed Coonrod complacently. "I come down that night about nine o'clock to lock the book up and found it gone. When I found it pack again the next morning I knew you had took it. And when Grimm came in to puy oudt of his contract I knew where you had took it. After that, I toldt one or two more aboudt the book myselluf, and soon eferybody wanted to buy oudt of his contract. So you needt not feel sorry aboudt takin' that book. But, of course, if you efer do any-t'ing like that again it might not turn oudt so vell for me. I might have to repuke you, and maybe fire you from your chob."

ZODENTA
A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

The condition of the teeth of the present generation is so bad as to be an indictment of our civilization. Regular use of Zodenta will change this condition, let me tell you why—

The soft cooked foods of civilization result in deficient mastication. Not enough mastication or grinding of the food between the teeth causes insufficient flow of the ptyaline laden saliva and gastric juices that are necessary to digest and liquefy the food. As a consequence, insoluble albuminous shreds lodge in the cavities and between the teeth, acid fermentation sets in and decays and discolors the teeth and taints the breath. Zodenta neutralizes these acids, arrests their destructive action and provides the detergent effect that is absent from soft foods, cooked foods and the resulting inefficient mastication.

In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects.

For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white.

Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable.

Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredient, for there are none such in Zodenta.

Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made.

The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin.

Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2½ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly and include free an Aluminum Tooth Brush Holder.

Try Zodenta, if it does not bear out all my claims tell me so and I will return you your money. Write today.

Frederick F. Ingram, 55 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
President of The F. F. Ingram Co., Manufacturers of Milkweed Cream.

INGRAM'S
ZODENTA
FOR THE TEETH

"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcases

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

Artistic appearance, solidity of construction, with latest practical improvements, combine to make them the leading Sectional Bookcases.

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, combined with our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

ON APPROVAL FREIGHT PAID **$1.00** PER SECTION AND UP

Send for our latest Catalogue No. 35, in which we illustrate the different grades from neatly finished Solid Oak to the highly polished Solid Mahogany cases for the more elaborate library.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. COMPANY, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.

New York Office—Flatiron Building
Chicago Office—Republic Building, 209 State Street

Start in Business; **Be independent;** I started as an agent; am now big manufacturer making household specialties. Have hundreds of agents working. **I'll start you; won't let you fail.** Agents of ability wanted to **open branch offices** and employ **sub-agents.** No **money needed.** Write me fully and frankly.

C. E. SWARTZBAUGH, Box L, Toledo, Ohio

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent (containing list of inventions wanted) and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C. (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)

Around the World Cruise

By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 Tons, OCT. 16, $650 up.

30 TOURS TO EUROPE $270 UP

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The only polish combining the best properties of liquids and pastes.

No Turpentine
No Acids

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.,
Buffalo, N. Y. Hamilton, Ont.

TWO IN ONE
SHOE POLISH
DOS DENTRO UNO
BETUN SUPERIOR

10¢

At All Dealers

I'll Pay the Dealer

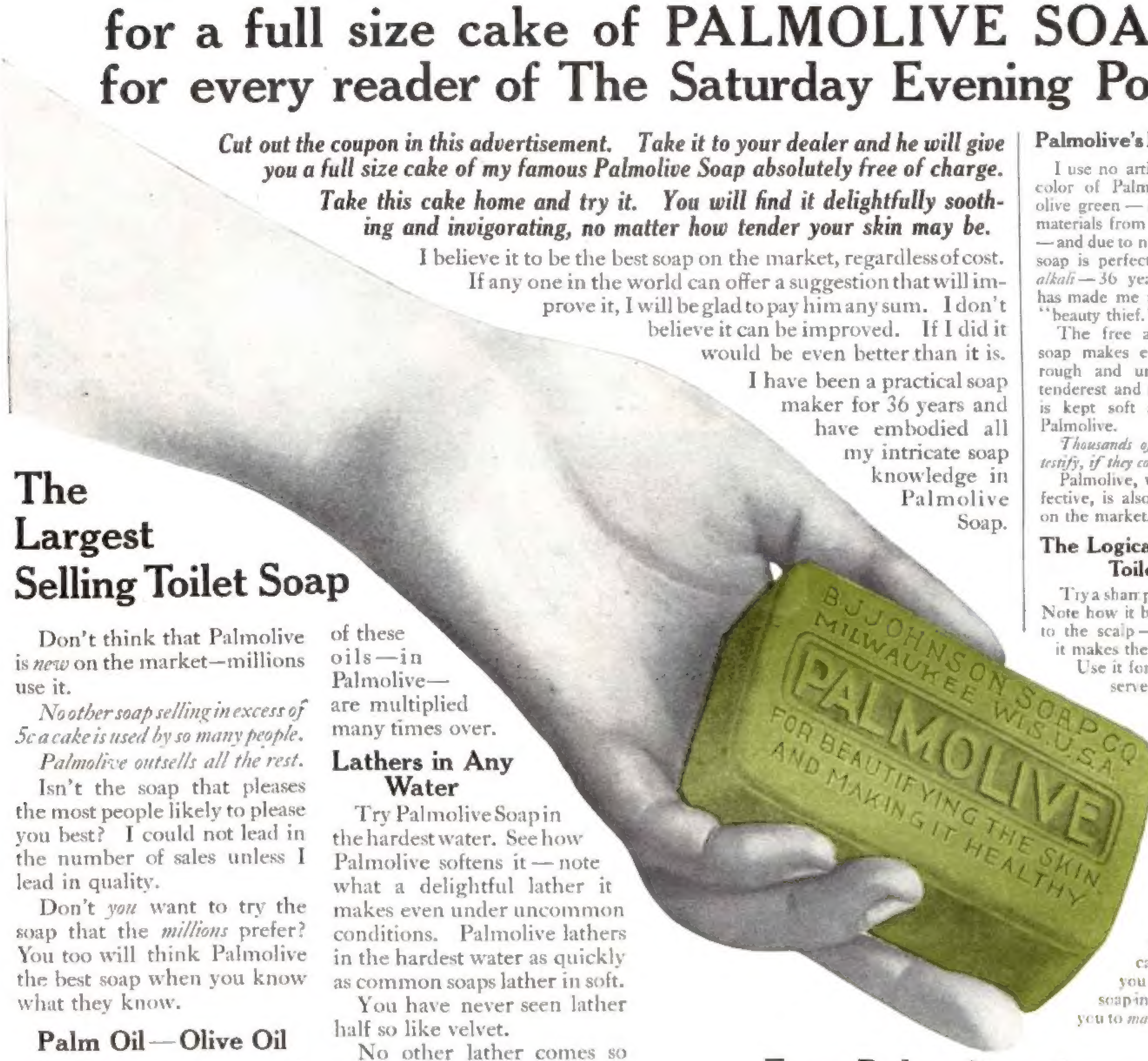
for a full size cake of PALMOLIVE SOAP for every reader of The Saturday Evening Post

Cut out the coupon in this advertisement. Take it to your dealer and he will give you a full size cake of my famous Palmolive Soap absolutely free of charge.

Take this cake home and try it. You will find it delightfully soothing and invigorating, no matter how tender your skin may be.

I believe it to be the best soap on the market, regardless of cost. If any one in the world can offer a suggestion that will improve it, I will be glad to pay him any sum. I don't believe it can be improved. If I did it would be even better than it is.

I have been a practical soap maker for 36 years and have embodied all my intricate soap knowledge in Palmolive Soap.



Palmolive's Perfect Purity

I use no artificial color — the color of Palmolive — a natural olive green — is due to the pure materials from which it is made — and due to nothing else. The soap is perfectly free from *raw alkali* — 36 years of experience has made me the master of that "beauty thief."

The free alkali in common soap makes even a hardy skin rough and unsightly. But the tenderest and most delicate skin is kept soft and smooth with Palmolive.

Thousands of little babies would testify, if they could, to its purity.

Palmolive, while the most effective, is also the *daintiest* soap on the market.

The Logical Soap for All Toilet Uses

Try a shampoo with Palmolive. Note how it brings a warm glow to the scalp — see how lustrous it makes the hair.

Use it for manicuring. Observe how soft and "obedient" the cuticle becomes.

Enjoy the invigorating effect of a Palmolive bath.

No merely good soap can stand for a moment when it comes to actual comparison. That is why I am willing to buy the first cake for you. I want you to know the best soap in existence. I want you to *make* that comparison.

The Largest Selling Toilet Soap

Don't think that Palmolive is *new* on the market—millions use it.

No other soap selling in excess of 5c a cake is used by so many people.

Palmolive outsells all the rest.

Isn't the soap that pleases the most people likely to please you best? I could not lead in the number of sales unless I lead in quality.

Don't *you* want to try the soap that the *millions* prefer? You too will think Palmolive the best soap when you know what they know.

Palm Oil — Olive Oil

I use the very finest material.

I send to the Orient—10,000 miles—for palm and olive oils.

Nothing's too good for the millions who use my soap.

When one makes soap for so many he can give the most for the money—he can *use* palm and olive oils.

Oriental women, noted for their superb complexions, proved long ago that no other oils were even half so good for the skin.

But I employ a special process and get a perfect blend.

Thus, the beneficial effects of these oils—in Palmolive—are multiplied many times over.

Lathers in Any Water

Try Palmolive Soap in the hardest water. See how Palmolive softens it — note what a delightful lather it makes even under uncommon conditions. Palmolive lathers in the hardest water as quickly as common soaps lather in soft.

You have never seen lather half so like velvet.

No other lather comes so willingly—no other shows such a wealth of rich quality.

That Wholesome Odor

Palmolive's dainty and wholesome fragrance comes from the materials from which it is made. Its faint but exquisite perfume blends with the odor of palm and olive, giving a delightful freshness that is most pleasing.

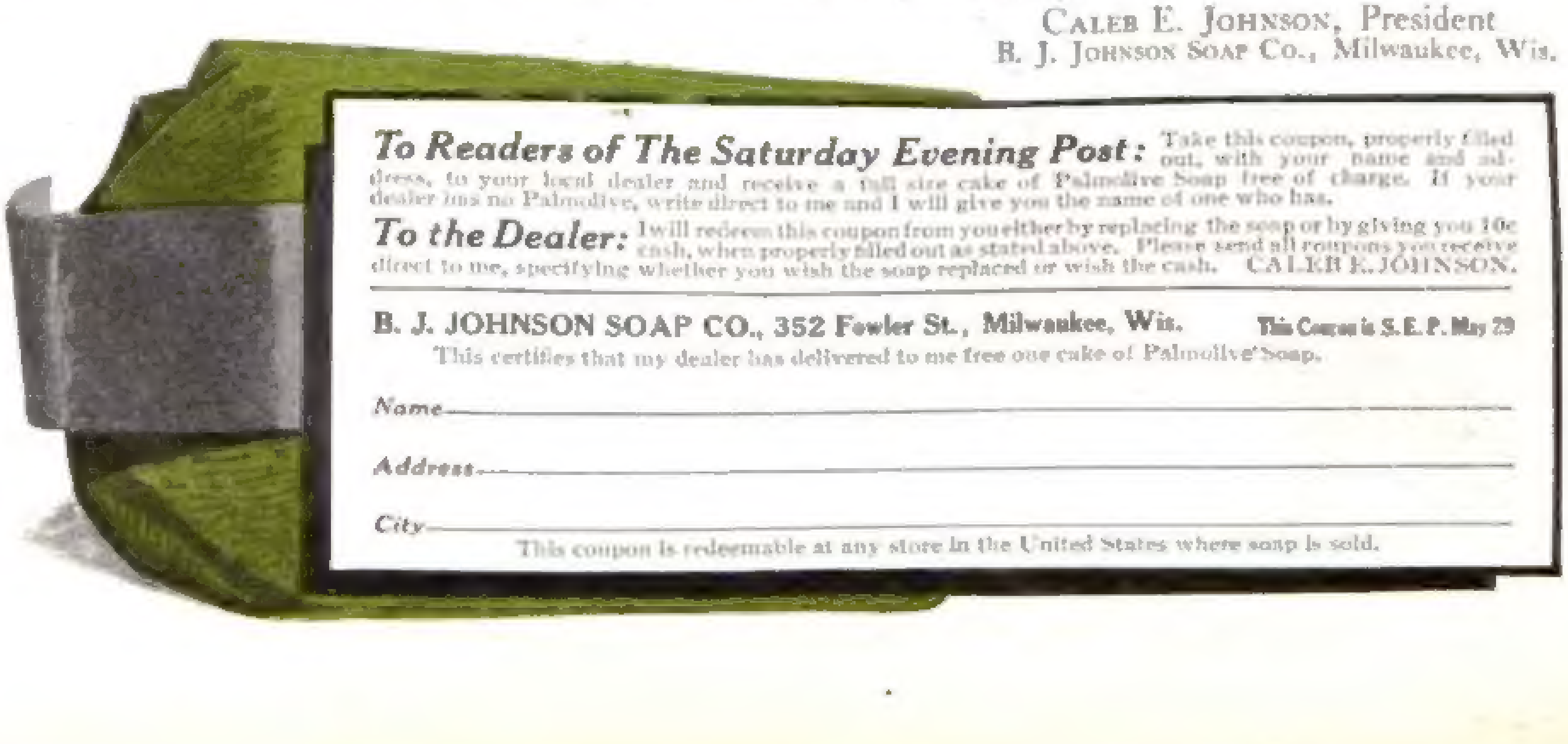
Free Palmolive Coupon

Cut out the coupon now, take it to any dealer and get a full size cake of Palmolive. It will not cost a penny.

Please compare it with other soaps — note what you gain by using Palmolive — see if you know of another soap that even approaches it.

Send for free book, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

Caleb E. Johnson, President
B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



To Readers of The Saturday Evening Post: Take this coupon, properly filled out, with your name and address, to your local dealer and receive a full size cake of Palmolive Soap free of charge. If your dealer has no Palmolive, write direct to me and I will give you the name of one who has.

To the Dealer: I will redeem this coupon from you either by replacing the soap or by giving you 10c cash, when properly filled out as stated above. Please send all coupons you receive direct to me, specifying whether you wish the soap replaced or wish the cash. CALEB E. JOHNSON.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 352 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis. This Coupon is S. E. P. May 29

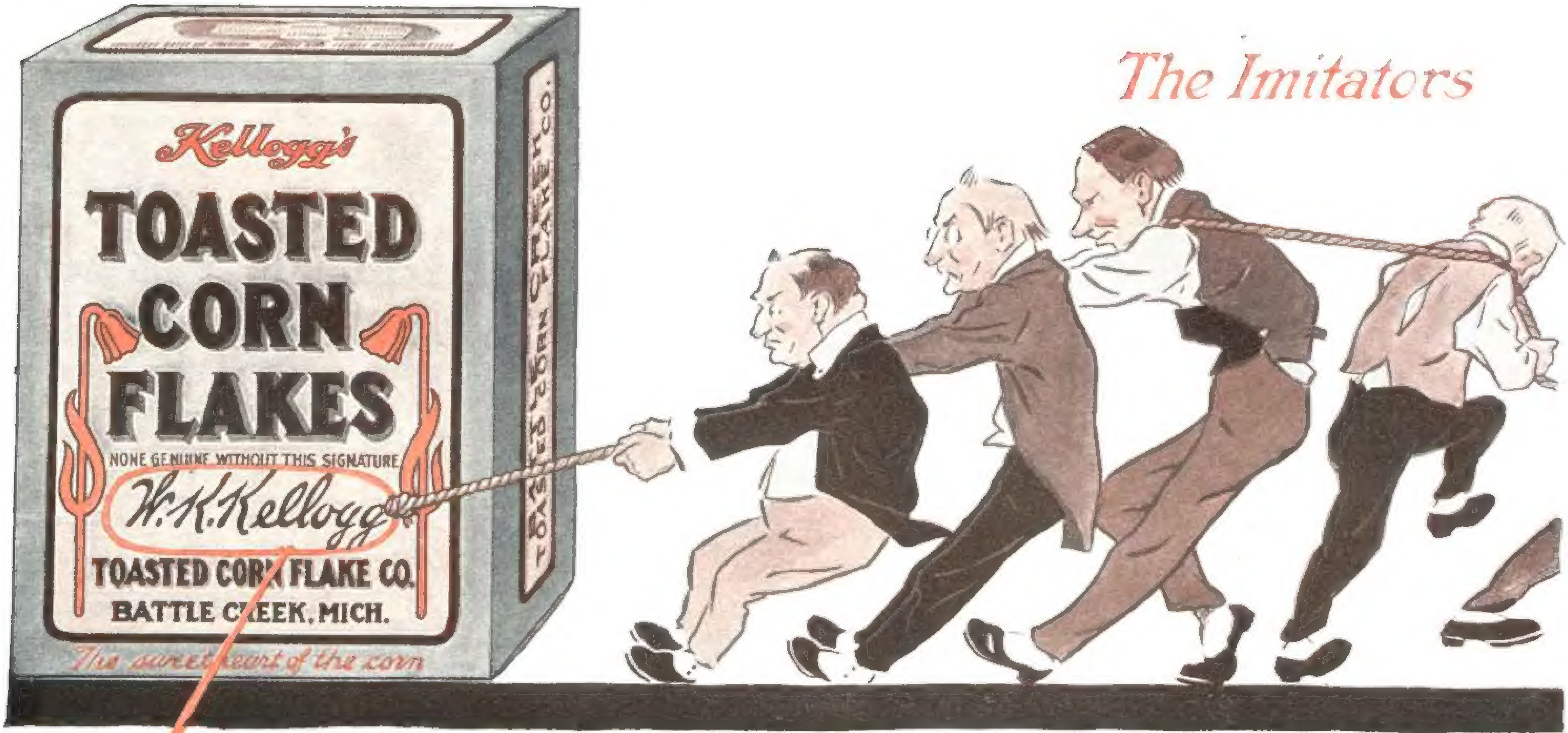
This certifies that my dealer has delivered to me free one cake of Palmolive Soap.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

This coupon is redeemable at any store in the United States where soap is sold.


The Imitators
Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
The sweetheart of the corn
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.

They Can't Budge It

NO amount of force or persuasion on the part of the imitators can even budge Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes from its firm hold on the minds of the people. This has been emphatically demonstrated several times during the past few years. Imitations have come and gone, but Kellogg's goes on with an ever increasing demand. This proves that the people will not be fooled more than once by inferior quality. They know the goodness of Kellogg's—its flavor and dainty crispness—and they invariably come back to it.

If you have never tried Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes buy a package today. Its delicious flavor will surprise you. But make sure you get the genuine. At all grocers.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade supplied exclusively by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited, London, Ontario.